









THE  
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MAGAZINE

AND

*LITERARY JOURNAL.*

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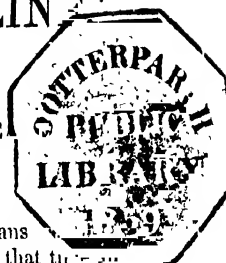
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# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

## THE CONFESSIONS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

"With this key  
Shakspeare unlock'd his heart."



ABOUT the year 1583, a licensed company of comedians formed in London by her Majesty the Queen. She was at that time in the fullest pride of her womanhood, and walked amid the gallant service of the Sidneys and the Raleighs. But the endowment of this company of poor players turned out, beyond all these, the most graceful feather in her cap. High fellows they were; poor as a queen's servants may be, but proud as creators of kings and queens have a good right to be. Poverty had no vulgar terrors to them. The strolling player in "Gil Blas," who soaks his dry crusts in the fresh spring by the road-side, has been pointed to as a perfect picture of human felicity; yet theirs was far more perfect. They had always a spell in their wits, if not in their purses, to conjure up a cup of good wine with, and that is better than water. They drank it, and threw the lees away.

Now among these gentlemen actors there happened to be several from Warwickshire. Richard Burbadge, their great tragedian,—Thomas Green, their best comic actor and writer,—Hart and Heminge, —were all Warwickshire men. It may be supposed what a stir their new reputation must have made in their native county. Think of "no one being counted a gentleman that knows not Dick Burbadge!" What little emotions of ambition must not that have given birth to among the youths who heard of it! As for the women, no wonder it soon fell out that there was not "a countrywoman that could dance Sillenger's Round, but could talk of Dick Burbadge and Tom Green." But there were mightier results to follow. Green's native place was Stratford-upon-Avon, and at Stratford-upon-Avon young Shakspeare lived:—

"I prattled poesie in my nurse's arms;  
And, born where late our Swan of Avon sung,  
In Avon's streams we both of us have laved."\*

As time passed, it had found the pleasant and light-hearted Green in deeper waters, through which his slight sail of mirth and wit was yet bearing him merrily. It is delightful to think that, as he then remembered his young townsman, and invited him to join the troop in London, he may have anticipated, with a beautiful unselfishness, the greater glories that greater genius would achieve. Suddenly, about the year 1586, William Shakspeare left his home at Stratford, his wife and his three infant children, and started for London alone—with what mighty, but indistinct, anticipations!

He joined the Blackfriars Theatre, and became an actor there. It is impossible to suppose that he had not now within his mind gleaming foreshadows of the creations with which he afterwards enriched and

\* A prologue spoken by Green. •

blessed the world. 'But their time was not yet come. His marvellous genius, which told him all things, told him to win his way quietly, modestly, unobtrusively. He offered to alter plays, to amend and rewrite scenes. One production was brought to him after another. Fancy the amazement of the poor original authors when their works came back with the touches of that divine hand! It soon fell out that plays altered by him had a surer market than plays written by others. Then sprang up envy, even in his modest and gentle way. "There is an upstart crow," says an ill-natured writer, alluding evidently to Shakspeare, "beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart, wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in the country."

This was in 1591. His fellow-actors were now prepared for him. In 1593 he threw off the restraint of labouring for others, and burst out upon the town in the full plenitude of his own power and genius. What he was at the end he was at the beginning. His youth knew no imperfection; his more advanced years knew no decay. When the bowl indeed was broken, it was broken at the fountain! Never did such a career open upon any of the sons of men as now opened upon young Shakspeare. He did, indeed, shake every scene in the country; and the naked room of every theatre, with the rough blankets that hung therein for curtains, became, under his divine influence, "a field for monarchs"—and for creatures, greater than monarchs, whose majesties were destined to outlive all chances of the world, and whose glories could never grow dim. Every passion he subdued to his use;—all the vices and all the virtues stood plain before him;—the world of Nature laid all her treasures at his feet;—the world of spirits revealed her most fantastic beauties and her deepest mysteries;—the oaks of Ardenne for him put on their green;—and at his bidding the circling spirits hovered round the ship in a tempest far at sea! But what seemed stranger than all, was the absence of all trace of "authorship" from these glorious writings. All the men of genius then had their separate characteristics. Shakspeare alone was universal. The various works of his contemporaries had always a certain personal stamp of style, and sometimes, through the shadow of imaginary forms, they painted but the secret workings of their own hearts. He alone stood above all reach of personal recognition. Like a God, and not "a man of our infirmity," he called forth a world into separate existence, and set it spinning through the clear heaven of intellect, as one entire and perfect sphere of humanity. When its glorious creatures came successively in sight, men's thoughts were not of Shakspeare.

"Oh wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in't!"

And the modest creator sat mean while, it might be, at the Mermaid, or fretted his hour upon the stage at Blackfriars, a gentle and unassuming man! I have the strongest assurance that we must take the very glory of Shakspeare's genius, its wonderful universality, as the secret of his own want of entire appreciation among his great contemporaries. For surely, beautiful as some of the tributes are that they have paid to him, they cannot have been paid as to the author of the works on which

two centuries have set their seal as the rarest that ever came from man. Personal affection, as it seems to me, predominates in these tributes, rather than that higher feeling of reverent and loving homage which should have been his, and his alone. Else why, in addition to these, have we no personal records of the life of Shakspeare? No one cared to write about him even the scantiest records of his life, till the affectionate zeal of Betterton took him to Stratford, in the succeeding age, to make inquiries for the poet Rowe, who thereupon built up a biography, which Mr. Malone has laboriously thrown down,—writing a large book about Shakspeare to prove that nothing can be written, and adducing whole troops and squadrons of facts to prove that no fact can be stated with certainty, except those momentous two which are furnished by the register of Stratford and authenticated by Nature herself,—that he was born and died. Nor, in saying this, do I mean to impute any reproach to the contemporaries of Shakspeare. Generosity is natural to the generosity and strength of genius; and I believe them to have been incapable of any mean or sordid jealousy. They are themselves a divine portion of the “sons of memory—the great heirs of fame,” and have themselves bequeathed to us a legacy of beautiful and immortal thoughts. They are of the same brood with Shakspeare, though he stands among them more proudly eminent. My meaning simply is, that the genius which gave birth successively to Hamlet, to Falstaff, and to Lear, was too universal for personal reference. Men thought of Nature, not of one of Nature’s children. All sense of admiration and wonder of the higher sort went to the great spirit of humanity of which these writings seemed the pure emanation; and the only tribute which found its way to Shakspeare was one of personal affection. His success, however, as a mere worldly matter, gave him of course a higher place in society; and he no longer visits the Mermaid or the Mitre as a poor player merely, but with the acceptance and esteem of a successful writer. It is characteristic to mark what Ben Jonson says: “I loved the man” is his first fervent expression. “I do honour to his memory on this side idolatry as much as any,” is a nobler tribute, edged however by a counter reproach. He turns again too, it will be noticed, instantly after, to the more personal attributes of Shakspeare. “He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped.” The last touch is exquisite. It lets us into many a scene that must have occurred at the taverns then, and may now again be passing in the taverns of Elysium. The wit of Shakspeare must have proved too good a match for the learning of Ben! “It was necessary he should be stopped.” We have no doubt of it.

“Many,” says Fuller, “were the wit combats betwixt him (Shakspeare) and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man of war. Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, with an English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, would turn with all the tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.” This is a very lively picture, and makes us long for an earlier Boswell to that earlier and greater Jonson. As it is, however, we have some notion of the footing on which Shakspeare stood. A personal welcome to begin with, his wit to answer all the rest, and not a word from either side to intimate



the divinity of his genius. No one "stands still with awful eye." It is hail fellow, well met—in the theatre alone men bowed before the agonies of Othello's passion, the sublime terrors of Macbeth's imagination—there alone they dreamt with the philosophic Hamlet over the riddle of life, to find in death the sole solution of its mystery!—Is he who now enters the Mermaid with that light and buoyant step the author of these wonderful creations? Is that the demi-god of genius, the master of spirits and of men? See how he enters, unconscious of any superiority, and open and unassuming as a child. It is only as the wine stirs, and the potent Jonson gets rather dictatorial, that those quiet flashes of wit glance forth against him. We may suppose, in addition, the quiet under-current of satire, half pleasant, half scornful, which must have run through the mind of Shakspeare as he saw the younger poets turn to Jonson, as the great arbiter of their fate; waiting for his nod, as the sign of doom; and leaping for very joy in their hearts, as, out of that oracular chair of his—the town chair of poetry, wisdom, and scholarship—he pronounced them, with affectionate conceit, his "sons," and proceeded to "seal them of the tribe of Ben." But this ran, we dare be sworn, an under-current merely. It never ventured itself to the surface in the shape of severity or scorn. The more learned assumptions of Jonson were those, we are to suppose he twitted him about, making all merry meanwhile, and adding to the sociality by his jests. It is by no means to be concluded from this that Shakspeare disrelished learning, or did not himself admit it in a gallant and airy spirit, and as a social grace. It was only the Jonsonian shape of it he thought a fair subject for quizzing. Hear him speaking for himself at the Mitre in a happy vein of festive wit,—

"Give me a cup of rich Canary wine,  
Which was the Mitre's once, and now is mine;  
Of which had Horace and Anacreon tasted,  
Their lives as well as lines till now had lasted."

And the worthy Richard Jackson, whose manuscript handed this down to us, inserts a dramatic direction in the second line at the end of the fourth word,—thus, "[drinks]." And so the life of Shakspeare passed, —according to the chance records of the time. He wrote the mightiest works that have been given to man, and sought no personal association with them. He received none. As each of these works appeared, they merged, as it were, into the general and universal spirit to which they indeed of right belonged—the spirit of humanity. They became a portion of the great heart of the world. He meanwhile, from whom they first proceeded, continued to walk through life's common way; laying on his heart the lowliest duties; assisting his fellow-actors to pass life merrily as they might; and,—secure of the everlasting existence of those shapes of beauty he had sent into the world to be to it "joys for ever,"—for himself, in the estimation of posterity, he betrayed no care. Mr. Lamb has said there is a magnanimity even in authorship. Is it not here? if the term of authorship can indeed be applied to Shakspeare. Posterity has certainly, in his case, taken care that nothing was lost by such noble modesty. Shakspeare is now only less than worshipped;—it is esteemed an honour to speak the tongue he spake;—and from the period of his death till now men have listened with untired ears to the music of his name, and have done little in their untired hearts but vary the music of his thoughts. *His thoughts do we say? Which are his*

thoughts? Those of Hamlet? most like they may be! for, of all the characters in those immortal plays, Hamlet's intellect comes nearest to our notion of that which must have given them birth; and it seems rather meant to express the workings of an individual nature, the variations of an individual mind, a picture of moral unity, than to shadow forth the interest of general life, of passionate events or passion. But yet what assurance can we have that the thoughts of Hamlet are *his* thoughts—that those of Sir John Falstaff are not rather his—or that Lear may not yet more sternly feature forth the gigantic proportions of his immortal mind, and the little vexations of his mortal temper? Alas! say the commentators, we have none—no assurance can ever be had now for the inquiring mind of posterity. Alas! said Mr. George Chalmers, what a pity that we are not let into any of the secrets of Shakspeare's domesticity, his friendship, his amusements, his private character! Alas! echoes Mr. Steevens, it is indeed a pity; we know nothing of him but that he was born in Stratford, married, and had children, came to London and wrote plays, went back to Stratford, made his will, and died. Are you sure you know all that? shrewdly asks Mr. Malone, setting to work to sap the foundations of even the few facts we have. Oh, these commentators, how heavy they do lie upon Shakspeare! The earth, it is to be hoped, lies much lighter upon them.

Dear reader, believe not the commentators. I have suffered this illusion of questioning to be carried on too long in this brief paper. An emphatic answer could have been given earlier. Shakspeare himself *has* written of himself; Shakspeare himself *has* told of his loves and his friendships, and of those inner thoughts that alone stamp the character; Shakspeare himself has described the wayward moods of his mortal mind, and the wayward turns of his mortal fate; Shakspeare himself has unconsciously left for the world's gaze a picture, to contrast strangely, but in deep truth, with his glories of the theatre, and with his gaiety of the Mermaid and the Mitre; Shakspeare himself, from the sublime solitude into which the very might of his genius must ever and anon have plunged him, has sent forth audible sighs which are breathing still, and may still be heard amidst the throbbings of his mighty heart! Shakspeare, in one word, has written down his confessions, AND THESE CONFESSIONS STILL REMAIN.

It was, I find, about the year 1598 that an allusion first appeared in some writings of Shakspeare, undesigned for publication. In that year a book named "The Wit's Treasury" was published, written by one Meres, who indulged himself in an allusion to the poet after the following strain:—"As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare." Witness, Mr. Meres proceeded, startling greatly all who had not heard of them, witness "his sugared sonnets among his private friends."

Now in those days there lived a certain bookseller of doubtful authenticity, a sort of Edmund Curll, in truth, whose ungentlemanly transgressions beyond the honour of the business greatly shocked the sober Lintots and judicious Tonsons of the time. But Providence selects its instruments, and Mr. Jaggard has found favour with posterity. As soon as he saw this "note of Meres," he set to work to ferret out these sonnets, and scrape them together for a volume. He succeeded in collecting several, and published them accordingly, in defiance of the author and of all remonstrance, the following year. I fear he would

scarcely have been incited to this but for some little matters of personal scandal that were in them, and for that the person whom they affected mainly was now becoming of some substance in the world, having just appeared as in part proprietor, as well as actor, of the Globe theatre. This I gather from a curious document produced lately by the ingenious and learned Mr. Collier, in which the name of Shakspeare stands fifth in a list of the owners and actors of the Globe. It was not till 1609 that another publication of these sonnets took place, when a certain W. H., as I take it, performed the office of collector to those that had been written between that year and 1599, and carried the whole to Thomas Thorpe, who, in gratitude, dedicated the volume to his nameless benefactor.

These sonnets, then, are the PERSONAL CONFESSIONS of Shakspeare. They record his loves, his friendships, and his character, as I have already described them. They express (as it has been finely said the sonnet is fitted to express) "some fee grief due to the poet's breast;" they are sighs uttered from the fulness of his heart, which breathe forth its secretest emotions; they record the sweetest pieces of self-denial, and of jealous self-watchfulness; they tell us a variety of personal anecdotes of all sorts; they are, in short, transcripts of the writer's own mind in all its changes from joy to sorrow, and in the loftiest aspect of its intellect as in the lowliest of its daily fortunes. Into what wonderful secrets do they not admit us, what strange incidents do they not disclose! Think of the very inmost feelings of such a heart—of the depths of such a peculiar and solitary spirit, solitary in the very vastness of its sympathies! If the reader may find it worth his while to follow me, I venture to think that I am able to derive from these sonnets such a series of personal experiences, and such personal lessons of exquisite truth and wisdom, as it has rarely been permitted to man to breathe to himself, or to leave unconsciously on record to succeeding men. And how recorded! With what disinterested sentiment, what profound thought, what refinement, what love of nature! What glory does he not add to his thoughts of love, with what exquisite beauty does he not redeem his sorrows! They tell of obstacles, of severe struggles, of poverty, of contumely, of neglect—yet they are not dark with tears. For see, beyond, even out of these splendid colours, these noble words, these lovely thoughts, the rainbow of hope springs up. At least the reader *shall* see it—if he will take me for his guide. I believe I have discovered many of the most hidden allusions in these poems, though there are many that must still remain impenetrable. For surely, in such a soul as that of Shakspeare, there must ever be unsounded abysses, which it would be but questionable philosophy to undertake very readily to fathom.

It shall be the object of a second paper to throw into succinct arrangement a most remarkable piece of autobiography (the most remarkable, perhaps, ever placed on distinct record), derived from these sonnets. Meanwhile, the space which remains shall be occupied with some remarks on a few of those thoughts and allusions that are in them, which I find explained even by the little that is known to us of the actual circumstances of Shakspeare's life. The most unbelieving of my readers may perhaps be content to exercise their reason, if not their faith, in arguing thus from the known to the unknown. It is proper perhaps to throw out this as a *top* for Pagans, though it is not by any means for such as them that these pages are written.

The mention of these persons, however, reminds me to quote a passage of

authority on the subject, from a very eminent writer, which may probably induce many most reasonable readers to follow me with a more implicit and confiding faith through the task I have undertaken. The quotation is due also in justice to the writer. The passage, I should remark, however, has only come under my notice since I began this article. Augustus William Schlegel, in his masterly criticisms on Shakspeare, remarks on the extraordinary deficiency of critical acumen in the commentators, that none of them, as far as he knows, have ever thought of availing themselves of his sonnets for tracing the history of his life.\* "These sonnets," proceeds that great critic, "paint most unequivocally the actual situation and sentiments of the poet, and they enable us to become acquainted with the passions of the man." I had not seen this passage when I began to write, but I am most proud to follow in the steps of so great an authority; one which will have the effect, too, I trust, of bringing along with me all the more scrupulous order of believers. The remark, however, strongly forces itself upon me, that the conduct of the commentators, in this matter, is less surprising than that Schlegel, having thus expressed himself, should stop here. It is easier to forgive the commentators than to forgive him. The excuse of ignorance is at least something, and the commentators have it on their side in its most emphatic form. When Mr. Steevens says that the strongest Act of Parliament, framed on purpose, would never compel people to read these sonnets, we cannot help thinking Mr. Steevens an idiot on that point, and treating him accordingly. When Schlegel employs the language we have just quoted, and fails to follow it up with a realization of its own suggestion, we must even complain of Schlegel. He has left the task to very humble hands. What would we give to have seen it in his own!—that is now impossible. Above all, what would we not give, what sacrifices would we not make, to see it in the yet more Shakspearian hands of a countryman of our own—the deepest, the most apprehensive of critics—the noblest of humanists,—the purest, most modest, and most delightful of all prose writers—respected, admired, and loved Charles Lamb! *May that be possible still!*\* . . .

As I write this, I have taken down a volume of Mr. Lamb's works, and opened on the following passage. It is the only one, I believe, in which he has alluded to the sonnets of Shakspeare; but it shows in how fine a spirit he would have treated the subject. I quote it for that reason, and because it has reference to one of the subjects I had intended to remark upon in concluding this paper. It occurs in the masterly essay on the tragedies of Shakspeare, considered with reference to their fitness for stage representation. (Works, vol. ii. p. 1.) Mr. Lamb is commenting indignantly on the circumstance of Garrick's having been called a kindred mind with Shakspeare's. "Did not Garrick shine, and was he not ambitious of shining, in every drawing tragedy that his wretched day produced—the productions of the Hills and the Murphys and the Browns—and shall he have that honour to dwell in our minds for ever as an inseparable concomitant with Shakspeare? A kindred mind! O who can read that affecting sonnet of Shakspeare which alludes to his profession as a player—

"Oh, for my sake, do you with Fortune chide,  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,

\* This hope is vain. As I correct these sheets I hear from one of his most honoured friends that that fine writer is no more.

That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means which public manners breeds.  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;  
 And almost thence my nature is subdued  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand—"

Or that other confession—

"Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,  
 And made myself a motley to the view;  
 Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear—"

Who can read these instances of jealous self-watchfulness in our sweet Shakspeare, and dream of any congeniality between him, and one that, by every tradition of him, appears to have been as mere a player as ever existed?" These are, indeed, affecting passages which Mr. Lamb has quoted, and, with something of this sort, inexpressibly interesting and touching, the majority of the sonnets are burthened. What a thing it is to see a mighty and immortal poet, thus lighting to his individual existence on the common earth, and jostled by the mortal crowd! How touching, in all respects, are the circumstances! These two sonnets, I find, were published in Jaggard's first surreptitious collection, and must, therefore, have been written early; perhaps before he had thrown off any of his greater works, and while the dogs of necessity were still goading him on to common labours, already faded and panting in spirit from their worldly chace. But yet observe; he *performs* his duties—he plays at the theatre as usual—he does not shrink from that; he goes afterwards, perhaps, to the Mermaid or the Mitre, and keeps up the semblance of gaiety there—but the rack only stands still! In the solitude of his spirit, his spirit falls back upon itself, and its own mighty communings. I can fancy the horror with which the thought first crossed him, that as a mere task-worker he might cease to think his own thoughts—become subdued to the thoughts of others from daily working in them, and daily speaking them—and he at last unable to give forth those wonderful creations with the throes of which his breast must have been heaving then! There were moments when Raphael fancied himself no painter; there may have been moments when Shakspeare feared he could not write "Hamlet" or "Othello." The touching allusion, in the second sonnet, to his "goring" his own thoughts, and selling cheap "what is most dear," with the exquisite line which follows (omitted in Mr. Lamb's quotation),

"Made old offences of affections new,"

seem to me to intimate that, whatever may have been his success as an actor with the audience, in impressing on *them* the meaning of the scene, he most assuredly went for his acting to the only sure source—his own heart. Well might he say, he sold cheap what is most dear, since he "coined his heart for drachmas." His own thoughts he gored, that he might express the thoughts of others—his own affections, newly reaped, he turned into a harvest of profit for others, tampering with them, and changing them—and for what? How many shillings a week had Shakspeare for his acting?

But a more interesting question is, What sort of acting was it? I have a shrewd suspicion, from the evidences of these sonnets, and from other sources I will name, that it must have been fine—as far in advance, indeed, of his contemporaries and of his audience, as his writing was. At least, if this may not be conceded, Lingo's amusing plea will,

perhaps, be allowed : " A scholar ! I am a master of scholars ! " Shakspeare was unquestionably, if not an actor, a master of actors. Witness his noble advice to the players in " Hamlet ; " that admirable dialogue on acting and " playing the big tragedian," between Richard and Buckingham ; and a thousand other evidences throughout his plays. But this is not all. The author of the " Roscius Anglicanus " distinctly states, on excellent authority, that Shakspeare himself specially taught Taylor to play Hamlet, and Lowin to play Henry the Eighth : he himself was content with the Ghost. Rowe says it was his top performance : and a noble performance I imagine it to have been. What a sense of the poetry, what an awful and most imaginative impressiveness must have been there ! I would venture much that, as Taylor in Hamlet described the " piteous action " of Shakspeare in the Ghost, the audience must have felt, as it were humanly in their hearts, even that awful visitation. Another of his parts, too, known to have been acted by him, was that of Adam in " As you like it." How characteristic of the heart of the man (as the other had been of his imagination) to select this piece of beautiful and pathetic devotion ! How sure a proof that he was equal to its noblest expressions ! Aubrey distinctly states indeed, that he " did act exceedingly well." I am very sure of it : but we have seen in what way his jealous self-watchfulness fancied acting might hurt his mind, and there may have been other reasons to disgust him with the profession. Honest John Davies, of Hereford, wrote to him jocosely,—

" Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,  
Hadst thou not played some kingly parts in sport,  
Thou hadst been a companion for a king,  
And been a king among the meaner sort ! "

but there was truth in this jest ; and it is impossible to think that it can have other than revolted his fine nature to exhibit himself " a motley to the view " of the fops who, in those days, had the privilege of sitting on the stage ; to be hustled perhaps, and impertinently addressed by a noble pimp of a fellow with his " tobacco-pipe in his mouth," in " a jerkin cudgelled with gold lace," with " a hat scarce pipkin high," and " a poniard on his thigh,"—as they are graphically described for us, sitting on the stage laughing, it might be, in the face of Macbeth or Lear. Add to all this the suggestion I began with—that his acting was probably in advance of his time. And what is an actor without applause ? The war-horse without the trumpet. An actor must feel his living triumph, for but a slight one can survive him. At all events, Shakspeare seized the first opportunity of quitting the stage. In 1603 he played Sejanus in Ben Jonson's play ; and this is the last date at which I find his name. When Volpone was acted, in 1605, his name does not appear. The truth is, that, in 1603, he appears, from the license dated in that year, to have accomplished the purchase of a larger share in the Globe theatre, and the first use he made of his new power was to take his own name from the list of actors !

I had intended to close this paper with some striking proofs of Shakspeare's strong sense of the immortality of his writings, but of the uncertainty of his own name surviving along with them,—a feeling I have already strongly insisted on as entertained, in some degree, by his contemporaries, and in these confessions of his thus strangely corroborated by himself. But I find that for the present I must conclude. My task has been no unpleasant one, and I trust I have found in the kindness of the reader some encouragement to proceed with it.

## THE CLUBS OF LONDON.

IN some remarks which we made a month or two since upon the changes which have taken place in the manners and habits of the metropolitan population, we took occasion cursorily to notice the establishment of Clubs in London. The subject appears to us worthy of a few more words in the way, first, of classification; secondly, in the way of description; and thirdly, by way of deduction as to the effects produced, by the springing up and success of the club-system.

A hundred, or a hundred-and-twenty years ago, the word club implied a select body of persons who met regularly every evening, or every week, to talk, and drink, and smoke; and the master of a family went as regularly to his club on that evening, as he went to church on the Sunday. In the dinner-room at Dolly's Chop-house may be seen, at this moment, the archives of a club, nearly a century old, which met in this methodical manner; the entries of fines for non-attendance, the amount of nightly expenditure, may there be seen. One peculiarity of that club seems to have been, that upon the principle we suppose that "two of a trade can never agree," each separate trade and occupation was represented by one individual. One "painter," one "haberdasher of hats," one "cordwainer," &c., and the rector of the parish appears to have been perpetual president.

Upon a similar principle have been established those clubs, known as "Benefit Societies," which we believe have been found extremely advantageous to the working-classes, and which exist, generally, in all large towns throughout the empire. But, with the exception of these, the idea, till within the last half century, conveyed by the word "Club," was a convivial meeting and a regular fixed party, the members of which were liable to fines for non-attendance\*.

The three Clubs of London which first appeared in the character which so many more have more recently assumed, were WHITE'S, BROOKES'S, and BOODLE'S. WHITE'S is as old, under that name, as

\* In the City, we believe several regular dining-clubs still exist under odd, quaint names; and, at the west-end of the town, the Beef-steak Club continues to flourish under the auspices of a Royal Duke. The meetings of this society are distinguished by fictitious forms and ceremonies, the adoption of singular costumes and strange paraphernalia, which savour of the olden time, and of its theatrical origin.

The Beef-steak Club originated in the year 1730, with Lambert, the scene-painter of Covent Garden, under the management of Rich, who, while working, was in the habit of broiling his beef-steak in his painting-room; thither his talents and agreeable qualities attracted the wits of the day, who occasionally partook of his dinner, until, at last, a club was formed to meet every Saturday, and dine in the Playhouse. Until the destruction of Covent Garden Theatre, in 1807, this continued to be the custom. The club, subsequently, met at the Lyceum Theatre, and continued so to do until that theatre was also destroyed by fire. This society, whose fare is strictly confined to beef-steaks, and whose beverage is port wine or punch, is the last relic of the school of conviviality, in which our forefathers, so much wiser, wittier, better, and more moderate than we, were wont to take delight.

There is, we believe, a sort of rival "Beef-steak" Club, which meets at Drury Lane Theatre, but it is a mere modern invention, and of a different class from the "old original."

the days of Hogarth, when it was known as "White's Chocolate-house." BROOKES's was built in the year 1777, for the reception of an avowedly political Club, under the auspices of Mr. Fox; about which period, WHITE's became the head-quarters of the Tory party, and so remained for many years. Circumstances, to which we shall presently allude, have more recently conspired to deprive it of its political character, and it is now distinguished rather as the best club in London—for one hour in the day—than for any exclusive system of politics.

BOODLE's, the third of the *ancien régime*, was always considered the *juste milieu*—neither Tory, like WHITE's, nor Whig, like BROOKES's, and composed, for the most part, of country gentlemen. It maintains, to the present moment, its well-founded character; and taken, either as including in its list of members men of the highest rank, respectability, and ability, or as comprising within its establishment every comfort and convenience which could be enjoyed in the best private houses, it may, in point of fact, although not of date, be reckoned the first club extant.

In addition to these may be mentioned a club which, in other days, held its head high, and flourished greatly, but which has sunk into comparative desuetude—The COCOA TREE. It was a favourite resort of his late Majesty, when Prince of Wales; and the circular room at the back of the house was expressly built for his Royal Highness's use.

At the beginning of the century, The Union Club was established upon an extremely splendid scale; and, in the first instance, occupied the present Ordnance Office in Pall-Mall. It then removed to the house in St. James's-square, now the Bishop of Winchester's, and there it eventually died.

The next club which was formed is one which still exists under the title of THE ALBION; situated in St. James's-street, next door but one to "GRAMAM's," which is a most unpretending club itself, as far as appearances are concerned; but, with respect to card-playing, it

"Has that within which passeth show."

Some time after the establishment of the Albion, several members seceded from it, and established "ARTHUR's," or rather revived the old club of that name. They have since rebuilt their house, with great taste and liberality, and the arrangements seem to give great satisfaction to the members.

In the meanwhile let us not forget the ALFRED, which, from being up at the corner of Grafton-street, in Albemarle-street, and out of the line of fire, had nearly slipped our memory. We well-remember, however, when to be a member of the Alfred was thought a very desirable thing, and when the canvass for a candidate was most actively carried on. The Alfred lost *caste* some years since by the following circumstance, which, although generally known, cannot be passed over in the history of clubbery.

At the Alfred there is every day—or was—a house-dinner for twelve, open to every member who puts his name down before a certain hour. One day, the card being full, the party sat down to the social meal; but although the card was full, the table was not—that is to say, one of the twelve who had written down their names did not come; therefore, eleven members of this learned, philosophical, political, clerical, legal, and aristocratic body only were assembled.



Just at this crisis, a good-looking gentleman, wearing a brown great-coat, and carrying an umbrella, came into the coffee-room, and ordered some dinner as quickly as possible. Seeing his haste and anxiety, the waiter suggested that the house-dinner had just been put down, and that there was one vacant place at the table. The strange gentleman caught at the idea, and proceeded forthwith to occupy Banquo's chair in this select society.

The strange gentleman ate and drank—he talked—eloquently, playfully, wisely—politics, art, science, all seemed equally his *forte*; and when he departed, which he did as soon as possible, everybody—the whole eleven of his companions—were vexed and mortified.

"A monstrously agreeable man, that," said one.

"He knows a great deal," said another.

"I should think he must be in the law," said a third.

"I," said a fourth; "think, from what he said, that he must be in Parliament."

"No," said a fifth, "I think he is a physician."

"I," said a sixth, "thought at first it was Lawrence. I should say he is an artist."

"No," said a seventh, "a lawyer against the field."

"Let us ask who he is," said an eighth, determined to risk no further conjectures.

The ninth man rang the bell. The waiter appeared. "Pray," said the tenth, "waiter—do you know what that gentleman's name is, who dined with us?"

"Sir?" said the waiter.

"Yes;" exclaimed the eleventh; "what is he?"

"That gentleman, Sir," said the waiter, eyeing his masters with a mingled look of incredulity, astonishment, and contempt, "That!—why, Sir—the gentleman who dined here?"

"Yes," they all exclaimed.

"Mr. CANNING, Sir," said the waiter, retiring and leaving the eleven members of the illustrious cabildo in a state of perfect amazement;—Eleven gentlemen of such a society not to know Mr. Canning, was a most serious blow at its prosperity, and the real fact is, that it has never entirely recovered from its severity.

The increase of clubs, however, has been most rapid and most general since the peace, and we now have the following in existence, which, in order to avoid any appearance of partiality, we have arranged alphabetically.

Albion,	Carlton,	Guards',	Union,
Alfred,	Clarence,	Oriental,	United Service.
Arthur's,	Cocoa-Tree,	Oxford and-Cambridge,	Do. Junior.
Athenæum,	Crockford's,	Portland,	University,
Boodle's,	Garrick,	Royal Naval,	West Indian,
Brooke's,	Graham's,	Travellers',	White's,
			Windham.

Here are two round dozen of them—some of them with fifteen hundred members each; some with twelve hundred, and scarcely any under five hundred. Who then can wonder at the total desertion of coffee-houses and taverns, or, in fact, the disappearance from the streets

of such places? Wherever a coffee-house or tavern yet exists, it is because the house itself has become a hotel; for until sleeping-clubs are established, hotels and lodgings must still be in request.

Of White's and Brookes's, and Boodle's, the Alfred, the Arden, and Arthur's, we have already spoken. Next on the list is the ATHENÆUM, a club more completely mixed than any other in London. It has no political character; it reckons amongst its members Peers and statesmen of every degree, and several of the Bishops; it is the daily resort of men of science, literary men, the most eminent artists, and members of the learned professions. It has many advantages and very few faults; amongst the latter the principal one is, its being lighted internally with gas, which, in the dinner room, produces, in combination with the breathings of seventy or eighty gastronomes, and the vapours arising from the dinners they are eating, an atmosphere wherein no animal ungifted with copper lungs can long exist. To remedy this evil, it becomes necessary sometimes even in December, to open, to its fullest extent, one of the large windows which give to the garden, and admit a rush of night-air into the apartment, which sends home some of the senior constant attendants with rheumatism in all its varieties.

The CARLTON, which has its head-quarters on Carlton-garden Terrace until its splendid new house in Pall Mall is completed, is exclusively political, and politically exclusive, and a more noble array of names does not grace any similar establishment in the metropolis. It is the very antipodes of BROOKES'S, and if a man could belong to both, it would be no bad diversion to hear at the one, how badly things are going, how certain the Conservatives are to be beaten, and how short a time they will hold office; and, in a quarter of an hour after, to be informed at the other, that the Destructives have not a leg to stand on; that the re-action in the country is unquestionable, and that the general election will give the Conservatives a positive majority of the new House of Commons.

The CLARENCE Club was the LITERARY UNION, but some disagreeable circumstances having occurred, which rendered it necessary, in the opinion of the majority of the members, to lessen their number; it was thought better to dissolve the society than mark the objectionable individuals by expulsion. It was accordingly dissolved, and a new club formed under its present title, which, on account of the object effected by the new arrangement, has, by a certain gallant naval Officer, been changed into the *Clearance* Club.

This society chiefly consists of literary men and patrons of literature; it is, however, yet young. It was founded by Mr. Thomas Campbell, who, however, has ceased to belong to it.

The GARRICK Club is as nearly theatrically exclusive and exclusively theatrical as the Carlton is politically. There, an entirely new interest is excited, and instead of the probability of war between Russia and France, or the difficulties of the Irish Church question, the agitated state of the West Indies, or the possible results of the first session of the new House of Commons, one hears of the extraordinary conduct of Mr. Lampand-trap in going off on the O. P. side in Shylock, instead of the P. S., and of the oppression under which that effective actress, Miss Singletop, is labouring, by being forced to play Alicia to Mrs. Humplebump's Jane

Shore. The fate of a farce is there considered more important than the perils of a dynasty, and the receipts of the "Lane" and the "Garden" are calculated with greater curiosity and stricter attention than the produce of the next budget, or the amount of the national debt.

The GUARDS' Club, as its name portends, is exclusively belonging to officers of the three regiments. The ORIENTAL Club is at the corner of Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, and is composed of gentlemen who have passed the bloom of life in the money-making regions of Bundelcund and Furruckabad, and who, like Rosina's morning—

— return in saffron dress,

to wear out their calico in the north-westerly parts of the metropolis. They feed chiefly upon curry, and drink Madeira. The house is remarkable for nothing but the smallness of the windows. The tender plants within could not bear much of the London atmosphere to be blown upon them; the situation of the house is judiciously chosen—it is an easy drop-down from Harley-street and Baker-street, through Harewood-place, and the look out is full of agreeable reminiscences.

The OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE Club, so called instead of the Junior United University Club, is established at the corner of King-street, St. James's-square, under the roof where all the ministerial power of the late Lord Londonderry and all the social fascinations of his amiable and lovely Marchioness were once exercised so successfully in the world of politics and fashion. Of the Club we know little; the sheriff-like splendour of its liveries is somewhat remarkable taken in connexion with the monastic character of the society.

Of the PORTLAND Club we have no defined idea. It occupies the house at the corner of Stratford-place, some quarter of a century since famous for the hospitalities and gaieties of Mrs. Lind. We have never, to our knowledge, seen a member of it; but it is in a remarkably healthy situation, and we conclude is rather a local than general society. The NAVAL Club occupies the house, late Chambers's Bank, in Bond-street; it is exclusively professional, and extremely comfortable.

The TRAVELLERS' comes next—alphabetically, but soaring loftily, in point of fact, above most other clubs: splendour and comfort, agreeable society, conversation, and cards (without which, say what people may, no evening club can exist), combine to attract and attach its members. The fact, too, that the qualification for election itself ensures men "who have seen the world," is a strong one in its favour; we rather suspect, taking it altogether, the Travellers' may, in the present state of society, be considered the *leader*. We have already given the decided preference to Boodle's, for what may be called real comfort; but for general effect and a combination of materials, not elsewhere to be collected, the Travellers' is supreme.

The UNION is a worthy club. A good cook and a good cellar—a convenient house in a good situation—and a well-assorted, well-mixed list of members, make it an extremely desirable society to join. A gentle sprinkling of City men, who drift up so far from the eastward as salmon periodically quit the sea for the rivers, gives a sort of variety to the interest; and we believe we may safely say that there is not a more comfortable club in the whole list.

The UNITED SERVICE Club, as a specimen of Mr. Nash's talent for internal arrangement, is complete. The combination of splendour with good taste, and of good taste with accommodation, is admirable. It has recently been newly fitted up, and the addition of pictures of our greatest heroes, naval and military, and of battles by sea and land, give not only new lustre to its beauties, but add a "homeishness" to the rooms, to which our gallant heroes have an undoubted right after their services abroad.

The UNITED UNIVERSITY Club presents us with an agreeable little elevation, after the design of Mr. Wilkins, the author of the finest portico in England, which may be seen on the right of the North Road, near the top of Gower-street. The gowmsmen of this erudite society gave a *soirée* shortly after their pretty little place was opened; and the weight of the company, and the heat of the room, made all the cornices tumble down. N.B. They have excellent iced-punch in the summer.

The WEST INDIA Club is a small society of gentlemen connected with the colonies, but does not obtrude itself upon our notice either by the splendour of its elevation or the extensiveness of its pretensions.

The WINDHAM, last on the list, congregates at the house of the late LORD BLESSINGTON, in St. James's-square, and has the use of his lordship's valuable library—to look at; the books are inclosed and locked in their glass cases, in the apartment which the members make their dining-room. This is the only club to which, at any time of the year, whether Parliament be sitting or not, a member can take a friend—and a pretty "take" it is. The friend is not permitted to mingle with the club, or to feel himself at home—not he—he is carried off to what is called the Stranger's Room, a kind of back parlour behind the shop, where he is fed and where he drinks, and then is turned out into the street. It was called the Windham in compliment to Lord Nugent; it is generally thought that, after the return of his Lordship from the Ionian Isles, it will adopt the name of that most excellent inn at Ipswich, "The Great White Horse."

And here have we gone through the list and come to W, and have not said a word of CROCKFORD's—the gayest and the most fashionable of all clubs—a *cuisine* perfect, a house faultless, society the most agreeable, and conversation the most entertaining. The notion that Crockford's is a gambling-house—the very vulgar have a shorter word for it—betrays only ignorance of its real character and principle. That hazard is played there in the evening is true—so was it played by the KINGS OF ENGLAND on the anniversary of the Epiphany, in St. James's Palace, in public, till within this half century or so; so may it be played at BROOKES's, or at the TRAVELLERS', for all we know—if it is not, cards to an equal amount of stake are. But we should be glad to know how many hundred men belong to Crockford's who never play, or think of playing.

CROCKFORD's is an admirable club, well appointed in every particular, assembling under its roof all that is gay, influential, and agreeable, without reference to politics, without distinction of party; and the prejudice which people who know nothing about it have attempted to create against it is as groundless and as absurd as prejudice ever was. Persons who have neither the means nor the desire to play will not play

because they belong to Crockford's. People that have both *will* play whether Crockford's hazard-table be open or not. The only difference is, that at Crockford's they play at the fair odds with their ordinary friends and associates round them; and that at the places to which their favourite, yet rash pursuit, might otherwise carry them, they would be the victims of designing rogues, and the companions of persons to whom, in any other sphere, they would not like to be convicted of speaking.

The effect of this club-law has been very powerful in society, but we do not believe that it has had any upon society in the evening. At White's, for instance, there is nobody at night. At the United Service except the "peaceful slumberers" on the sofas, nobody. At the Athenæum, after ten o'clock, you would find at the fire-place at one end of the drawing-room, eighty feet long, an elderly gentleman with a cocoa-nut head fast asleep in an arm-chair; and upon the fire-place at the other end of the room, a ditto old gentleman, with a ditto head, equally fast asleep in another arm-chair. Where there are cards, certainly people congregate; but that applies only to the Travellers' and to Arthur's, where whist is done upon a great scale.

Drinking has been considerably abated under the club-law. At a tavern or coffee-house, a man felt a sort of obligation to swallow huge draughts of black and intoxicating wine "for the good of the house." In clubs, a vinegar-cruet full of sherry is considered a gentlemanly quantum; and the less you drink, the more obliged the society is, since upon the coffee-room account the funds of the club invariably lose.

Upon the whole, we must say we think the new *régime* an extremely salutary one—agreeable it decidedly is; there is a safety, a security, a certainty of gentlemanly conduct in a club, the habit of feeling which renders a chance visit to a public coffee-room in these days a disagreeable experiment. The consciousness that you are in your own house, in the society of persons who have, like yourself, been admitted to a similar sort of ownership, and the confidence which that feeling inspires, are extremely pleasant—the fact that the anxiety to belong to clubs is universal is the strongest proof of the generality of that feeling.

It is said that ladies complain of clubs, and Mr. Haynes Bayly (to whom the ladies are infinitely indebted for his numerous and varied talented compositions) wrote a song in dispraise of such associations. We have already said that we cannot see how they affect evening society; and as for married ladies complaining of their husbands for addicting themselves to such combinations, they should enforce their commands to Hubby to stay at home, and remind him that even Hercules himself gave up his *club* when he married.

## SKETCHES ON IRISH HIGHWAYS.

## IRISH RUINS.—PART I.

Now, with all deference, it is suggested that there are monuments of antiquity in Ireland worthy of inspection; there is scenery on which the eye may rest with delight. We have woods, and waters, and glens, and mountains abundantly picturesque, and sufficient to call forth the exertion of the pen and pencil in their description." So writes Mr. Cæsar Otway; and his statement may be corroborated by all who have visited the country.

There are monuments of antiquity worthy of inspection; there is scenery on which the eye may rest with delight; and, withal, there are people, warm, kindly, and affectionate, to be met with in every dwelling. Within the mansion and within the hut, one vast spirit of hospitality presides. Whatever is possessed is shared, and shared by the heart as well as the hand. And YET,—alas! how sad it is that a single monosyllable should signify so much!—and YET, shine the sun ever so warmly, let the voice of mirth come upon your ear ever so gladly, there is fading in the beams of the one, and a wailing cadence in the last strains of the other, which says, "*This is a land of ruins!*"

"Irish Ruins!" The term is sadly comprehensive. It implies far more than the register of mouldering walls, or round, mysterious towers;—it calls to mind the ruined dwellings—the roofless cottages—the mismanaged farms—the improvident gentry—the trampled peasantry—in one sentence, *the ruined country*; the country over which foes triumph, and which "friends" betray,—whose worst enemies are of its own progeny,—whose sons may seek, and find, in every nation upon earth, except their own, prosperity and independence,—whose daughters, conspicuous for wit, beauty, and virtue, grace the courts of strangers, because the once gay and festive halls of Ireland are lone and desolate: the harps are hung upon the willows—the grass grows in the streets—the land is one of ruins! Little prospers, even in its chief city. The merchants have ample leisure for salutations in the market-places; and the young men squander time which, in well-regulated England, would be transmuted into gold. Yet, what heroes has this country sent forth to fight and conquer, that others might enjoy! What statesmen to regulate the affairs of Europe, and forget, in the magnitude of their employments, the little green speck that gave them birth! What poets, who founded songs upon her sorrows, and spent the emolument derived therefrom amongst aliens, and those who knew her not! And yet the skies above her are blue and smiling, and the earth—the fertile earth—teems with abundance. It seems a mystery that centuries should pass and leave her more desolate and more depressed;—yet, so it has been, and so—for aught I can see—so it will be for many a day to come.

I have often been asked why I do not more frequently quit the neighbourhood of Bannow, and sketch more at large throughout the country. My answer simply is, that I love smiles better than tears; that, blessed be God! cheerfulness and I are twin-born; and that, in the particular district I have loved to talk and write about, there is peace, prosperity, and contentment; that, were it not for the whim, the mirth, the frolic

of the people, you might imagine yourself in well-conducted, sober—stupid England; that the only—at least, *almost* the only—ruins in that pretty region of restless landlords and cheerful industry, are those of the ruined church and “one or two ould, ancient castles, that bate the world out-an'-out intirely for beauty.” But alas! Bannow is not Ireland; and truth obliges me to relate what occurs beyond my own particular pet district, where I should like to colonize some twenty or thirty English families, with all the comforts of sea-bathing, cheap living, and hospitable treatment, for four months out of every twelve. If I were affronted with any of them, I would mount them upon an Irish jaunting-car, and set them off at full gallop to Tághmon. Those who have ever so journeyed will appreciate my kindness; those who have not, may imagine a dislocation of all limbs, combined with perpetual motion. If their imagination is very vivid, they will appreciate my intended treatment as it deserves.

It was a calm and cheerful day in August; but there was no breeze—nothing animating in the atmosphere—nothing bright in the sky; no music—no song swelling from the harvest-field. The boughs, with their cold, stiff, yellow blossoms, were so erect, that a troop of fairies might have galloped over their petals without disturbing a single leaf. We were wending our way to the ruins of the Abbey of Dunbrody, leaving behind us the picturesque town of New Ross. By the way, there is a legend about that same ruined-looking town; how that some English king sent over a mandate, directing that all the monks of the Ross monastery should be murdered in their own garden; and how they were; and how their blood runs red in a stream, which I have seen myself,—*not* the blood, but the stream,—which I was assured was red; and so it was,—the gravel underneath the water I mean, not the water itself.

We soon overtook a very respectable-looking man; I was told he was a butcher—one who had stared ruin in the face, until at length he stared her out of countenance.

“I don’t know how it was,” said our guide, “but ivyrything in the wide world went wrong with the poor craythur; to be sure he was overfond of the drop—what else have we to comfort us? He might have been *too* fond of it—the thing’s possible—I have a laning myself that way, but only of a Sunday afther mass—bad cess to the taste ever passes my lips till then. Well, he was a gone boy—and what was harder than all upon him, the girl he loved turned agin him—and when the Steamers come in fashion, with their great wigel-wagel claws, batin the brains out of the salt wather, Murtogh was done intirely, for all the calves were shipped clane and clever for England. ‘I’m ruined like my country,’ said Murtogh, ‘and nothing can put us past our luck.’ And the poor fellow grew worse and worse, until ne’er a man in the shambles tossed his little finger so high as Murtogh Delany. Well, one day, he wasn’t so far gone as usual, not high toast—it was about ten o’clock in the morning—but any how, as he was turning a corner by the bridge, what should run up agin him but blind Kishcen and his pipes, and he fell right into the water; well the girl I spoke of, was passing at the same time, and without a word or a skreel (an’ most women are mighty skreelish in general)—without a word, faith, she dashed in afther him, like a mermaid—and maybe he hadn’t enough to do to save her—and then

when he got her on the bridge, she turned from him, without a word, only she said 'twas better to be drowned in water than die by whisky. Well, somehow the word took hold of his heart, and he pondered it over and over, and went that night into Lawrence Mulloger's store-shop, and stood the sight of the drams, and the smell of the hot whisky punch, without so much as tasting; and after that he set off to the girl's house, and she was winding off a reel, and the clothes she had on in the morning; hanging drying still by the fire, and no stockings on her feet, for she owned but the one pair, and those she had put on for decency when she had the luck to go into Ross—but well he knew that if she liked she might marry a boy who could afford her a dozen pair of the whitest in Belfast,—and that's saying a grate dale;—he stood before her on the flure, and he thought a light from heaven broke upon him, though she didn't spake, nor seem to heed him; he thought how good and quiet and tractable she was in her family—slaving like a negre; and how she had risked her life for him—and he saw the trouble he had given her traced out on her pale face—

“ ‘And Ellen, (her name was Ellen,) Ellen,’ says he, ‘if—I know I have chated many an oath against the whisky—but, if I join the Temperance Society, and remain faithful to it—say for a year or two—will you marry me then?’

“ ‘Murtogh,’ says she, ‘I’m not going to tell a lie—my heart has been crushed intirely through the drink—my father’s lost his rason wid it, and the smell of it’s never off my mother—it’s the rale curse of the country—the ruin of ould Ireland. If—but oh, Murtogh, it’s impossible—you never will give it up!’

“ ‘Didn’t I stand the sight of forty-seven nagins going down about half as many mouths in less than half as many minutes,’ said Murtogh, ‘and the smell of Lawrence Daly’s seven tumblers, gliding down his throat—and never touch’d it? And now, Ellen dear, smell the breath on me,’ he added, as he placed his lips close to hers, ‘and you can tell if the drop has passed here—through all my temptation—and then say if there’s hope for me.’

“ Ellen looked up, and clasping her hands earnestly, replied, ‘God strengthen you, Murtogh; and if He does, there is——’

“ ‘A year—or two—Ellen?’

“ ‘One year is as good as twenty; and if you keep from it one year; this day—no, to-morrow—twelve months—for you tast’d it this morning—neither poverty, nor sickness, nor sorrow shall hinder me from being your wife; and if—if—not, Murtogh—why there’s no use in talking, but the green sods in the church-yard will make the young heart an’ the broken heart asy.’

“ Well, we all wondered what in the world had come over Murtogh—he grew so steady, and so sober, and we didn’t think it was the same man was in him; he had more gumpshon\* than ever, and somehow some of the calves stayed with him, instead of turning to English veal, and pigs an’ the like; and the quality afther a while took to buying from him—and Ellen no longer looked crooked into the broken window of Lawrence’s dram-shop, as she passed it on t’other side the way, for at last she had full faith in Murtogh’s promise——”

“ And they were married?”

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\* Sense.



"Ay, in troth, and Ellen is one of the best and happiest wives in Ross, and he the most thriving man; and the world an' all wouldn't argufy Murtoogh but what whisky is the *biggest ruin in all Ireland!* And, my lady, 'twas all owing to Murtoogh's going to a good gintleman well known in these parts,—one Mister George Carr,—and writing his name in a book, promising not to touch a drop o' speerits, pure or mixed; and it seems this way is a dale surer than taking an oath agin 'em—for somehow or other we forgets our word, but we aren't mane enough to put our pen to a lie; and when we does what a dale o' the gentry done before us, why honour and shame are both pushing us on to stick to the word we wrote upon paper. Myself thinks I'll be after following the way of Murtoogh Delany."

Our guide was a tall, stalwart man, firm set and muscular, with a round bullet head, garnished in thick, dark, crisp curls—his eyes were black, deep set, and sparkling; and he had a word and a jest ready for every passer-by. He was a guide *con amore*—for his father had left him some very small independence—enough, however, to enable Jack Laggin, as he said, "to do nothing in the world but take it asy, and amuse himself," which he certainly did. He knew every body, every nook, every house, every legend, and was not ever-burtheped with feeling for the distresses of his fellow-creatures. "Weren't they born to misery, what else could they expect?" was his continual observation upon the troops of half-naked wretches we occasionally encountered. Jack was in constant request by all who desired to hear local news, or see the country; not that I think his information as to particular persons or politics is much to be relied on, for Jack has a knack of cleverly finding out your sentiments before he imparts his own, and falling into yours with extraordinary facility. He does not pretend in the least to the rank of gentleman, and takes "the bit and the sup" anywhere that he can get it; he is in fact a "hanger-on," with sufficient tact and sufficient taste to sing a good song, tell a good story, be particularly civil to those who can serve him, and never uncivil to any one; in England he would have been exactly the person to make a sharp lawyer's clerk, or perhaps a smooth, clever, polite nuisance, called a shopman—

"Of such materials was Jack Laggin formed!"

"Do you see that cottage there, Ma'am, to the left? There used to be a cottage there onc't—though but little else than the walls are in it now—bare and naked walls! and yet I mind when they were roofed, and dacency within them."

"Who lived there?"

"James Tracey;—but there's a beautiful place upon the hill."

"Tell me of the cottage, Laggin."

"God bless you, Ma'am dear, you're cruel fond of hearing of cottages; sure the history of most of them in this country is alike;—a wedding, and little to begin with—a power of children, and little to give them—rack-rent for the bit of land, turned out, bag and baggage, for that or the tithe!—beggary—starvation—sickness—death! That's a poor Irishman's calendar, since the world was a world—barrin here and there—now and then—when he gets a sight of good fortune—*by mistake!*"

"But the cabin——"

"Ay—poor James—I mind when he built it himself and the neigh-

hours with him—and the ould landlord was over her, and gave him a promise of renewal of his father's lease, and we wanted James to get the promise in writing—but he put it off—'twas a way he had—the only fault I ever knew in James—he didn't like to be bothered about what was coming, when he was satisfied with what was come. Well, the ould landlord died, and after that, the young one raised the rint in course, to get all he could to spend away from us—and then poor James felt the want of the lease, for a dead man's promise is seldom thought of except by those who want to see it fulfilled; by this time he had a young heavy family about him, and he dipindid a good deal out of an old bachelor uncle of his dying and leaving him all he had—which was *more than would fit in a midge's eye*—and this hindered him from doing what he otherwise would have done: but it's ill waiting for dead men's shoes—sorra as much as would pay for a stone of praties did he ever get from that same man. Well, ma'am, gale day came and came, and he got time at first, and they do say he could have pulled up, but somehow he had got fixed in the way of putting off, putting off, and one thing went to rack and another thing to rack, and James got a hurt in his back from his horse, which he neglected to fasten in the stable; and he'd pass the length of a summer day, propped against a post which stood at the gabel end of the house, doing nothing only fuming with a neighbour or keeping the hens out of the cabbages; and so, in the long run, everything was distrained, and James turned into the road—himself and his children. It's little the landlord got by the distraining, for no one would buy, nor no one would take the land over his head—for a reason they had—until a north countryman ventured; and sure it wasn't for want of the warning that himself was shot one harvest night against the very post where James used to stand—if you turn about you can see the spot now, madam, though we're so far from it—there, against that post—and the house burnt—and three or four in it—and James himself, to crown the matter, and two more, hung for the same!”

“How dreadful! and all originated in the ruinous habit of procrastination!”

“Oh sure you're going back entirely to say that, though maybe you're in the right. What's left of the children are scattered through the country with one friend or another—and the poor mother—Christ defend us!—here she is!—now for God's sake don't gainsay her—maybe she won't speak—only don't gainsay her—she's wild mad.”

A slight tall woman had ascended the opposite side of the hill from which we were looking down upon the cottage that had been the scene of such a horrid act, and she came upon us so suddenly that the narrative, united to her singular appearance, gave me a shock I shall remember to my dying day. She wore a petticoat of black stuff, and a short cloak and hood of the same material; her legs were bare, and her feet thrust into shoes much too large—they were strapped over her instep by leather thongs; she had on neither cap nor bonnet, and her hair, which once must have been beautiful, hung in grey matted tresses over her bosom; the hood was thrown back, so that her features were fully exposed—they were low and flat, but the expression of her large blue wandering eyes was fierce and fearful! She advanced, curtsying at every step, towards us—we had been walking up the hill—and though she did not ask charity, I placed a small silver coin in her thin hand.

Our guide was behind, or rather more to the right than we were, so that the maniac's eye, festing on him, would be led in a direct line to look down upon her once happy home.

"Save ye kindly, this fine morning," he said in a kindly tone. She turned quickly, looked at Laggin for a moment—then tossing her arms wildly in the air, uttered a long, loud, and appalling scream—I never before heard such a sound—it reverberated through the air like what one imagines would be the howl of those doomed to eternal agony—and then, as if exhausted by the effort, she sank on her knees on the earth, her right arm extended towards her cottage.

"Leave her alone—she'll come to presently: there's one of her boys—an *innocent*—an' he's not far off; he tends and tracks his mother wherever she goes."

The man had hardly finished speaking when a squalid, ragged youth of about fifteen crept from among some underwood—a copse of mingled furze and hawthorn—and without heeding us commenced turning her round. She appeared to have become rigid, for he moved her as though she were a kneeling statue, and having accomplished his purpose, which was to withdraw her from looking towards the ruined cottage, he sat on the earth beside her, staring up into her face with the calm quiet air of one whose feelings are deadened—yet who once felt. I never saw so affecting a picture of human desolation as that mother and son, in sight of their blasted, ruined home!

I rarely see an Irish beggar, and I never hear of an *Irish natural*, or *Innocent*, without calling to mind one of the most unoffending of the latter class, whose acquaintance I made amid the beautiful ruins of Dunbrody Abbey. This splendid relic of the olden time is situated in the barony of Shelbourne, on the banks of the river Barrow, and well repays the traveller for the trouble of visiting its extensive remains: the site is well sheltered, and possesses the advantages of inland navigation—those jolly monks had right good taste, and chose the situation of their monasteries with both wit and wisdom. The interior walls of the church are in a beautiful state of preservation, and on each side of the chancel are three vaulted chapels. The great aisle is divided into three parts, by a double row of arches, supported by square piers; the inside of those arches is ornamented by a rich moulding, which springs from beautiful consoles, and conveys an idea of the enormous care and expense that must have been bestowed upon the building. The tower appeared to be rather low in proportion to the extent of the whole, but it is supported by a magnificent arch: there is a sort of narrow walk on the summit of the walls, which commands a superb and extensive view of the adjacent country. The cloisters appear to have been spacious, but their foundations alone remain, and it was curious to trace them out amid the weeds and long grass which waved and triumphed in all the pride of summer existence over the relics of antiquity. Nearer to the centre of the abbey are a number of ruined walls, which indicate where the hall, the refectory, and the dormitory stood. I can fancy nothing appealing more powerfully to the imagination than these noble ruins.

"Two or three columns, and many a stone,  
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!  
Out upon time! it will leave no more

Of the things to come, than the things before.

Out upon time! who for ever will leave  
But enough of the past for the future to grieve  
O'er that which has been, and o'er that which must be,  
What we have seen our sons shall see;  
Remnants of things that have passed away,  
Fragments of stone raised by creatures of clay!"

We all value, while we mourn over, the ruins of the past—and the greater the desolation the greater our regret. The western window of this noble pile is of an uncommon form, and though nearly entire gives symptoms of a decay which a little care and attention on the part of the proprietor might easily prevent. The door immediately beneath it is very magnificent, being adorned with flagee open work, cut out of the solid stone, and so raised as to allow a finger easily to pass under its carvings. It was a fine day in August when we walked up the avenue leading to this time-honoured ruin; the dimness of the morning had brightened into sunshine, and the dark masses of ivy contrasted brightly with the grey stone and light green of the fresh grass, while the many-tinted mosses appeared like an exquisite mosaic of rich and curious tracery.

As we entered one of the outward courts, a troop of innocent calves, frightened at our appearance, crowded beneath a gateway, where, perhaps, Richard Earl of Pembroke had often stood in his shining armour, and looked upon the increasing walls that now crumbled beneath our feet. The silvery Barrow murmured on its way, and could have told us much of what its waters witnessed in the olden time of fray and foray, of banquet, fast, and stately pageant. While we paused and looked upon Dunbrody with that species of awe which enforces silence, the puny sound of a tin trumpet quivered upon the air, and would have made little impression upon us, had it not been followed by a shout of loud yet heartless laughter.

The church is protected by a gate; and as we wound round one of the towers to gain the entrance, we encountered the idiot, who had been making merry within the sanctuary. He was a tall, slight youth, with large, lustreless eyes, not unlike "poor Johnny, poor Jack," of Wexford memory, save that in his person he was delicately clean; and his dress was so fantastic, that I cannot resist the temptation of describing it.

He wore what are called Hessian boots, with white pantaloons. His jacket was tight; but, with the exception of the sleeves, it was impossible to tell what materials it was composed of; for behind hung a sort of rude, short cloak, made of the fur of hare, rabbit, fox, and, I really believe, every animal "that ever wore a hairy skin." Around his neck were suspended a tin trumpet and various baubles; amongst them shone conspicuously a huge leaden watch, upon which, poor fellow! his eye often rested. His flat fur cap was adorned with a number of long scarlet tassels, that floated over his shoulders as he moved restlessly from place to place. There was an air of gentility in his manner, a gentle courtliness in his salutation, and a tastefulness in his piebald costume, which conquered both the dread and dislike I feel towards "Irish naturals." We speedily became acquainted. He told me his name was Johnny Welch; answered every question I chose to ask. "Where did he live?" He lived here; he loved the ould Abbey; he knew every stone, every turn of it. It was a fine ould place—a pleasant place to live in.

"Where did he sleep?"

"In there," (pointing to a low vaulted room,) "in there he slept with the dead men: there was a heap of their bones."

"Was he not afraid?"

He laughed wildly. "No; what had he to be afraid of? Would he root up some of the dead men's bones for my honour to look at?" and before I had time to reply, he threw himself upon a heap of clay, and insinuated his long muscular fingers into the earth so effectually, as to bring up bone after bone with the rapidity of lightning. These relics of mortality he briefly descanted upon, as he tossed them from him, to "root" for others. "There's a skull—a fine skull—a big skull—would a dale o' brain: the people long ago had a power o' wit! There's a bone—a thigh bone—a great soldier, maybe—a strong bone! I sleeps upon dead men's bones. The Abbey's a pleasant place! There's a *weechy* bone—a lady's arm—a pretty bone! Shall I root more for ye? Another skull! There's a hole in it; a murdered skull. Hurrah for the fight!—hurrah for the fun! Shall I root more for ye?"

I felt my heart sicken; it was such a painful lesson to see that poor idiot boy sporting so fearlessly with the relics of mortality; to note the eagerness with which he disinterred those memorials of decay; to see folly and rags fluttering like a butterfly over what once contained the essence of God's own spirit.

I was really sick, and leaned for some moments against a pillar before I could leave the painful spot. At last he turned his head, and looking up kindly in my face, he exclaimed, "Lady grow pale!—bury the bones!" which he did so quickly and so effectually, that in three minutes the sun's rays rested only on a mound of fresh-turned earth.

Amongst other things that were slung round his neck was a fox's head. We wanted him to sell it. "No, he would not—Colonel Piggott and the gentlemen of the hunt would go mad with him if he parted with it—he loved hunting—he often went hunting with the gentlemen—they were very good to him—why then should he give away their fox's head?" Not even a bright shilling should tempt him to part with it. Poor fellow! I shall long remember Johnny Welch as the most pleasing fool (notwithstanding his taste for bones) I ever encountered. The generality of Irish naturals are the most disgusting specimens of humanity produced in any country; but Johnny was clean, and (but for the vacancy of look, and the universal habit that idiots possess of turning in their toes) exceedingly handsome, and even graceful in his appearance; he solicited no charity—pleaded neither hunger nor poverty—and though he followed us over the abbey, he did not speak except when spoken to, and evinced a mild and gentle temper.

I learnt from two shepherd boys that Johnny's mother was a respectable widow—that she would give "the world and all if her son would stop at home with her, which he was too fond of the ruins of Dunbrody to do—that he was born *innocent*—and that everybody liked him."

This I could readily believe, for as we were about to enter our carriage I felt sorry to think I should never see poor Johnny again. I turned to bid him adieu as he was seated on the wall which separates the lands of Dunbrody from the road, looking a fantastic figure to so magnificent a back-ground; there he sat, his broad flat watch resting on his open palm, while his gaze was earnestly fixed on its motionless hands.

## ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

## No. II.—ST. JOHN OF THE ISLAND.

THE monks were cunning caterers. The monastic estate appears to have originally taken for its emblem the green olive of the Scriptures, “planted by the running waters,” and to have been bent on accomplishing among the Gentiles the promises spoken to the Jews, by framing a Canaan for itself wherever milk and honey abounded in the land. The progress of unreformed Christianity through heathen Europe was, in fact, marked by the erection of certain Caravansaries, wherein the wanderers, its disciples, might set up their rest; judiciously selected in spots where corn, wine, and oil were of almost spontaneous growth—where clear streams supplied the requisite material for their luxurious abstinence—where green pastures afforded herbage for their flocks and herds—where, in short, they were enabled to approximate themselves with ease to Heaven, by creating temporal existence where “paradise was opened in the wild!”

In how many lands of wide-spreading Europe do we find the ruined arch and crumbling altar-stone of by-gone conventual splendour, sheltered by lofty groups of forest trees, and scattered upon green and mossy turf, in the heart of some sequestered valley, through whose glossy stream the speckled trout dart gaily beneath the overhanging hazels, and where the remnants of the once fertile orchard lie basking in the sun, the musky fruit still sending forth from its moss-grown stumps an occasional sample of luscious quality. In such retreats, nature still proudly displays her warrant of abundance, till we cease to wonder at the extent of the ruined granaries, threshing-floors, cider-presses, wine-presses, and other offices connected with the extinct establishment. Plenty, as well as peace, seem to have abided with the chartered ascetics of ancient Christendom; and such places as Val-y-Crucis Abbey, in the Vale of Llangollen—Fountains and Furness, in green England—the Convents of Laach, in Rhenish Prussia—La Trappe, La Chartreuse, and fifty others in France, are manifestly calculated to “draw an angel down” to share their

“Populous solitude of bees and birds,  
And fairy-formed, and many-coloured things!”

Among the fifty let us, however, especially distinguish a favourite spot—the Convent of St. John of the Island. About a stone’s throw from the Seine, just where the double branches of the river Juigné pour their abounding waters into the metropolitan stream,—circumscribed by their fantastic course, so as to form a distinct island of verdure,—lie a series of beautiful water-meadows, enamelled by an infinite variety of wild flowers, and in part entangled by thickets of underwood, bequeathed to the land by many a stately stem, which had fallen under the axe of the destroyer. On the extreme verge of these, so that the toppling wall of its watch-tower overhangs the sedgy channel of the Juigné, stand the ruins of St. John of the Island,—an ancient Augustine monastery, converted to the service of the Order of Malta, and founded during her mysterious life of repudiation by Isenburge, the Danish wife so uncere-

moniously ejected from the bosom of Philip Augustus, to make way for fair Agnes of Merania!

And well and wisely did that royal devotee select the site of the dwelling she chose as the refuge of her earthly sorrows—her eternal rest. The monastery which for so many years concealed the tears of Isemburge, and subsequently, for so many centuries, her majestic tomb, lies niched within a verdant solitude, at that period uninvaded by the busy industry of the town of Essonne, or the rival prosperity of Corbeil. The stream which now imparts vitality to so many mills and engines (for the production of flour, floor-cloth, cotton, printed calicoes, and as many and as various items as might figure advantageously in a Liverpool or Bristol invoice), was then the lonely haunt of the kingfisher, and the abiding place of the reed-tit. The neighbouring groves of *Chantemerle* (dating their insignificant antiquity from the reign of the chevalier king, the chivalrous Francis I.) had not arisen to overtop the rustling able-trees and flowering limes of St. John of the Island. The monastery stood alone in its glory, listening to the ripple of its circumfluent waters as they hurried in busy self-importance, to lose their identity in the Seine. At that period, the harmonious chants rising at day-dawn from its altars, were heard only by the vintagers as they plied their light labours along the *côte*, in the vineyards belonging to the neighbouring religious houses of St. Guénault and St. Exupère; and even when the Grand Master of the Order of St. John held his chapter, three ages later, in the monastery, it was still secluded—still intimately linked with the beauty and the solitude of nature.

Even now, though surrounded by human habitation, and invaded by commercial industry, how singularly does the place maintain that aspect of loneliness! Overgrown as it is with trees and luxuriant aquatic plants, silent, sad, secluded, the stranger wanders fast beside the ruined church, without dreaming of its vicinage. Having crossed the ruined bridge under which the stream has been widened into a modern canal, the banks of which are adorned with weeping-willows, dahlia beds, and summer-houses such as Batavia herself might envy, we saunter down a sombre avenue of limes, and behold only an ancient portal serving the daily use of an ordinary farm; nor is it till, attracted by shoals of fish, and thickets of alder overgrown by the wild hop, we follow the discursive channel of the brook into the fertile meadows, that we descry, between the lofty trees, the granite skeletons of monastic pomp—the ruined church and monastery of St. John of the Island.

Following the mossy bank, till the waters of the Juigné can be crossed by a plank dedicated to the temporary use of a mill recently erected at one of the extremities of the island, let us now step cautiously among the brambles and elder-bushes springing forth from heaps of rubbish, where strange rustlings and hissings apprise us that we startle some obscene reptiles from a long unmolested retreat, till, entering the *enceinte* of the deserted burying-ground, we look up with reverence to the monastic roof; or down, with solemn contemplation, upon the broken grave-stones—some inscribed with quaint German devices—some with abbatial and even episcopal emblems—some uniting with the mitre, crosier, and hour-glass, the ghastly impress of a human skeleton, surrounded by the symbolic insignia of ecclesiastical dignity. At length, having moralised our fill over the site wherein queen, monks, knights

—nay, even the memory of its dead, has disappeared—let us learn to invest those desecrated ruins with a new interest, derived from the following record of their modern fortunes.

Previous to the revolution of Eighty-nine, one of the finest aristocratic residences on the banks of the Seine was the Château de Mousseaux, situated some five miles from the confluence of the Juigné, and inhabited by the Duchess of Cossé-Brissac. Of the Duc de Cossé too much is known to posterity, as the lover who succeeded Louis XV. in the arms of the infamous De Barri—as the victim, whose gory head was thrown by the triumphant populace at the feet of the royal concubine, as she paraded the terrace of her pavilion at Luciennes; but of the Duchess—the serene, the suffering, the solitary Duchess—something remains to be noted. Deserted by a worthless libertine, Madame de Brissac, instead of plunging into the dissipations of the capital, retreated with decent self-respect to her palace on the Seine; finding, or seeking happiness, in the cultivation of its beautiful gardens, and creating those lordly *charmilles* and proud arcades, which even now, divided and apportioned as they are, create an interest for the adjoining plain,—whence labyrinth and quincunx have disappeared, and where the colossal statue of Atlas, once forming the central point of their entanglement, stands in ludicrous isolation in the midst of a homely corn-field.

The Duchesse de Brissac, although deeply wounded by the neglect of her husband, was not in a position of life to fly to utter solitude. She had too many noble relatives, too many admiring friends, to be left alone; and the humility of true affection suggested that it were better to adorn her residence and enliven her society, in hopes to win back the truant to her presence,—to perfect, with his approving suffrage, the charms of her favourite retreat. The best society of the capital was accordingly invited to grace her coterie. At Mousseaux, Boufflers, Arguillons, Choiseuls, Birons, and Grammonts, forgetting their political animosities, daily abounded; all that was fair, young, gay, and graceful of the Court of Marie Antoinette was to be found in the circle of the Duchesse de Cossé-Brissac.

But there was one, unhappily, to be found there, whose presence was unconnected with court or courtier—one fair, even among its fairest—one graceful, even among its most accomplished—one ill-fated, even among the most unfortunate of its fore-doomed associates. CLARICE (what other name she had is too ignoble to be recorded), Clarice, the hazel-eyed Clarice, was one of those victims of conventional tyranny, called *demoiselles de compagnie*. Her beauty had proved her bane; for her beauty was the means of making her the inmate of the Château de Mousseaux. Twelve years before, the attention of Madame de Brissac had been attracted, while rolling in her stately coach and six, on a visit to the Countess de la Tour d'Aubray, at St. Germain en Corbeil, by the loveliness of a little dirty, curly-haired brat, hanging to the apron of a woman, who bore on her back a vintage-bod, and with her brown right hand bestowed a sufficiency of cuffs and thumps upon the child, who was too much struck by the fine equipage of the Duchess to get out of the way of the trampling horses. Clarice, in short, was slightly injured by the carriage-wheel; and the Duchess, having ordered her servants to stop and bestow a small gratuity upon the little sufferer, was eventually



so captivated by her artless graces, as to resolve upon her permanent adoption. Regarding her as no higher in the scale of creation than the animals of her menagerie, Madame de Brissac conditioned for, and ordered home the child, as she would have done a clever monkey, or a parrot of handsome plumage, to increase the *agrémens* of the château.

But poor Clarice was unhappily organized for such a position. In defiance of Madame de Brissac's calculations, she had a heart to feel, a soul to reflect, as well as a sweet smile and graceful air, to captivate the admiration of beholders. The first of these superfluous faculties soon made itself apparent in the adoration with which she regarded her benefactress; the second, as she grew in girlhood, developed itself, only too acutely for her happiness, in her mode of contemplating the false position in which destiny had placed her. Admitted, in the loveliness and playful peremptoriness of childhood, to climb the knees and court the caresses of the illustrious visitors of the Duchess, she found, as she advanced towards maturity, that every additional day of her life drew her nearer to the menial degree. She was gradually recurring to her real situation in life; and the haughty servants of the condescending aristocrat, indignant at having been obliged to bestow their services on one whose birth was so inferior even to their own, took every occasion to mortify the village *parvenue*. Clarice found she must no longer aspire to the society of the great—that she was not allowed to descend to the society of the little—that she was alone in the world.

Her uneducated mother, with whom, once or twice a year, Clarice was allowed an interview, considered, and assured her, that she was the most fortunate of human beings; inasmuch as “Madame la Duchesse had promised to marry her, and give her a *dotation*.” But although this absolute mode of settlement in life was the one in use throughout all degrees of French society, from the Duke to the artisan, the feelings of Clarice rebelled against being “married” after the fashion so satisfactory to her mother.

“They will give me to the steward’s son, or some clerk of Madame la Duchesse’s notary,” said the high-minded girl, whose notions of independence and refinement had been fostered in the society of lords, ladies, and ministers of state. “And even these half-educated men will be aware that they are doing an honour to the peasant’s child, who has been bought upon their acceptance with a dowry! Their friends, their relatives, will receive with scorn, the village-girl, whom chance has raised out of the dust; and *there*, no less than *here*, I shall be alone against the contempt of those around me. Why have I not strength of mind to lay aside these fine clothes, and return to the humble station in which I was born? Why cannot I reduce my desires to nature’s level? Alas! alas! why, rather, did Madame la Duchesse raise me from my apportioned sphere? Unfitted by my birth for my present station—unfitted by my present station for the sphere of my birth, the purposes of my Almighty Creator seem to have been wantonly frustrated. Yet, since it is his will to humiliate and chastise me, let me pray, at least, for a more Christian spirit of resignation, to reconcile me with my appointed trials.”

But this spirit came not at her call. The rebellious tone of the suppliant who sought, as for her own merits, obtained no favour in the sight

of Heaven; while, as she grew in years, Clarice became only more susceptible to the irritations of her situation. At length, a bitter source of evil mingled with the current of her destinies.

Among the habitual and most favoured guests of the château, was a nephew of Madame de Brissac, a younger and orphan son of a sister to whom she had been tenderly attached. The Vicomte d'Arnonville was a model of the best order of the ancient nobility of the unregenerated Couft of the Bourbons. Young, handsome, brilliant, ignorant, idle, vain, self-complacent, and egotistical, Adolphe possessed the redeeming qualifications of courage, a high sense of honour, and a chivalrous courtesy of demeanour, which became almost a virtue in one so selfish and so indolent. He was in every way endowed to fascinate the admiration of an inexperienced woman; and few were the women of the Court of Versailles whose attention he had not attracted. The young Viscount was not, however (for the times), a determined libertine. He was neither a Fronsac nor a Lauzun; perhaps because his self-love inspired him with a distaste for the incessant embarrassments and annoyances entailed upon the vocation of *un homme à bonnes fortunes*. He allowed himself to be wooed, but was not *always* won; even his gallantry was tinctured with the listless but not uncalculating egotism of his mode of life. It sufficed, therefore, when, shortly after his return from a tour in Italy with his elder brother, the Prince d'Arnonville, he presented himself at Mousseaux, and first beheld the interesting *protégée* of the Duchess—it sufficed for his aunt to recommend Clarice to his forbearance, as a young person whom it was her intention to settle respectably in life, for Adolphe to limit his attentions within the bounds of common courtesy. He was more kind, indeed—more considerate—than the generality of those by whom the château was frequented; for the Viscount, naturally good-natured, was not in the habit of inflicting pain upon others, unless where his own interests or convenience especially demanded the effort; and he was often at the trouble of opening a door, closing a window, picking up a book, or even going in search of the Duchess's white spaniel, for the sake of receiving from Mademoiselle Clarice one of those bright sunshiny smiles with which she involuntarily recompensed his magnanimity.

It was not, however, these commonplace civilities which blinded the eyes of the young *demoiselle de compagnie* to his defects, or induced her to “fancy merit where she saw it not.” But the lowly-born was, as we have already noticed, highly and finely organized. She possessed all the instincts of a pure and delicate taste; and the graceful manners of Adolphe d'Arnonville—his refinement of voice and conversation—the playfulness of his wit—his sprightly mode of relating and commenting on the anecdote of the day, rendered his arrival at the château as much a holiday to herself as to Madame de Brissac. In pursuance of the custom of disposing of the unportioned younger sons of the nobility, he had been engaged from his childhood in the Order of Malta, with a view to obtaining the Commandery of St. John of the Island, which, in former days, had been the appanage of his house. But he was not yet received a Knight. Certain irregularities of conduct were supposed to have placed a serious obstacle to his preferment; and it was rumoured in the household of Madame de Brissac, that the object of her nephew's deference and assiduity was to cause himself to be nominated heir to her

estates, and thus obtain a remission from his uncompleted vows. He was even said to have formed an attachment, rendering the prospects of a life of celibacy insupportable to his feelings.

All this did but augment the interest he had excited in the heart of Clarice. She now saw in him a victim—a victim like herself; and her whole sympathy connected itself with his fortunes. She had good reason to know that Madame de Brissac meditated no such disposal of her property as he was said to anticipate; and from the moment the tale of his passion, and its projects, reached her ear, she could scarce refrain, while she noted the patient devotion of his time to the caprices and exactions of her benefactress, to whisper, “Seek some other mode of exemption from the restraints that await you. Exert yourself elsewhere to secure your happiness. The inheritance of the Duchess will never, never afford you a pretext of release from your vows as a Knight of St. John.”

Clarice had, however, sufficient delicacy to feel that it was not for her to seek the confidence of a man of the age and condition of the Viscount. He returned, therefore, a frequent guest to the château, still to be the companion of her rides and walks with the Duchess. On the river, in the beautiful forest of Lénart, among the lofty groves and *charmilles*, he was constantly by her side. He sang with elegance, talked with brilliancy; the very tone of his voice, and idiom of his discourse, betrayed the man of refinement. If Clarice might be termed a *chef d'œuvre* of nature, Adolphe d'Arnonville exhibited the utmost perfection of art. The commonplaces of life derived a tone of originality from his mode of utterance; the most ordinary actions appeared embellished by his sprightliness; and Clarice fancied she had formed as intimate an acquaintance with the court and courtiers of Versailles, from his frequent descriptions, as if she had passed her life in that region of splendour and futility.

With these sketches, there now began to intermix a thousand details which must have excited strong indignation in the mind of the Duchess, even had they not been related with the glowing energy characteristic of the political opinions of her nephew. The fermentation of the revolutionary leaven was beginning to be perceptible even at Versailles. The murmurs of the people had reached even unto the King's chamber; the eloquence of Mirabeau had roused the echoes of respondent Europe; and man was beginning to feel and assert himself man, whether festooned with a blue riband, or with the rags of humiliating penury. All this the Viscount related to admiration; sometimes with the bitter sneer of a courtier—sometimes with the angry eloquence of wounded pride. In all cases, the Duchess applauded with enthusiasm; and Clarice, though she did not applaud, was approvingly silent; for though her inborn soul was with the triumphs of the people, her heart was with the “*homme de qualité*” by whom those triumphs were held up to hatred or derision.

Meanwhile, the stir and tumult of the kingdom hourly increased; the emigration of the nobility commenced; and the King and Queen were held prisoners in their palace of the Tuileries. But the greater the danger incurred by the intemperate line of conduct pursued by young d'Arnonville, the more obstinate, the more chivalrous grew his adherence to the Royal cause. He adopted loyalty as a religion; and probably

without anticipating (for *who did—who could anticipate*) the fearful outrages consequent on the intoxication of freedom among the emancipated helots of the realm, already he denounced the liberal party as plunderers and assassins. In vain did Clarice, by a few incidental words of remonstrance, attempt to moderate the rash fervour of his zeal. To tell him that he was incurring personal hazard to no good end was but to inflame his anti-revolutionary ardour; and though she implored him to be prudent for the sake of those who loved him, if not for his own, the terms of the adjuration did not so much as excite his notice.

One circumstance, in all this, afforded some consolation to the *demoiselle de compagnie*. In the general disorganization which was beginning to confuse and confound all ranks of society, Adolphe was already brought nearer to her. The approximation was scarcely perceptible to any but herself. But *she* felt that he was now glad to secure a submissive companion—a patient auditor of his diatribes; *she* felt that his arm was now offered as her support during their prolonged promenades; since his favourite coterics had been broken up, and his idols dispersed, he was moved to perceive, for the first time, that the large hazel eyes which fixed themselves so sympathizingly upon his own while he related to the Duchesse de Brissac the humiliations of Marie Antoinette, and the afflictions of Madame Elizabeth, were far more expressive than those of the most fashionable beauty of the noble Faubourg. He had not, in fact, conceived that a *roturière* could be so graceful; and began to inquire within himself whether noble blood might not, by some indirect means, flow in the veins of the *Paysanne parvenue*.

At last came the trial of the King; and foremost among those imprudent partizans whose vehemence endangered his cause was the Vicomte d'Arnonville. But he endangered not alone the royal cause; his own life was now in imminent peril, and his name on the lists of proscription. His only chance of safety remained in flight. A prudent, or perhaps a generous inspiration arrested his steps. The Duc de Brissac was already a captive in the clutch of the Jacobins; as the nearest kinsman of the Duchess, as her heretofore assiduous cavalier, he felt, therefore, that he could do no less than offer his services to her protection. Already Adolphe had been compelled to desert his habitation in the now spoliated and confiscated hotel of his brother, the Prince d'Arnonville, in the Rue de Lille. The very atmosphere of the Faubourg St. Germain, where his person was as well known as the towers of St. Sulpice, would have been fatal to him; and he had even some apprehension of making his appearance overtly in the quarter where he might procure a conveyance to Mousseaux. It occurred to him, however, since disguise was now his only resource against detection, to make his way on foot to the village of Bercy, under cover of night; and there, having procured the dress of a waterman, to seek a passage in the first return stone-barge or wood-raft making its way up the Seine towards Burgundy; whence it would be easy to gain the shore, at the ferry of Ris or Evry.

The autumn was already far advanced, and Clarice, dispirited alike by the fearful aspect of public affairs, and the impaired health of her protectress, which rendered all agitation perilous, and a long journey impossible, began to shudder as she listened to every shrill blast whis-

ling along the lofty arcades of Mousseaux. The lime-trees were already divested of their leaves; and the reddened foliage of the cloistral-looking avenues of chestnuts fell to the ground in crisp showers with every fresh eddy of the wind. Even the blue waters of the Seine bore against the opposite embankment of Soisy, in curling waves that imparted a chilly, comfortless aspect to the autumnal landscape. Three times since the commencement of the King's trial had the mansion of the Duchess been subjected to domiciliary visits on the part of the heads of the revolutionary committee sitting at Corbeil; and at the first of these, the beauty of the young *demoiselle de compagnie* had attracted the favourable notice of a certain citizen, Marc Antoine Delamarre, the son of an ex-steward of an ex-nobleman of the province of Champagne; who, perceiving that the denunciation of the Marquis, his seigneur, might afford a more lucrative return, than even the habitual malversations of his stewardship, had sent his master to the scaffold, and his son into the fiercest ranks of republican convention. But Marc Antoine, though sanguinary and unprincipled, had a heart open as day, or as his classic namesake, to the influence of the fairer sex. For the sake of the pleading words of Clarice, accordingly, and still more for the sake of her hazel eyes, he had rendered his interrogation of the "aristocrate" of Mousseaux more forbearing than altogether became his functions; on the second visit he had openly avowed to the lovely mediatrix the motive of his unwonted humanity, inviting her to desert the cause of the titled fools, who despised her, and become the companion of an honest *sans-culotte*; and, on the third, finding his proposition treated with silent contempt, had burst into a tirade of injurious invective, which unluckily had the effect of rousing all the hitherto repressed energies of his Cleopatra. It was not what he said of herself, or to herself, that she resented; but his menaces against Madame de Brissac were accompanied by so gross and groundless a vilification of her character, that the grateful Clarice could no longer subdue her indignation. She knew that whatever might be the corruptions of the Court, the life of her benefactress was blameless; and boldly challenging the insolent accuser, excited against herself such a complication of rage and passion, that her danger was now equally urgent, from the love and hatred of her adversary. For that time, however, she was safe. The instructions of Delamarre were not such as to authorize him in the arrest of Madame de Brissac, or her *protégée*. He therefore contented himself with uttering threats for the future.

It was on the day following this frightful scene that Clarice, having escaped from the heated atmosphere of the *boudoir* of Madame de Brissac, to refresh herself with momentary aspiration of purer air, and to collect her thoughts in solitary self-communion—was pacing, with agitated steps, the labyrinth adjoining the river, when she perceived one of the rush-rafts so common at that place and season, suddenly pause opposite the gardens, and steer towards the shore. A minute afterwards, a man habited in the vest and broad straw-hat of a fisher of the Seine leaped on shore; and while the raft was pointed back towards the current of the stream, she saw him descend into the fosse of the *saut-de-loup* surrounding the park, and having, with great agility, ascended the opposite wall, make his way towards the terrace. Clarice stopped short, and trembled. It was not that for a moment she dreaded to discover Marc Antoine in the person of this mysterious intruder. The eyes of affection have a

searching glance; and, in a moment, she had detected the gallant, gay Adolphe, under the sordid weeds of his disguise. When, therefore, he advanced familiarly towards her, and, trusting to the high espaliers of the labyrinth to screen them from observation, drew her arm under his, pressed the trembling hand that lay upon his sleeve, and whispered the tale of his danger—the tale of his devotion, in a tone very different from that of his usual sprightly impertinence, Clarice could scarcely refrain from blessing the misfortunes which seemed to have extinguished the painful inequality between them.

Dear as was young Arnonville to his noble kinswoman, his arrival, though prompted by such generous motives, seemed but to add to her perplexities. An ancient maître d'hôtel of her neighbour the Duchess de Bourbon had been despatched back to Petit Bourg by that considerate friend, to be the guide of her projected flight to the frontier; and she foresaw that a guardian so impetuous as Adolphe would but augment the perils of the journey. Nevertheless she could but gratefully thank his intended services, more particularly when they were again and again pointed out by Clarice to her admiration; and it was finally agreed among them that, on the following evening, the Duchess and Clarice, with the Viscount disguised as a postilion, should quit the château, *en calèche*, as if for an ordinary excursion; proceed with their own horses as far as Etampes, where their persons were unknown, obtain relays of post-horses, and proceed onward to the coast. This plan satisfactorily arranged, Madame de Brissac related to her nephew the eventful history of the insults they had recently undergone, enlarging with much eloquence upon the passion kindled by Clarice in the susceptible breast of Monsieur Marc Antoine Delamarre, and the burst of rage with which the announcement of his pretensions was received by Adolphe might almost seem to justify the flush of delight and triumph with which every flattering word that fell from his lips was treasured up by his devoted votress. Mistaking the excitement with which the eventfulness of the times had animated his listless demeanour, for the first expansion of a more liberal frame of mind, she fancied herself becoming dear to him; she fancied that when the deluge of the revolution should subside, all things on earth would be found reduced to the level of nature, and that the frame of society in France could not again renew its artificial distinctions. Never had poor Clarice been so happy as on that evening of consternation; when, seated beside the sofa of Madame de Brissac, with Adolphe at her feet, they formed wild projects for the future, as if their destinies were inextricably interwoven.

But, at a very early hour on the following morning, a new alarm spread through the château. A young man employed in the *octroi* of Corbeil, whose appointment had originated in the interest of Madame de Brissac, had been moved by feelings of gratitude to give them furtive information that they were about to be subjected to a fourth domiciliary visit; and that Delamarre, forewarned of their flight, had determined to arrest them. The first idea of Clarice, on obtaining this painful intelligence, was the concealment of Adolphe d'Arnonville; for his name was actually on the lists of proscription;—him Delamarre would be amply justified in consigning to the hands of the law. Five minutes, however, sufficed to immure him in one of the vaults of the château, originally destined to receive the produce of the extensive vineyards formerly

attached to the domain; and when at midday Marc Antoine actually made his appearance at the head of his detachment, the poor girl felt satisfied that, whatever calamities might befall herself, the object of her affections was secure.

"Look you, *citoyenne* would-be aristocrat!" cried Delamarre, seizing the arm of Clarice as she was about to take her station beside the Duchess, while the château was submitted to the ordinary search for arms and suspected persons, "I have obtained due warning of your projected emigration. If the examination now instituting by my people should afford any shadow of grounds for your arrest,—nay, should it not, but at my own hazard and instigation,—I will consign both you and your mistress to the revolutionary tribunal of Corbeil, which has already sent the decapitated carcasses of so many titled traitors floating yonder into Paris, to rejoice the sight of the good patriots of the Grève. In pity, however, to your youth and folly, I first offer you once more the means of redemption. Be mine, and the old woman yonder may make her way towards her kindred in emigration, without obstruction or hinderance. You call yourself grateful, *Citoyenne* Clarice. I give you an occasion to save the life of her who from your childhood has fed you, clothed you, loved you, —and yet you hesitate!"

"My poor Clarice!" faltered the Duchess, casting a wistful eye upon the young girl, whom she affectioned as a pet and companion, but by no means so dearly as to overcome the selfish terrors of her own heart.

"Decide, young woman," cried Delamarre; "the alternative will not long exist to perplex you:" and, taking a roll of papers from his vest, he proceeded to fill up a blank warrant of arrest with her own name and that of the ex-Duchess.

"Grant me but till this hour to-morrow for decision!" cried Clarice, with a look of wan despair, and having already taken a desperate resolution. "Since I must needs part from my generous benefactress, afford me at least one day to gain courage for our eternal separation."

And Marc Antoine, better informed perhaps than she imagined, as to her motives for the request, jerked his papers back into his pocket with a significant smile; and after a moment's communication with the serjeant of the municipal guard, sneeringly announced his acquiescence in the demand of Clarice. He informed her, with an air half-tender, half-contemptuous, that at the meridian hour of the following day he should return to seek his bride,—or his victim;—and straightway departed, not judging it necessary to acquaint her that three of his men were posted in the premises, to keep due watch over the movements of the château.

At nightfall, accordingly, Clarice, satisfied that they were once more secure from observation, ventured forth into the corridors, and, escorted by the old steward, descended the concealed staircase to liberate her beloved prisoner. But lo! a rude hand was laid upon her shoulder as she placed her key in the stone door of the vault, and a gruff voice thanked her for having yielded a clue to the secret which the citizen Delamarre was so intent on discovering.

Having summoned, by a shrill whistle, his brethren in authority, the serjeant, whose *ruse* was now successful, had little difficulty in forcing the door against the resistance of Adolphe; and the promiscuous discharge of the pistols with which the prisoner had been provided by the

care of Clarice, unfortunately produced no other effect than that of inflicting a severe wound upon that generous protectress! The poor girl stood leaning against the wall of the vault, bathed in her blood, and half fainting from weakness, while Adolphe, overpowered by numbers, was captured and heavily ironed. The aid of the servants of the house was requisite indeed to remove her from the fatal spot,—not yet, however, so insensible to all that was passing around her as not to hear with distinctness the parting apostrophe of Arnouville,—“Clarice, dearest Clarice! make no sacrifice you are likely to repent. Let not the danger of your friends impel you into a rash and miserable marriage!”

“He is not indifferent, then, to my fate!” murmured she, as she lay writhing on the bed of pain, awaiting the arrival of the surgeon, who had been summoned to her assistance. “Ah! when I thought he cared no more for me than for the spaniel sporting at his feet, even then I would not for a moment have placed my own happiness in competition with his safety; but now, what would I not do, what suffer for his sake!”

A few hours afterwards, and while yet labouring under the harassing effects of her wound, the immolation of Clarice was completed. She had signed an engagement with Marc Antoine Delamarre to become his wife so soon as her restoration to health might admit; and to accompany him to St. John of the Island, the ruins of which were converted by the Conventional Government into a *poudrière*, or powder-mill, under the direction of their good and faithful servant the Citoyen Delamarre, to whose domicile was assigned the adjoining mansion of the Knight Commander of the Order. Clarice scarcely shuddered when she reflected on the signature to this fatal promise; for, thanks to the promptitude of her self-sacrifice, Madame de Brissac and her nephew were already safe, on their road to the frontier, with the connivance of Delamarre. There had been no farewell interview between Adolphe and his kinswoman and the generous Clarice. The Duchess protested that she had not courage to witness the agony which was the price of her redemption from bondage; and Clarice scarcely desired to augment her own misery by the pangs of parting.

A year from that afflicting moment had passed away. Arnouville was fighting with the armies of Condé, Madame de Brissac telling her beads in the gloomy walls of Holyrood; the Château de Mousseaux levelled with the ground; its gardens devastated; its fine woods sold for the benefit of the nation. Blood had been poured forth like water from one end of revolutionized France to the other; whole families were swept away; and the grave-yards of the *Madelaine* and *Les Innocens* of Paris were fattened with the multitudes of dead.

But Clarice still lived,—if life that could be termed which was estrangement from herself. From the day of the Duchess's departure, her mind had been never wholly coherent. She was aware, indeed, of the sufferings that had befallen her; but sometimes she appeared to know more, sometimes less than the truth. Yet, by some strange perversity, the passion of Delamarre seemed only to increase with her infirmity. He had consulted the best physicians in her behalf; and received an assurance that the mind disordered in its faculties by the strong emotions of some great crisis, is often, by a second crisis, restored to tranquillity. Clarice was about to become a mother; and it was augured that the strong excitement of her new position might suddenly recall her scattered



wits. She was what is termed "harmless;" betrayed her aberration of intellect only by an unmeaning, ill-timed laugh, or some disjointed apostrophe; and Delamarre, still cherishing a hope that she might one day recover and reward his forbearance and assiduity by becoming an affectionate and complacent wife, was too well satisfied to retain the power of gazing upon her delicate and now almost ethereal loveliness, to suffer her to be removed to a place of confinement. Two rooms, overlooking the gardens of the Abbey, were devoted to her use; and a nurse appointed to watch over her movements.

The time for her deliverance approached, and at length a fair girl nestled in the unconscious bosom of the lunatic. But reason returned not with the formation of this new and potent tie to life and happiness. Clarice laughed as wildly and strangely as ever, when the innocent creature was tendered to her embraces; and when consulted what name should be enregistered as that of her daughter, she answered, with a vacant smile, "Call her Adolphe,—call her Adolphe!"

Delamarre was fortunately not present to witness this disappointment of his expectations with respect to the influence of the birth of his child upon his wife's recovery. For some previous weeks, indeed, he had been compelled to leave the direction of the *poudrière* almost entirely in the hands of his foreman, and absent himself from the island for the execution of other official duties. The Reign of Terror was at its climax; and every day he received rebukes from those in authority, for the mildness with which his crusade against the aristocrats was prosecuted. The names of Brissac and Arnonville were specially enumerated in the charges brought against his zeal in the good cause; and it appeared that his own sole chance of escape from denunciation lay in increased severity of creed and action. He began to foresee the probability of falling under a sentence such as he had often been the means of fulfilling towards others; and scarcely dared to return to the lofty shades and green meadows of the island-convent. He had seen Clarice indeed but once since the birth of their child.

It was remarkable that, although the invalid by a vague air of restlessness and inquiry demonstrated her consciousness of his absence, she never inquired into the cause. For many months past she had ceased to betray impatience of his attentions, and was evidently imperfectly aware of his identity. She knew him not as the enemy of her benefactress,—the captor of her lover,—the husband of her sorrow;—she saw in him only an assiduous friend, ever at hand to obey her summons and assuage her sufferings. She bore with him,—she almost loved him; not, it is true, as Marc Antoine Delamarre, but as the being kindest among those by whose kindness she was now surrounded. Yet among them there was one whose devotion was of no common kind, for the woman selected by Delamarre to watch over his afflicted Clarice—was her mother.

Ten days had elapsed since the birth of the infant, and Clarice was just able to totter round her apartment and look forth anew upon the face of nature. The summer was nearly at an end; but there was still perfume enough in the atmosphere of the gardens, and freshness enough in the foliage of the groves, to gratify her languid eyes. She began to miss something from her accustomed companionship.

"He is not here!" faltered she, gazing mournfully in the face of her mother. "It is long since he was here. When will he come again?"

"Of whom are you speaking, *ma chérie*?" inquired the old woman.

"Of *him*—of Adolphe!" replied Clarice (for she had acquired a habit of calling every thing and every one that pleased her by the name of Arnonville). "Doubtless they have discovered him—arrested him. He is in the dungeons of Mouzeaux; mother, let us go in search of him."

Aware that the poor maniac adverted to her husband, and expecting from hour to hour the return of Delamarre, the old woman contrived to pacify her for a time; but towards evening, as she was sitting musing beside the open window, the bells of St. Spire and St. Leonard of Corbeil—then converted into infantry barracks—suddenly rang out, as if in proclamation of some occasion of public rejoicing.

"Something great and good has happened!" cried Clarice, starting up; "I hear at a distance the acclamations of the people! Adolphe has escaped."

"What can have occurred?" ejaculated the old woman; and, putting forth her head from the window, she called aloud to the workmen, who, although the powder-mill was closed at dusk, often loitered about the premises on errands of their own. But no answer! not a soul was stirring!

Again the bells struck up a merry peal; and, excited as she was by the joyous sound, the infirm mother of Delamarre's wife little suspected how glorious were the tidings which produced these public demonstrations. Robespierre was no more—the Reign of Terror was at an end! The intelligence had just reached Corbeil, and young and old were pouring forth into the streets and market-place, with mutual congratulations.

"She is quiet enough to-night; I will just step down to the offices and inquire the meaning of all this joy and tumult," muttered the old woman to herself, when even her imperfect hearing was startled by the shouts of the distant multitude; and, having uttered an imperative injunction to Clarice not to attempt to quit the apartment during her absence (the surest mode by which she could have pointed out to the maniac that she was accidentally at liberty), the old woman locked the door and stole down stairs, promising to return in a moment. But the offices to which she repaired were solitary—there was not a single soul on the premises; and having left Clarice musing and melancholy, safe in her nursing chair, the inquisitive old lady assured herself that no harm could arise from her hastening through the cemetery towards the mill at the extremity of the island, to prosecute her inquiries. "The poor child wants so sadly to know the cause of all this bell-ringing," was her apology to herself, for her indiscretion; and away she scudded under the trees, enchanted at the prospect of a moment's gossip with *la mère Pinson* at the mill.

The first object that struck her on arriving there (revealed by the light streaming from the windows, upon the little wooden bridge crossing the Juigné) was the person of her son-in-law.

"*Que diable fais-tu ici?*" was his instant salutation—an invocation which, but for her terror of the violence of her son-in-law, she might have been content to reiterate. "What was *he*, so long absent, doing there at last?"

"I came at the request of Clarice to ascertain what was going on," said she, checking herself; "and now, let us return to the house."

"At the request of Clarice? Heaven be thanked! She is then suffi-

ciently restored to feel an interest in what is going on around her ! For once the doctors were right.”

“Not altogether, I fear,” faltered the old woman in reply ; “our poor child can scarcely yet be said to enjoy the right use of her senses. Yet on such topics——”

“You have not surely left her *alone* ?” cried Delamarre, as they were traversing the young plantation of poplars leading to the boundary wall of the cemetery.

“She was so calm, so tranquil this evening, that I considered——”

“*Did* you leave her *alone* ?” persisted Delamarre, in a voice of thunder. “Speak out !”

“I *did* then ; but——”

“Infernal fool !” ejaculated the agonized husband, hastening his steps ; “how dared you neglect my orders ?”

But on reaching the wall of the churchyard leading to the commander’s house, a spectacle was before him that suspended the words of imprecation on his lips !

Extending from the second story of his house to a range of offices—formerly the farm-sheds of the convent, but for some time past serving as a temporary powder-magazine—was a massive but ruinous wall, part of that portion of the Abbey of St. John which was demolished on the ejection of the monks. At the farther extremity was a tower, partly standing at the present day, and said to have been originally used as a prison for recalcitrant brethren of the Order ; and on the summit of this wall, bending, or rather climbing, her way towards the dilapidated turret, stood Clarice, holding a lighted taper in one hand, and with the other folding closely around her the white draperies of her night-dress. On discovering herself alone, engrossed as she was by the fixed idea of going to deliver Adolphe from his imprisonment, she had escaped by a window leading to the wall ; and, thanks to the ærial lightness of her attenuated figure, and the rash security of her unshrinking steps, had hitherto escaped destruction.

Delamarre perceiving in a moment that a miracle alone could save her, felt, with a sad and sudden conviction, that of such a miracle he was wholly undeserving ! He dared not even raise his voice to Heaven to sue for its mercy in the preservation of his wife ! All he could do was to seize the old woman with imperious violence, and clasp his hands over her mouth, to prevent the utterance of a single outcry, which might be fatal to her child.

The night was dark ; and the taper burning in the hands of Clarice derived a sort of unnatural brilliancy from the contrast of its gloom ; it was still, too, as it was obscure—scarcely a breath of air was stirring among the lime-trees ; and Delamarre could distinctly hear the bricks of the ruined wall, displaced and falling to the earth at every step hazarded by the poor lunatic ! Never had her sweet countenance appeared more lovely to him than now, when irradiated by the strong light of that solitary taper ; for her looks were brightened by the sweetest of smiles—she was happy—she fancied herself once more in pursuit of Adolphe !

So entrancing was the perturbation of Delamarre, as he stood with his eyes fixed on that appalling apparition, that even had he not known that the preservation of Clarice depended upon her not being startled, he was incapable of the utterance of a single syllable. His heart was swelling with hope almost to suffocation, for already Clarice had attained

more than midway of her hazardous career; and she was now passing over the sheds serving as magazines: which, were she to fall, must necessarily break her descent and diminish her peril. But, mercy of mercies, a new danger now presented itself. The lighted taper! The powder!

Scarcely had this fearful notion occurred to Delamarre, when a shock as of an earthquake laid him and his companion prostrate on the earth; while, high in air—so high as to be perceptible as far as Choisy on one side and Melun on the other,—rose a burst of impetuous flame, reddening the heavens as with an announcement of the wrath of God,—an announcement spoken in thunders, even as when the Almighty communed on Mount Sinai with the rulers of his people!

Just as poor Clarice attained that portion of the ruins overhanging the magazine, the bells of St. Spire had unfortunately renewed their joyous peals, and her irrepressible start at the sound had proved fatal! Falling upon the very spot used by the workmen for packing canisters of powder, the overthrow of her taper among the particles had ignited them, and the ignition communicated itself to the vast store of barrels in the shed beyond; and, in an instant, the roar of the detonation announced that all was over.

\* \* \* \* \*

The blackened and defaced walls of the Church of St. John of the Island still announce the dread event by which their ruin was completed; and, in a gloomy corner of the old cemetery, overshadowed by the drooping boughs of an ancient chestnut-tree, is a small mound—greener than the rest of its turf—which covers the fair corpse rescued by Delamarre, after many days' exertion, from the ruins. Horror-struck by the miseries provoked by his own ungovernable passions, Delamarre, immediately after the interment, sent in his resignation of the post of Director of the republican powder-mill of St. John of the Island, and departed, with his infant child, to a distant part of the country. When next he was heard of at Corbeil, he was married again—prudently—wisely—and the father of two sons.

And now that the events of the first Revolution are forgotten in the hopes and promises of a second, those sons, redeemed from their father's ignominy by the purchase of a *sauconnette à vilain*, enjoy titles, wealth, distinction, in the gay circles of the French metropolis. They know nothing of the young sister, who lived not to share with them their father's inheritance; still less of the beautiful—the gifted—the sacrificed Clarice Delamarre—who sleeps in the secluded cemetery beside the waters of the Juigné. In the brilliant coteries of the Faubourg St. Honoré—in the *foyer* of the Italians—at Tortoni's—at the Salon—they sometimes meet the infirm Duc d'Annonville, who, by the death of his brother, acceded some years ago to that title. Surprised by the eagerness with which the antediluvian libertine fixes his gaze upon them, they naturally attribute his inquisitorial glances to the excellence of their tailors, and of their own taste.

How could it occur to such men, that their importance in the eyes the favourite of Charles X. might be traced to a little heap of mouldering dust in the cemetery of St. John of the Island?

## THE FEMALE OPIUM-EATER !

A ROMANTIC BALLAD.

## I.

THERE was a noble lady as fair as fair could be,  
 And when she did whate'er she pleased, a gentle dame was she ;  
 But when controll'd, her dark eye told of rage within restrain'd,  
 And she ceased to be a gentle dame—until her point was gain'd.  
 Her lover in the city dwelt, full three long leagues away ;  
 Her uncle bade her spurn the youth—oh ! how could she obey !  
 She nightly wept, she never slept ; at length she thought she'd try  
 An opium draught, which ev'ry morn her page went forth to buy.

## II.

" Why daily goes thy page to town ?" her noble uncle cries ;  
 " To seek the doctor's shop," says she, " where opium draughts he buys."  
 " What need hast thou of opium draughts ?"—" I'd fain forget the past,  
 And all my former foolishness is fading from me fast."  
 The uncle smiled, well pleased at this, and walk'd away content ;  
 And unmolested to the town the page was daily sent ;  
 And daily from the town he brought a bottle of small size ;  
 His lady snatch'd it from his hand, and bore away the prize.

She bore it to her secret bower, and then she turn'd the key,  
 And there were none her words to hear, and none her acts to see ;  
 She daily round the bottle found a short sweet sentence traced,  
 She broke the seal, and then began unfolding it in haste,  
 And then she read with throbbing heart, love's ardour never stops !  
 Till she devoured the contents (the *writing*, not the drops) :  
 And daily from her casement high the opium draughts did flow,  
 Till on a shelf stood fifty empty bottles in a row !

## IV.

Upon that grim and ghastly row the lady's maid did gaze ;  
 The footman to their hollowness a wondering glance did raise ;  
 The page who saw them, simpering, said, " Alas ! 'tis pretty clear,  
 If she takes so much doctor's stuff, *she will not long be here !*"  
 Her uncle saw the bottles, too, and saw them with affright ;  
 He counted them—he scarcely could believe he counted right !  
 " The dose too strong—thou'lt dose too long ; at counsel do not scoff ;  
 Some night, my dear, a drop too much may chance *to take thee off !*"

## V.

Next morn the page went early forth along the well-known track,  
 And soon with the composing draught composedly rode back ;  
 A doctor, (it was rumour'd,) muffled up, was by his side,  
 But one beneath the doctor's cloak a soldier's garb espied !  
 That night (*by medical advice*) the dame tried *change of air* !  
 This bulletin her uncle read next morning in despair—  
 " The dear departed owns your warning words were true enough,  
 By bottle number fifty-one *your niece was taken off !*"

T. H. B.

## NOTES ON NATIONALITIES.

BY A TRAVELLER.

"I HATE the French," says the one-legged sailor of Goldsmith, "because they are slaves, and wear wooden shoes." This sentiment is not extravagantly portrayed, for there are a great many people whose patriotism is a horse of the same colour; and in these individuals I dare affirm the wooden shoes come in for a greater share of hatred than the slavery: such a perversity governs the passions of men, that they seldom love or hate one another for the right reason. I know not whether Beranger had the above expression in view when he penned his ironical *Anglomane*, but the introductory couplet furnishes quite a pendant to Jack's unsophisticated antigallican speech—

"Quoique leurs chapeaux soient bien laids,  
G—d dam moi ! j'aime les Anglais."

Which I propose to translate—

John Bull you wear a shocking bad hat,  
But, sacré ! I don't dislike you for that.

Leaving it very plain that he thinks it fair not to like a man who insconces his caput in a felt of outlandish proportions. Some of these antipathies have been conquered on both sides, but the two nations have their own modes of thinking still. All men were sent into the world for the same end, yet it seems they will think differently on points where one would suppose they were made to agree. We know that mankind differ, and we have a thousand ingenious reasons to account for these differences, but I am not aware that I recollect a satisfactory one.

Human nature, according to the oft-repeated maxim, is the same everywhere. Now general maxims I hold to be worth very little: they are commonly either false or insignificant. It is true that all men have the same passions, but it is not true that they universally assume the same modes of operation, or lead to the same results, or exhibit the same moral phenomena in their progress and effects. It is a dangerous error to trust altogether to this crude principle in our calculations upon the conduct of men. When Augustine Iturbide returned to Mexico from his banishment, doubtless he expected the result would be an exact copy of Napoleon's return from Elba, on the strength of the popular maxim; but what was the consequence? Napoleon regained a throne, and Iturbide was shot for a runaway. Such are the miscalculations of those who confide in general maxims, and do not make proper distinctions.

Leaving this, however, for the moralist or the metaphysician to explain, I will only remark further, that let men differ as they will in their modes of thinking, they appear to be aiming at the same point,—they all wish to think right. All nations, however rude or savage, have some idea of a quality which they praise under the name of virtue, goodness, justice, or the like, although their habits may exhibit some points which strike our eyes as contradictions to such an idea. The South African, who lives by plundering the flocks and herds of his neighbour, has certain notions of property which do not precisely tally with the code of laws in which we glory. A Caffre chief was once put to his catechism

by one of the missionaries. "What is the chief end of man?" asked the divine. "To steal cattle," was the ingenuous reply.

Now the honest missionary, who looked, I dare say, for some refined theological subtilty in answer to his query, was much shocked at this strange answer, and fell straightway into some very dismal surmises as to the morals of a people who made such an open profession of thieving; yet do you think the Cafre might not be an upright man after his own fashion? In the matter of quadrupeds, to be sure, he is not a text for our handling, but in other respects he might be just, and veracious, and beneficent,—in short, an honest man, in spite of his kill-cow principles.

It is equally clear that the French may be a good sort of people in spite of their wooden shoes. The anecdote perhaps is yet remembered of the Englishman in a coffee-house who refused to sit at the same table with his neighbour because he never ate mustard with his beef. This difference alone completely occupied his mind, and under the impression thus created, he looked upon the mustard-avoider as a being of a distinct species. The thing was natural: in comparing other people with ourselves, we are struck vastly more by the differences than by the resemblances. How many there still remain among us, who in imagining a Frenchman, do not consider the thousand characteristics which he has in common with themselves, but think only of fiddling, frog-eating, and *parley voo*!

But let all that pass; my purpose is to specify a few national peculiarities rather than to account for them. Are the English more humane than the French, or the reverse? The French are allowed to be the more polite, and as politeness is the outward expression of good feeling, it follows that the French exhibit more external evidence of humanity. This, however, is not the question, as it is possible to do the most disagreeable things in the politest manner in the world. The French avoid sanguinary punishments, and their juries have the greatest aversion to convict capitally. The disregard of human life in street-accidents seems to be vastly greater in London than in Paris, or indeed than in any other city. Not even in the Toledo of Naples, where the whole city is out of doors, and horses and carriages are perpetually driving through the dense mass of population, is it possible to witness the hundredth part of those occurrences which meet the eye in the London journals under the title of "Cab and Omnibus Nuisance," or "Accident from furious Driving."

A Frenchman is more cheerful than an Englishman—that is, in company, for a Frenchman appears to be miserable when left alone. On this point the Englishman has certainly the advantage, as he is not dependent upon others for enjoyment. Nevertheless, the sociality of the Frenchman appears the more amiable: give him salad, soup, and chatter, and he wants nothing more to fill up the day. The Frenchman makes a parade of his feelings: the Englishman studies to conceal them. The one affects the enthusiast, and the other the stoic. A Frenchman does not forget that the world is looking on him even *à l'article de mort*. How many smart sayings were prepared for utterance at the last moment by those who fell by the guillotine during the reign of terror! The *per-ruquier* who, a few weeks since, committed suicide, because, according to his own account, he had calculated all his chances, and found he could never be so great a man as Napoleon, was perhaps quite sincere

in his grief; but was it not genuine French vanity, the ostentation of feeling, that induced him to make this display? The grief alone did not cause the suicide, but the opportunity of making it known to the world in this very striking and theatrical style was so tempting!

Another incident of a kindred complexion is still more recent. A little girl kills herself in the regular charcoal way, because she feared her parents did not love her! But mark the desire for exhibition and effect even in a child. This little creature had taken the pains to learn to write, solely for the purpose of leaving behind her a letter explaining her motives! She might have done this orally to her parents, her relatives and acquaintance; but this was not sufficient, the world must know it, and a suicide would not be regularly sentimental without a letter. Here again we have the *coup de théâtre*.

Are mankind ever likely to lose their national characteristics? New systems of policy reconcile those who have been accustomed to regard each other as hereditary enemies. The intercourse of travelling and trade, a more liberal interchange of thought by literary intercourse, the reciprocal adoption of foreign customs, and other similar causes, are in action, and not without effect. The Italians drink beer, the French are convinced that the *trottoir* may have its advantages over the *totalité de la rue*; yet is there any disappearance of what constitutes the real distinctions? Are not our neighbours the same in substance that they ever were? The age of chivalry is past among them, and a little alteration in outward behaviour may be remarked, yet they are in substance the men of the *fronde*, of Louis XIV., of the Revolution, and of the empire. Political circumstances have brought in the dynasty of the grocers; yet a Frenchman is a Frenchman still.

It has been remarked that, in times of great political excitement, the French theatres are the most crowded, while the reverse is true in the case of the English. A Frenchman is everything in a crowd, he is nothing alone: only persuade him that *tout le monde* will do this or that, and he is ripe for it at once. Under this excitement there is no excess, good or bad, of which he is not capable. But *savoir qui peut* is a sound that puts his self-possession to flight. Look at a French crew in a shipwreck; what panic, insubordination, blind precipitancy, confusion, and despair! How different from the cool presence of mind which an English sailor preserves in the same circumstances! It is here that the individual is everything. How many a British ship has foundered at sea, and gone down with every man at his post!

Why is John Bull so notorious a grumbler? Why does he grumble at home and grumble abroad?—grumble at his meat, and grumble at his drink?—grumble at sunshine, and grumble at rain?—grumble at Hardy's dishes, and the vintage of Ai?—and at roast beef and heavy wet?—grumble at the fog and smoke of London, and at the sky and landscape of the Campagna Felice?—grumble at quick time, grumble at common time, and grumble against time?—for he confesses to all this, honest man! Is it that John cares more for his personal comfort than other people, or that he only wishes to make a show of this super-servicable egotism?

Fogs, rain, and raw winds keep the English within doors; hence their occupations and amusements have a fireside character: but the French and Italians are an out-of-door people; they are of the air, airy. An



Italian must have sunshine as a fish must have water; his nature must be changed ere he can live without it. Yet there are strange contradictions here. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," appears to be the motto of the Italians, yet this sensual people produced Dante and Galileo, Tasso and Buonarrotti.

A little girl of my acquaintance at Florence surprised me one day in a pensive mood.

"What are you doing here all alone?"

"I was thinking of something."

"Think! Holy Virgin! *you* think! a *giovannotto* without wife or child! What can you have to think about?"

Now there spoke the true Italian, for without wife or child, which, according to Corporal Trim, are the only things that can make a man sorrowful, one may sit in the sunshine all day, and practise that "sweet do-nothing," which is the *summum bonum* with these people; and while he can do this, no Italian it seems can imagine an inducement to subject himself to the labour of thinking.

Englishmen are proud, Frenchmen are proud, but the Italians are not proud. I must make an exception in the case of the Romans. "*Sono Romano Io*" is an expression that comes forth as majestically as "*Je suis Français moi*," or "Do you know, Sir, I am an Englishman?" But the Roman pride is different from that of the two others: an Englishman's or a Frenchman's pride rests quite as much upon what his nation *is*, as on what it *has been*, but a Roman is proud only of the past, for how can a Roman be proud of anything present except the *materiel* of which his city is composed, and which of course is not the work of his hands? The populace, however, may still believe, for aught I know to the contrary, that the eternal city yet gives laws and legions to the world, since the regular clap-trap at the theatre is the expression, "*Roma invincibile sempre sara*."

The old caricatures of meagre, starveling Frenchmen are, after all, not without truth. It is impossible to mistake their faces for English—there is a thin, unsubstantial, soup-and-salad appearance about them, which contrasts strikingly with the roast-beef robustiousness of the sturdy *insulaires*. Any one who has seen a French regiment under arms must have been surprised too at the diminutive stature of the soldiery; they are mere boys in height. The newspapers recently furnished us with an account of a decently tall recruit being sent home as unfit for a soldier on account of his height. Some ingenious reason was invented for this, but the true cause was, his comrades could not bear to be reminded of their diminutive looks by comparison with him. If you ask a French officer, he will endeavour to persuade you that short men are selected from choice, because they move quicker, and everything with the French soldiery depends on celerity of movement!—so reluctant is a Frenchman to allow his inferiority in anything. Napoleon's victories have cost the male population three-quarters of an inch of their altitude. The English are an inch taller than the French, but the Yankees are taller still, for they are on an average nearly an inch taller than the English.

The politeness of the Parisians is less the expression of any real amiability of feeling, than a consciousness that it behoves them not to lose sight of the fact that *Paris est le centre du bon gout*. In truth, they are for ever obtruding upon your notice the substance of the old inscription in front of the Louvre—

"Earth no such folks, no folks e'er such a town  
As Paris is—sing derry derry down."

One is surprised to remark the interest which old people among the French retain to the last for the amusements and pursuits of their youth. It is common to see aged and grey-headed men as hotly engaged in discussing theatrical affairs as the most hair-brained youngsters of seventeen; and it is quite amusing to note the nicety of their criticisms upon the coiffure of Mademoiselle Mars, or the twirls of Taglioni's toe, when, from the marks of time upon their visages, you would imagine they had little to think of but to make up their accounts for the other world. In scientific pursuits it is the same; the chemist, the geologist, the naturalist, will debate with one foot in the grave, about acids, and strata, and genera, and species, with all the ambitious heat and dogmatism of youth. The Italians have much the same characteristic. Canova, in his last sickness, was told by his physician that he could live but two or three months longer—"Dunque non farò più Venere" was his reply. What a sad reflection, that he should "make no more Venuses!"

What is the main object in life of a Frenchman?—*Faire claquer son fouet*. Of an Italian?—*Dolce far niente*. Of an Englishman?—To be comfortable. The others know not what manner of thing comfort is; they have no word for it, as they have no word for home. What is comfort? It is not pleasure, though it is pleasant—all languages have a word for that. It is the agreeable sensation we have of the absence of some particular distress, or annoyance, or incommodity. A fire in cold weather is comfortable; dry clothes, after we have been wet to the skin, are comfortable; sunshine, after fog or rain, is comfortable—in short, all comforts, properly so called, seem to belong to the ungenial climate of the north, because the discomforts are sufficiently numerous to give rise of necessity to the correlative term. There is therefore a physical reason for the existence of the thing, and a philological one for the existence of the word, among the people of the north exclusively.

Many people find it difficult to account for the difference between the English and the inhabitants of southern Europe, as to temperance in drink. Wine countries, say some, are proverbial for temperance. England produces no wine, therefore the English are not temperate. It is true that in the south of Europe drunkenness is uncommon, but if England produced wine, the habits of the people would nevertheless, I am of opinion, be much the same on this point as they are at present; though wine may be less hurtful than spirit or malt liquor. The truth is, the desire for strong liquors, so common to all northern nations, is owing to peculiarities in their climate and food, rather than the lack of vineyards. These peculiarities are the coldness and moisture of the air, and the use of animal food. Under the soft and genial sky of the south, the native feels no want of that internal stimulant to fortify him against the severity of the elements. His food consists wholly or in a great measure of vegetables—he performs little labour: in both cases you find a reason for his refraining from strong drink.

On the contrary, the inhabitant of the north finds himself perpetually exposed to the unfriendly action of cold and moisture, and the necessity of cordial drinks to counteract their influence seem a part of his constitution by nature. The soil he cultivates is less productive; he labours more, and requires more solid and nourishing aliment than the native of

the south. Animal food is not only a provocative to drink, but, to a certain degree, renders strong liquors necessary to help its digestion: All the northern nations among whom animal food has been common have ever been addicted to the use of strong drink. Beer and mead constituted the nectar of the Scandinavians long before the art of distillation was discovered, or the juice of the grape had been carried into the north. The Tartars, who subsist upon animal food, and can procure neither spirit, wine, nor beer, in the pressure of their necessity for 'a beverage agreeing with their victuals, will brew an intoxicating liquor from milk: so difficult is it for a flesh eater to be a water drinker.

People have speculated much on the influence of literature upon society. It appears to me that they run the scent the wrong way. We are told that literature forms the manners of a people. This is a mistake. Manners create literature, and not literature manners. The Italians are not sensual and dissolute because Boccaccio wrote licentious tales, but Boccaccio gave free descriptions of free manners already existing. The Voltaires, the Diderots, and the D'Alemberts did not bring about the French Revolution by their writings, according to the vulgar belief; for as Lord Byron truly remarked, the encyclopedists might have written their fingers off without producing a revolution, had not the remote causes previously existed in the social and political institutions of the country. The literature of any age or country will always reflect to a certain degree the manners and opinions current at the time, but the causes which mould a national character lie deeper than in the pens of individuals who sit in their closets to write, for the amusement of those who sit in their closets to read. •

The most polite, good-natured, and amiable among the Italians are the Tuscans. The politeness of the Parisians is, in a great degree, mere grimace; but the civility of the Florentines is the expression of much real kindness of feeling. The Romans are notoriously surly and suspicious, in comparison, let it be understood, with the other Italians. The Neapolitans exhibit great extremes: nothing can be more cringingly servile than the behaviour of some, nothing can exhibit more impudent effrontery than the behaviour of others. They are utterly devoid of any sense of that quality with which we are so familiar by the name of *impertinence*. A fellow will pick your pocket while you are buying an orange of him in the street, and if caught in the act he will laugh in your face, and expect a continuance of your custom as if nothing had happened. A cicerone whose services you decline will dog you, nevertheless, the whole day long, though you threaten to knock him down an hundred times; he pursues you round every corner, follows you into every shop, thrusts himself, covered with tatters and dirt, into the faces of your companions, male or female: no place is sacred from his intrusion: you may thrust him out of your bed-chamber, and he will continue to lie in wait at the door.

The impudence of a Neapolitan coachman may be considered as the beau ideal of that quality for which this class of worthies has been long celebrated. It is quite a perilous enterprize for a stranger on his first arrival at Naples to venture into the Largo del Castello, a place where jarvies most do congregate: he cannot take a step without having a whip cracked in his face with the cry of *a carroz! a carroz!* for such is the way these fellows beat up for custom: they sit upon the boxes,

and horsewhip every gentlemanly-looking person that comes within the reach of their whiplash. They may put out your eyes, but any one of them would be astonished should you refuse to employ him on that account. Whenever I have been passing down a narrow street and chanced to espy an empty carriage a-head, I have always been certain that the driver would stretch his vehicle across the street from wall to wall, shutting up all passage, unless I chose to walk into the door of the carriage, which he took care always to hold open for the purpose. A stout stick was commonly my only means of raising the embargo.

"What a blundering fellow is that brother waiter of yours," said I one day to the attendant of a *café* in Florence. •

"Truc, true," he replied; "but what else can you expect from him? he is a Roman!"

These antipathies, for they are nothing more, are not, however, so strong as they were during the middle ages. The Romans are slothful in comparison with the Tuscans, yet their intellect is regarded as not at all inferior by the other Italians. It is remarkable, notwithstanding, that Rome has given birth to so few men of genius, and Florence to so many. What great name of modern times belongs to Rome? I can recollect not one. Even going back to classical ages, I can call to mind only Julius Cæsar. But Florence, "little Florence," has had for her sons Dante, and Michael Angelo, and Galileo, and Macchiavelli, and a host of others, if others need be named after these.

Different nations charge one another with being proud. John Bull formerly laughed at his neighbour across the Channel for the airs he gave himself on account of *le grand monarque*, and latterly for the same behaviour on the score of *le grand empire*. It is true the Frenchman has always been a great propagandist, but is the excess of pride really so much on his side? Is not John Bull quite as self-satisfied as his neighbour? Has he not engrained this feeling into the very idiom of his vernacular tongue, being sure thereby to remind himself by contrast of his own accomplishments when he speaks of taking "French leave," drinking "Dutch courage," "walking Spanish," and the like? It is very easy for him to apply the epithets of boastful and vain-glorious to the French, the Spaniards, or the Americans, when they take the liberty to praise themselves in a style which he thinks not to be in the best taste; but if he were aware of the truth, he would know that he is apt to crow in as high a note as any fowl there is flying. National pride is not a difficult thing to discover in any quarter, for all nations have something to be proud of.

National pride or vanity gives rise to strange misnomers. "Merry England" and "Notre belle France," are household words in the two countries, while all the world knows that England is not merry nor France beautiful. But *ad ogni uccello suo nido è bello*; even the Dutch believe that Paradise was situated somewhere upon the Zuyder Zee. These things, after all, only prove that the people are attached to their respective homes; and to complain of others for their expressions of national pride and self-esteem, is to complain of the proper and natural operation of things.

National antipathies appear to have exhibited themselves in ancient times pretty much the same way as at present, in incorporating opprobrious expressions with the vulgar language. The Roman literature has made us familiar with the *Punica fides*, but had we Punic au-

thorify instead of Roman, doubtless the charge of mendacity would lie as strongly the other way.

The Americans are proud,—prouder than the English or French, just as a child is prouder than a man. This I say not in their disparagement, but the contrary: the thing is perfectly natural, and is an indication of the right sort of character. What hopes can we entertain of a man who has no pride? Who can be worse off than he who cares nothing for what is said of him? The Italians, generally speaking; as I have said before, have no national pride. You may abuse his country, and government, and social institutions, and men and women, and all things therewith connected, moral, political, mechanical, or metaphysical, to the face of a Neapolitan, and he will make no gainsaying or denial: what does he care? He is not proud, and, not valuing your praise, he will not study to deserve it. Here is the secret: did he feel any concern for what others say about him, he would strive to amend his condition.

“*Ahi! serva Italia, di dolore ostello!*”

Now, there is not a people in the world more sensitive to the opinions of others than the Americans; no people are so solicitous to know what is said, and thought, and felt respecting them by other nations. Nothing can be written of them in an European journal, that is not copied into their newspapers and read by every man in the republic: be it praise or blame, the interest is of the same degree. No people are more elated with praise, and none more sensibly feel the malice of their detractors. This is good evidence of a sound and healthy moral feeling among them. It is false that they are possessed with a blind and indiscriminate admiration for everything good and bad in their institutions: *experto crede*, they are sensible that all political institutions are imperfect, and that they have yet much to learn. Proud let them be; it will do them good, for he who values the good opinion of the world will study to deserve it.

The English are, in a manner, full and satiate of glory; they have a literature and a history to which nothing need be added. Their island is filled with people, and the four quarters of the earth bear witness to their renown. America is in her infancy, and has all these objects yet to struggle for. The Englishman may afford to be very calm when the intellectual character of his countrymen is depreciated, for he knows that Shakspeare and Newton cannot be stolen from him. He may honour with a disdainful smile the imputation that is hazarded against their bravery, for he is conscious that, if Waterloo and Trafalgar are not sufficient, there are Blenheim and Ramillies, Cressy and Agincourt. The Englishman may therefore be forgiven if he is apathetic on many points where the blood of one belonging to a younger nation, with a fortune and fame yet to be made, would be up with becoming promptitude and spirit.

But, after all, does it in reality become John Bull to take such frequent occasion of charging Brother Jonathan with being *thin-skinned*? Is John himself altogether stoical and silent when travellers in England write saucy or stupid books? His country, it is true, is so well known that the absurd misrepresentations of foreigners have less effect abroad than in the case of America; yet, when assailed, we find he never hesitates to take up the cudgels with becoming wrath. We have not yet forgotten how severely Puckler Muskau and D'Haussez were taken in

hand by the reviewers, for their fancy sketches of men and manners in England; yet these gentlemen, the reader may rest assured, never made a fiftieth part so near an approach to the graces of Mendez Pinto, as that ingenious race of romancers beginning with nobody remembers whom, and ending with Mrs. Trollope, whose work, says the equally ingenious and ingenuous "Quarterly Reviewer," "is just the book we have long desired to see." Much good may it do him.

In spite, however, of the inventions of a multitude of travellers of questionable motives, and of the exertions of reviewers and journalists, whose motives are unquestionable, I think I may safely affirm that the endeavours to breed an ill feeling between the two nations have been hitherto unsuccessful,—at least on the other side of the Atlantic. In the first place, the Americans are a people not easily made angry; they are touchy, they are sensitive, as I have already remarked, but they are too shrewd, too prudent, too calculating, to make a serious business of being angry without knowing a sufficient cause for it, and what good it will do them in the end. Travellers may paint them as Yahoos, but ere they wax warm upon it, they sit down and consider whether Gulliver has many believers now-a-days. Individuals on whom the whitewash of philanthropy is not yet decently dry, may ring slavery in their teeth, but they are aware that the world knows to whom they are indebted for the institution, and that it is a thing not to be got rid of in an instant. Jokes may be uttered against them, but they know that the hardest joking breaks no bones. In short, they are sensible that all men must pass for what they are worth,—that truths must be put up with, and lies may go for what they will fetch;—that if they have a tender spot they must allow themselves to be touched there as well as elsewhere, being well persuaded of the good sense of Don Quixote's remark, that "it would be absurd if the inhabitants of Reloxa should knock every man on the head who asked them what time of day it was."

On this subject they exercise more discrimination than probably the English give them credit for; they distinguish between the writer of an abusive work and the great body of the English people, to whom they believe such works are addressed ineffectually. The most recent publication of this sort that has attained any notoriety, is one in which they are severely handled, yet the *malus animus* of the whole work is so apparent, that it can influence none but those who have a previous bias toward such an influence. This they are aware of, and here lies the pith and marrow of the subject; if the English quarrel with the Americans it must be their own fault, for the Americans do not wish to quarrel with the English. Why *should* these two nations quarrel? No two people in the world have better opportunities of understanding each other, and what is the synonym to *quarrel* but *misunderstanding*?

The perversity which certain people display in catching at everything that can be turned to the discredit of the Americans is surely a most un-English feeling. The prosperity of that nation can reflect nothing but honour on the English character, for the substance of their social and political institutions belongs to the mother country. Englishmen may persuade themselves that they have neither part nor lot in the matter; but the truth is, that the fate of their brethren in the west, whether for weal or woe, is of no small practical importance to them. In spite of the declaration of Independence, either of the two parties

may say, with a modification of the old maxim—"Anglicus sum, nil Anglici a me alienum puto."

The condition of the Irish in America is peculiar. Other emigrants, as the English and the Scotch, disperse throughout the country, settle upon farms, or dive into the wilderness. But the Irish herd together in the large cities. Other emigrants become incorporated with the native population, get rich, and lose their nationality. The Irish keep themselves separate from the Americans, and swarm together by thousands in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, where they exercise the same instinct that may be remarked among the Jews in the European cities, that of selecting the most filthy, confined, and incommodious quarters for their residence. Here they are content to vegetate rather than go into the country, cultivate farms, and become thriving landholders. Nothing can induce them to separate, and each of the large American cities seems destined to have its Irish quarter, where broken heads and the brogue are to be perpetuated from generation to generation.

The largest number of the Irish is at New York, where their turbulence is at times quite formidable. At Boston the proportion is small, yet there are sufficient numbers to render it necessary at times for the citizens to look sharply after them when their festivities wax boisterous. They agree perfectly well with the Americans, but their disposition to brandish the shillelah among themselves is what the salt sea has not been able to wash out of them.

"Cœlum, non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."

The Bostonians have found that the best method of cooling their courage on these occasions is a dose of cold water "fresh and fast applied," and their fire-engines have been found singularly efficacious in quelling a riot among these heathen.

The people of Great Britain, in fine, have greater inducements to wish well to the Americans than any other nation on the globe, for surely no two people are more alike. The time is past when men can be made to believe that the human race deteriorates on the other side of the Atlantic. They are the same people in all the essentials of character with those of their father-land; their conduct is marked with the same courage and enterprise, the same old Saxon stubbornness and energy.

The English are perhaps not aware how much interest the present condition of their country excites in America. The Americans are far better informed respecting the political institutions of Great Britain than the English people are respecting those of America. The gentlemen of the London newspapers not unfrequently knock matters out of joint in Trans-Atlantic politics after a fashion which, if imitated by one of their class in America in touching upon English affairs, would spoil him as a political oracle as long as it was remembered. The journalists, indeed, on this side the water, have a way of their own in looking through the right or wrong end of the telescope, accordingly as they point it to this quarter or to that, which is quite striking to one who knows how the land really lies. These directors of the press witness the broken heads that enliven the scene at the English hustings, hear of riots, rick-burnings, agitations, Irish murders and massacres, and the whole diablerie of disaffection and misrule; all these pass before their notice, and they make nothing more of them than every-day occurrences; but if they hear of a bloody nose at an American election, they cry out "the republic is at an end!"

## GILBERT GURNEY.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE sequel to this pleasing adventure is, perhaps, equally worthy of record, since it tends to exhibit the assurance and confidence of men under different circumstances in life.

Having been received, as I have already said, with "all the honours" at Portsmouth, and taken my leave, still perfectly maintaining my unconscious *incognito*, I quitted the Crown—not under a salute, for the pretty bar-maid was well watched—but with every mark and demonstration of untired ceremony and unabated civility, and found myself located in the Rocket Coach, in company with a middle-aged gentleman, whom I then thought old, but in whose countenance I saw some favourable indications "of a mind within;" and although, at that period, people of sense had not *be-deville-d* themselves with the soleran absurdities of phrenology, I fancied that, without being either as civil as Spurzheim, or as bitter as Gall, I might calculate upon enjoying what, at that period of my life, I was not averse from (in hopes of picking up information and knowledge),—some rational and agreeable conversation with my companion during our journey to London.

The ice of English formality was upon this occasion, as usual, broken by the English absurdity of a trite remark upon the weather. "It is very wet to-day," said by one man to another, while the rain is pattering down upon the roof of the carriage which contains them, and the bubbles in the puddles are hopping up like so many fairy water-sprites is, as everybody acknowledges, both superfluous and absurd; but it leads to other things, and the assenting "very" to the obvious remark, sows the seed of future conversation. So it happened then, and is less than half the distance to Horndean, I had received from my companion the information that he was an army surgeon, who had come home on leave of absence from Jamaica, on account of ill health; but that, although he had been sufficiently unwell to justify the permission he had obtained, his main object in coming to England was to make arrangements for carrying out his wife upon his return to the West Indies: her situation in this country, alone, and as it were widowed, she having represented to him to be beyond measure irksome and distressing.

He accounted to me for not having taken her with him in the first instance—for he spoke of her in terms of such devotion and affection, that I could not help asking him why she had not been the companion of his voyage—by describing her health to have been extremely delicate, and by the fact that he had exchanged from the regiment to which he then belonged, and which had returned home before the period at which we were speaking; so that by the exchange—which was a favourable one to him—his plans had been considerably altered, and his probable residence in the colonies very much protracted.

I liked him extremely, and was almost vexed when, at Liphook, a rather pertish, forward-looking young man—about my own age at that time—stepped into the coach, and disturbed our *tête-à-tête*. Upon the accession of our third member, we relapsed into silence; and, except upon the occasion of seeing a man thrown from his horse between Milford and Godalming, little occurred worthy of notice, till we reached



the Crown at Guildford, where we found the cold round of beef, the hot leg of mutton, and the pickles and potatoes, ready for consumption; the work of devastation having been, previous to our entrance, commenced by a gentleman, who soon informed us that we were to have the pleasure of his company to complete the *parti carré* of the Rocket.

There is something extremely socializing in the community of interests of a small party on a cold day round a good fire, and at a luncheon. We drank ale and port wine, and hot brandy and water—offered each other snuff—cracked jokes, and began, as the warmth of the room thawed us, to feel ourselves sufficiently at home and comfortable, to regret the call of the “Faulkner” of his day, couched in the emphatic words, “Now, gentlemen, if you please,” which was to remove us from the magic semi-circle formed round the hearth of mine host of the Crown.

We re-entered the coach, evidently pleased with each other, and in as different a humour from that in which we were, when we got out of it, as can be well conceived; I felt quite at my ease, and had no scruple in relating my adventure of the preceding day, which appeared to my companions nearly as inexplicable as it then was to myself.

“I,” said Mr. Dillington—so was our last acquaintance named—“I, too, have been engaged in an adventure; but mine is a more straightforward, matter-of-fact affair—to me of the most agreeable nature, I admit. I came into this neighbourhood only the day before yesterday, meaning to remain here some time, but the magical influence of a pair of the brightest eyes I ever beheld has upset all my projects, and carries me to London, in spite of all the pressing entreaties of my hospitable friends in Surrey.”

“Yes,” said I, “such things are irresistible. I conclude by your outline, that yours is a love-at-first-sight case.”

“I flatter myself,” said Dillington, who was extremely well qualified for a lady-killer, “I flatter myself that it is so, on both sides. All I know is, that I am speeding my way to town, to meet my adorable Dulcinea at the Piazza door of Covent Garden playhouse, where I am to have the happiness—at her own suggestion—of accompanying her to witness the performance of the play, ‘blest as the immortal gods,’ fondly sitting by her side, to

‘Hear and see her all the while  
Softly speak, and gently smile.’”

“Rather an easy conquest,” said the army surgeon; “is it to be a *tête-à-tête*?”

“I rather think not,” said Dillington; “I think she talked of some elderly body, in the shape of an aunt, who was to accompany her, and play propriety; however I fancied that, by way of a *premier pas*, I had succeeded capitally. She positively refused to tell me where she lived, and, I think, has made the assignation rather to try the extent of my earnestness and anxiety about her, before she reposes a more extensive confidence in me.”

“May I ask,” said I, “is she maid, wife, or widow?”

“I did not trouble her with any questions on that point,” said Dillington; “she wore a wedding-ring, which she flourished before me two or three times during our journey together, while drawing the whitest of hands over the brightest of eyes. I had not more than an hour and three-quarters to make my play; I got into the coach this

side Petersfield, and was forced, *malgré moi*, to stop at Godalming to fulfil the engagement, which was to have lasted ten days; but which, although I lost her at the moment, has been curtailed of its fair proportions in order to regain my adorable *incognita*; and, to tell truth, I think I lost little by that, for a robust, healthy-looking female, 'a nursing mother,' with a baby and a boy of eight or nine years' old, were crammed into the coach at Milford, booked all the way to London, so that all confidential conversation in the way of business must have ceased at that point. This evening I shall see her again, and all will be well."

"Oh!" sighed my opposite neighbour, a plain pale man, with white whiskers and a short nose; "if you could but guess the pain, Sir, that your success gives me, you would not speak so thoughtlessly of your happiness. I, too, am in pursuit of a lady—one to whom I am heart and soul devoted—who has treated me hardly and harshly—I never fancied I could be so weak and silly, but, as you say, man is not master of himself, and

'When a lady's in the case,  
All other things of course give place.'

"Then, Sir," said I, "I suppose you are actually on your road to the Barley Mow?"

"Barley Mow!" said Mr. Lackington; "No; I am on my way to a village near town, in which my charming, capricious devil of a widow lives; but whether she will be in a sunshiny humour or a cloudy one, is a matter of great uncertainty."

"But I conclude," said Dillington, "you don't allow yourself to weep and wail without some consolation?"

"No," said Lackington, "I had the pleasure of her exclusive society at Eastbourn for a fortnight last autumn, when we were as happy as two turtle-doves, until something crossed her mind—and, I *may* say, her temper—and she started off for London, leaving a short note behind her, telling me it was no use my following her, for she had resolved utterly to cut my acquaintance."

"The most unkindest cut of all," said I. "And yet your lingering, longing love remains, and you are determined to try your fortune at a reconciliation?"

"Even so, Sir," said Lackington, heaving a deep-drawn sigh, which seemed to come from the very bottom of his heart.

"Upon my word, gentlemen," said the army surgeon, "I have been listening to your conversation, and I *must* say that the morals of my countrymen and countrywomen do not appear to have improved during my absence from England; assure yourselves that the pursuits in which you seem both to be engaged, however exciting at the moment, bring with them anything but solid gratification—independently of their actual impropriety, they generally produce causes for repentance and sorrow. If a man fail in the object of his heart, he becomes miserable himself—if he succeed, the chances are he makes another more miserable still; rely upon it, that wrong never comes right, and that no man is truly respectable until he marries, and devotes his cares, his anxiety, and his attention to a gentle and confiding partner, whose virtues and merits soothe him in adversity, and give new brightness to prosperity."

"I presume, Sir," said Dillington, "you are yourself a Benedick."

"Thank my lucky stars I am," said the surgeon, "and am returning to a happy, humble home, to carry with me to the sphere of my duty as amiable a being as ever drew the breath of life."

"Perhaps," said Dillington, "your absence has given new zest to your feelings, and if you had not been separated from the lady, the same-ness——"

"Oh no," interrupted the surgeon; "rely upon it, habitual attachments are always the strongest and most lasting.

'True affection lasts the longer  
When its brightest hours are o'er;  
Parting sorrows bind it stronger,  
Mem'ry but endears it more.'

I have been wretched during the year and a half I have been absent, and have now, as I was telling this gentleman before you joined us," pointing at the same time to *me*, "made my health a plea for getting leave of absence to surprise *her* with my arrival, and my resolution of taking her abroad with me, unless I should eventually be able to exchange again into some other regiment."

"I can easily conceive the delight of such a meeting," said I. "In every man's life there are a few moments of unqualified happiness—you, I suspect, are destined to enjoy such to-day."

"Not to-day," said the surgeon, "for I have to pass through town to my cottage, and must report myself at the Horse Guards before I start; but to-morrow by this time I shall again be at home—and what a word is home!"

Dillington seemed much struck by the earnestness, almost amounting to enthusiasm, with which our medical friend eulogized the "blissful state," and I began to think he would give up the pursuit in which he was engaged, in deference to the opinions and principles of the surgeon. Lackington listened with admiration at the picture our friend painted of conjugal comfort and domestic happiness, and every now and then I am sure that his thoughts reverted to his capricious widow, and that even *he* was beginning to think he might as well rivet her heart, by making her his wife, provided always, of course, that she would accept his offer.

The conversation which had passed produced an increase of confidence, and, voting ourselves to be a very pleasant party, we agreed, after we had passed Kingston, to dine together at some coffee-house in London—a proposition to which Dillington most willingly acceded, provided we dined early, and near the theatre. By this condition I ascertained that his intentions as to the fair lady with the bright eyes remained unaltered; and as I had no responsible authority over his morality, I suggested the Piazza Coffee-house as the most suitable and convenient scene of action—nothing could be better for all parties, for the surgeon was to sleep at the Hummums, and Mr. Lackington at the Tavistock (corrupted by the market-people into Cabbage-stalk) hotel; and Dillington, who was to be set down at the corner of Berkeley-street, would, after dressing, proceed to the coffee-house, the door of which adjoined the door of the theatre, at which, precisely at seven o'clock, in a hackney-coach, the lady, or ladies, as the case might be, would arrive in fulfilment of their appointment.

I undertook to order dinner and secure a table—a proceeding which, in those times of taverns and theatricals, was absolutely necessary; and having done both in a most judicious manner, I awaited the arrival of my new acquaintance, who had agreed upon six punctually—Dillington, of course, not caring for the shortness of the time allowed him to drink

to his fair one's health, nor hesitating a moment between the allurements of Venus and the attractions of Bacchus.

I thought while I was waiting for my company that I had been somewhat precipitate and incautious in selecting so popular and populous a place as the Piazza for the exhibition of myself in company with three persons of whom, in fact, I knew nothing—of whom two, by their own confessions, were professed libertines, and the third might not be what he professed himself: however, in those days, I generally acted upon the impulse of the moment, and sought amusement without very particularly investigating the source whence it was derivable. However, upon this particular day, I became, I scarcely know why, more scrupulous than usual. I saw the coffee-room filling with persons of consequence and character, who, in those days, went to see plays and dine early in the neighbourhood of the playhouses; and feeling that it might be disadvantageous to incur the responsibility of the manners, conduct, and conversation of my new friends, I called a waiter, and inquired if we could have a private room to dine in, to which he civilly assented, and in less than ten minutes I found myself snugly established in the small dining-parlour which opens into the hall.

Scarcely had the clock struck six when the trio appeared nearly together—Dillington, dressed evidently to the best advantage, and displaying unequivocal confidence in the tie of his neckcloth and the curl of his whiskers; Lackington in the dishabille of desponding affection; and the surgeon, who was married and settled, and whose heart-catching days were over, in his morning costume, having only refreshed himself at his hotel.

The luncheon at Guildford had considerably damped the anxiety for dinner, which, however, was put down and eaten, the wine passing somewhat rapidly in compliment to the expectant lover, who kept his eyes attentively on the dial of the clock, in order that he might be punctual to the moment; and Lackington exhibiting a good deal of feverish anxiety to tell us something, which modesty, or delicacy, or some doubt as to the prudence or propriety of making further confidence with strangers, appeared to hinder him from imparting. At last, however, after a few glasses of sherry, which Dillington denounced for its resemblance to lamp oil, and one or two of champagne, which the same unquestionable authority proclaimed to be indubitable goosecherry, he resolved upon communicativeness.

As far as the affected airs of Dillington about the wine and the cookery went, I cannot help saying (*par parenthèse*) that they gave me no very favourable opinion of either his taste or character. The swaggerer is invariably an impostor—the man who calls loudest for the waiter, who treats him worst, and who finds more fault than anybody else in the room, when the company is mixed, will always turn out to be the man of all others the least entitled, either by rank or intelligence, to give himself airs. People who are conscious of what is due to them never display irritability or impetuosity; their manners insure civility, their civility secures respect; but the blockhead or the coxcomb, fully aware that something more than ordinary is necessary to produce an effect, is sure, whether in clubs or coffee-rooms, to be the most fastidious and captious of the community, the most overbearing in his manners towards his inferiors—the most restless and irritable amongst his equals—the most cringing and subservient before his superiors.

Poor Mr. Lackington had not an atom of swagger in his composition; he therefore drank his sherry and champagne, and his heart warmed, and his lips opened.

"I am sure," said he, "that it must seem very strange in *me* to fancy that my affairs can interest three gentlemen whom I never saw till to-day; but as we have acted hitherto upon the give and take principle of community in our prospects and pursuits, I think I ought to tell you, as a sequel to what I said on the journey, that I have received a letter from my Fanny——"

"What," said I, "your bewitching and bewitched widow?"

"Exactly so," said Lackington; "and if you really *do* care about the *dénouement*, you will be glad to hear that she is to be in town the day after to-morrow, and expresses a wish to see me, to be reconciled, and to cast into oblivion all that has passed between us of a disagreeable character."

"I rejoice," said I.

"I echo your congratulation," said Dillington.

"And so do I," said the surgeon, "with this proviso—that you marry her. Recollect my advice in the earlier part of the day—the fact that she desires a reconciliation is a proof that she is really attached to you. Put an end to all these ungente and unnecessary agitations of temper and feeling—make her your wife."

"I would—indeed I would," said Lackington, with something like tears in his eyes—"but I cannot."

"What is the nature of the impediment?" said the surgeon.

"That," said Lackington, "which you so earnestly recommend—matrimony!"

"As how?" said I.

"I am married already," said Lackington.

"Married, Sir?" said the surgeon; "married!—and yet—why this is worse and worse. That gentleman's libertinism" (pointing to Dillington) "shocked me, but he is a single man, and——"

"I wish with all my heart I had his excuse," said Lackington, "but I have one for what may seem gross impropriety and immorality. I will explain—my story is short but really affecting."

Saying which, he "called up a look" which he meant to be pathetic, but which, owing to the peculiar formation of his features, and the particular cast of his countenance, exceeded in comicality anything I had ever seen, except Liston when melancholic.

"It must be short," said the triumphant Dillington, "if I am to hear it; I have but twenty-two minutes and three seconds left."

"It will not occupy half that time," said Lackington; "and I should like to justify myself in Dr. Martingale's eyes for what must appear extremely heartless conduct in roaming and roving, having a wife of my own."

"I shall indeed be glad to listen," said Dr. Martingale, such was our surgeon's name; "for I have very decided opinions upon the particular point of matrimonial obligations."

"Well then," said Lackington, "I will be as brief as possible, and you shall know all. When I was nineteen years old, which is now ten years since, I did what a great many—indeed I may say most young men do at that age—I fell in love, and with such a girl as nobody ever saw: her eyes——"

"Never mind her eyes," said Dillington, "don't stop to particularize her points. I have but nineteen minutes and a half, and if you go into details I must run away."

"Well," said Lackington, "she was everything a man could desire in a wife; and, above all, she was kind to me, reciprocated my feelings, and, after some few weeks of feverish anxiety, I proposed, was accepted, but referred to her father, who, without hearing me out, ordered me out, and declared that his intentions for his daughter were of a character wholly incompatible with my means or situation, and desired that I never would mention the subject to her or himself again, or even make my appearance at his house any more."

"The consequence of this rebuff was," continued Lackington, "as you may suppose, an increased affection on our parts, and a determination, *côte qui côte*, to elope. A scheme was planned, which would have been most effectually carried into execution, if I had not, by some misfortune or other, pounced into the old General's room by mistake for his daughter's, who was waiting, bundle in hand, with her mind made up, and her maid beside her, all on tiptoe to bound down stairs to my post-chaise, which was in waiting. The consequence was, a discovery of the plot; a severe remonstrance to my father from the General; and close confinement for six months to my gentle Adelgitha."

"Pass the wine," said Dillington. "A thousand pardons. Waiter, get the bill. Pray go on."

"My father," said Lackington, "entering strongly into the General's feelings, sent me abroad, where I remained, pursuing my studies, for three years, which I admit I felt to be a terrible waste of time."

Herein I tacitly agreed.

"At last," continued the unfortunate gentleman, "I returned home; and the first act of my life was to discover whether my Adelgitha was unmarried. I succeeded in ascertaining that she was still Miss Rowbottom. I felt secure of success, now that, of course, all suspicion of my intentions would be lulled, and convinced, by her remaining single, that I was still dear to her. Of course, my inquiries about her were made with great caution and circumspection. I had learned enough—I sought no more; but, proceeding to the neighbourhood of her father's house, soon contrived to convey a note to her, couched in terms of unabated affection, and conjuring her to let me know the state of her sentiments as regarded me. I received her answer: her feelings towards me were the same as they had been three years before, so were her cruel father's. 'Circumstances which had occurred,' she told me, 'as I must naturally suppose, had rendered her life more unhappy, and her confinement more rigid; still, if I held in the mind to rescue her from her thralldom, she was prepared to renew our plan now of three years' standing.' Her note ended by conjuring me to weigh well what I was undertaking, as a diminution of my affection would break her heart."

"Everything was arranged: two notes more settled the business; and on the third night after my arrival in the neighbourhood, I lifted my gentle Adelgitha from the library window of her father's house into my carriage. She was so agitated at our meeting, and at the excitement of the whole affair, that she could not stand, and I deposited her myself in the vehicle which was to convey us to happiness *riâ* Dover, whence we were to proceed to Boulogne to be married—a scheme proposed by me

to obviate the necessary delay for residence, in order to obtain a license ; and as Adelgitha was out of her nonage, I thought Gretna would be carrying the joke a little too far."

"Despatch," said Dillington, whose eye was as attentive to the dial as his ear to the dialogue.

"I will," said Lackington ; "but I know you'll laugh at me, although it is, indeed, no laughing matter. As we proceeded on our rapid journey towards the coast, I made ten thousand inquiries as to the sufferings my dear girl had undergone since my departure, and received every assurance of affection and kindness from the dear object of my heart ; but in the midst of my anxieties and endearments, I every now and then heard a knocking against the bottom of the carriage, which, to a nervous man, sounded very like a growing failure in the vehicle ; but whenever I attempted to listen, my dear Adelgitha diverted my attention from the sound, by fresh professions of affection and esteem.

"I scarcely expected, dear Frederic," said she, "that you would have remained constant : I thought perhaps the news of the dreadful occurrence might have induced you to retract ; and that you might have considered it a perfect justification of your withdrawal."

"What accident?" said I. "Tell me, my beloved."

"Don't you know, Frederic?" said my affectionate companion.

"Indeed I do not," said I ; and at that moment I heard the same noise which had so frequently attracted my attention, and interrupted her for a moment by asking her if she did not hear the thumping, as I thought, on the perch of the carriage.

"Oh, Frederic!" sobbed the agitated girl, "that's it."

"It!" said I ; "what, my angel? Do you really know what it is?"

"Don't be alarmed," Frederic," said Adelgitha. "I wish you had known it before."

"Known what?" exclaimed I.

"Known it, dearest," said she, crying afresh.

"What is the noise?" said I ; "and what has it to do with our destinies?"

"I feared it would have had a serious effect upon you," replied Miss Rowbottom ; "but no ! your mind and feelings soar above it."

"It!" cried I impatiently ; "what is it?—what does it mean?—what is the noise?"

"My leg, Frederic," said Adelgitha, dropping her lovely face upon my shoulder, which I declare, upon my word, gentlemen, was as wet through with her tears as if I had been caught in a shower of rain.

"Your leg, dearest!" said I.

"Yes ; the result of that dreadful fall from my horse, of which you were, of course, aware," said Adelgitha. "The torture of amputation was nothing, to the dread I felt lest it should alter your affection for me ; but I thought I knew you better."

"I thought, gentlemen," said Lackington, "I should have died. I thought perhaps she was joking, or trying the strength of my affections ; for I know what women will do in that way sometimes. However, as it was quite dark, and we were peculiarly situated, I ventured, with the greatest delicacy and decorum imaginable, to ascertain the fact forthwith, and then, sure enough, my hand lighted upon a stumpy stick, of the Greenwich Hospital regulation cut, and which, whenever my bride

effect had become at all animated or energetic, had bumped and knocked itself about against the bottom of the chaise.

"I would have given the world to have known of the accident, to which, up to that moment, I was a perfect stranger. I should have, I dare say, loved her the more for her misfortunes; the loss of a limb in a man is nothing; on the contrary, it constantly brings to our hearts and minds the gratitude we owe to those who fight our battles by sea and land; and even though Miss Rowbottom might not have claimed my sympathy upon that score, I felt quite sure I should have overcome all the foolish prejudices which a man has about the symmetry of a sylph of seventeen, which she was when I last quitted her, in gratitude for her attachment to me. But the surprise, the suddenness of the thing, gentlemen, to find, instead of the beautiful tapering ankle and miniature foot I had left, to find no foot, no ankle, no nothing, but a small black balustrade—I do declare I was completely taken aback."

We could scarcely contain our laughter at this recital, which was delivered by our white-faced friend in the most plaintive tone of voice, and in the most melancholy manner. Dillington himself had not looked at the clock for three minutes, and the hand was on the quarter; but the tale was "wondrous moving."

"Well," said I, "how did you proceed?"

"Why, Sir," said Lackington, "I withdrew my hand, of whose presence the leg I had indeed touched had not been conscious, and turned to my weeping companion for some explanation of the incident to which I was yet a stranger. Adelgitha gave a long description of the terrible accident which had produced the calamity with which I had just been made acquainted, and I felt deeply affected by the recital. However, gentlemen, you will perhaps imagine my sensations, when she wound up the history by telling me that what I had now discovered was a trifle to what I should see in the morning."

"What she meant, I could not, for the life of me, comprehend; and I waited for daylight with the anxiety of a shipwrecked mariner, but without any of his hopes."

"The excess of Adelgitha's agitation had worn her out; and, some time after the conclusion of her narrative, she fell asleep, with her head upon my shoulder, with her hand clasped in mine. I could not sleep: I sat and watched the coming dawn; till, at length, the first ray of morning beamed through the glasses of the carriage. I won't attempt, gentlemen, to describe the dreadful effects which the accident had actually produced upon her once beautiful countenance, nor the effects those effects produced upon me; nor will I endeavour to disguise my horror at the discovery. I give you my word that I thought I should have died. And here was the daylight come; and I should have to hand her out of the chariot, and into the packet; and I should have to attend to her, and talk to her, and at last to marry her, and be her constant companion for life. I could not refuse—I could not hurt her feelings, or practically acknowledge the revulsion produced in my own, by any exhibition of disinclination to fulfil my promise and redeem my pledge."

"The sun was quite up when she awoke; and opening—would I could say her eyes!—for when one beamed upon me, I found the other was gone. It looked at me as much as to say, 'Well, what do you think of



this?—it did, upon my word, gentlemen; and I am afraid I could not conceal my agony of mind from Adelgitha herself. She, however, appeared—as all women do—to bear the evil with resignation and good-humour, apparently careless as to the effects it had produced upon herself, and only valuing it with reference to those which it might be supposed to have upon *me*. I could not speak. What could I say? Could I tell her that she looked as well, with one eye as she had done with two, or that a nose broken across the bridge was more lovely than a delicate aquiline? I could not say *that*; so I had recourse to the silent eloquence which is all-powerful in love, and caught her to my heart with a sensation of affection and compassion. The moment I did so, I heard the infernal bumping at the bottom of the chaise again: it destroyed all the sentimentality in a moment.”

“Push on,” said Dillington; “I have but five minutes, and we have to pay the bill. Well, tell us what did you do?”

“Persuaded her,” said Lackington, “to alight at the next stage, and get some coffee, and take half an hour’s rest—a proposition to which she readily acceded; and we were ushered into a very comfortable room on the ground floor, selected by the considerate waiter on account of its more convenient position to a lady under Adelgitha’s particular circumstances.

“When she had retired with her maid, and I was left alone, I began to consider what was best to be done. I knew enough of the generosity and disinterestedness of female hearts to believe that she would not think of holding me to my bargain, if I candidly confessed how I felt; but how could I explain the sensations which occupied me without wounding her almost to the death? for what appeared very singular to me, and which I believe is not singular at all, was, that from habit, (the accident had happened two years before,) and that happy reconciliation of our minds to what must be, and is, she appeared to me, in spite of her lamentations, practically to consider herself very much the same as she was before the event happened; for when she entered the room into which we were shown at the inn, she stumped up to the looking-glass, and setting her curls in order, exclaimed, ‘How hideous this night travelling makes one look!’

“‘I stared,’ continued Lackington, “but said nothing; and when she returned from her half-hour’s rest, I thought she fancied all my surprise was over, and that I saw her now just as she was when we parted. This mortified me: she seemed to allow me no credit for my efforts to be honourable; and I gave orders for ‘horses on,’ resolved to impress upon her mind, during the next ten miles, in as delicate a manner as possible, the real state of my heart.

“While we were waiting for the coming steeds, a travelling carriage and four drove up to the inn gate at a slapping pace. The noise of opening doors and falling steps attracted my eye, when, in an instant, who should appear before us but General Rowbottom and the Major, his son—the father and brother of Mrs. Lackington elect.

“‘So, Adelgitha,’ said the General, stalking into the room, ‘we have caught you.’

“Adelgitha made no reply; her surviving eye filled with tears, and she sank into her brother’s arms; and I felt I can scarcely tell how. I am afraid I rather rejoiced that we were overtaken.

“‘Mr. Lackington,’ said the General, turning to me, ‘what is the

meaning of this rash and foolish step? Three years ago I forbade you my house. I believed your attachment to my daughter was a pretence to possess yourself of the fortune she then expected from her aunt, Lady Swivelscombe, and I shut my door upon you. You return three years afterwards, and you precipitately and unduly enter into a clandestine correspondence with my child, and eventually carry her off, in a state of health and under circumstances which require the greatest care and attention.

" 'General,' said I, 'I admit the fact; but allow me to be heard in my vindication.'

" 'Certainly,' said the General, calmly and temperately

" 'I admit the constancy, and sincerity, and disinterestedness of my attachment to Miss Rowbottom,' said I; 'I disclaim all view to her fortune—I acted upon the impulse of a long-cherished feeling; but,' added I, with a degree of diplomatic dexterity for which you may not give me credit, 'sooner than cause her a moment's unhappiness, or the entailment of a parent's displeasure, I am prepared this instant to give her up. Yes, Sir,' said I, in what I considered a magnanimous tone of voice, 'I can make sacrifices as well as others.'

" 'Give her up!' said the General; 'by Heavens, Sir, you shall do no such thing. I and Charles have followed you on your route in order to stop your needless career. If you had written to me—if Adelgitha had spoken one word to me—now that you have proved yourself worthy of her, I should not have hesitated for one moment to receive you into my house, and welcome you as my son-in-law.'

" 'Sir,' said I, amazed more I believe than delighted, 'this is strange!—this total alteration of your sentiments towards me I could not be prepared for—I am but what I was—I am as unworthy as ever.'

" 'Excuse me, Lackington,' said the General, 'your affection has been tested not only by time but by circumstances; you professed your suit when Adelgitha was lovely, and you, I thought, were captivated by her person rather than her mind and qualities—you made your offer when she was the expectant heiress to a fortune of eighty thousand pounds from Lady Swivelscombe—an accident has marred her beauty, yet you still pursue her—Lady Swivelscombe's second marriage has deprived her of the fortune she expected, and yet you bind yourself to her for ever. What can a father desire more of a son-in-law than such convincing proofs of honour and affection? Give me your hand, Lackington, and assure yourself that you need go no farther on your flying tour to matrimony; my house and my heart alike are open to you both.'

" 'This was a finisher,' said Lackington.

" 'You married her?' asked Dillington.

" 'I did,' replied the other, "and —"

" 'Stay,' cried Dillington, interrupting him; "the clock is striking seven—I cannot stop to hear the rest—my sweet Maria is doubtless at the door—let the waiter know what my share of the bill is, and I will call and settle it, for I have not a moment to lose. If my fair incognita prove faithless, I shall be back in five minutes—if not, I trust we shall soon meet again."

Saying which, the impatient lover flew from our presence to keep his engagement, leaving the doctor and myself to hear the termination of Lackington's lament.

"Conclude, conclude," said Martingale; "you married her, Sir; that is the point at which to me the interest begins, for it is thence I endeavour to trace the value of my principles regarding matrimony."

"I did, Sir," said Lackington; "but in the course of the negociation, (for our correspondence assumed that character), my father and my friends so earnestly dissuaded me from fulfilling an engagement into which I had been what they called forced, that I believe I must admit that I learnt a little to their way of thinking, and exhibited some symptoms of a desire to withdraw. I found it, however, impossible; both the General and the Major had made up their minds to the match, and I should have been tried by military law if I had declined—and so—we were united."

"And what," said I, "marred your domestic happiness? I admit that the damages which your lady had received might detract from her personal attractions, but her mind—"

"Aye, Sir," sighed Lackington, "that's it, as Mrs. L. said of her leg—while she was beautiful, I never thought of her mind—while she was beautiful, she never showed her temper—and moreover, the fact that she was aware that I would not have married her if I could possibly have helped it set her so entirely against me, that for two years she led me such a life as compelled me, at the beginning of the third, to seek a separation—but that—and I have stated all the circumstances to show the fact—that does not, as you know, enable me to marry where I could really and fondly love."

"Have you any family, Sir?" said the doctor, evidently collecting materials for some new eulogy on the married state.

"No, Sir," said Lackington, "I have no progeny."

"I think," said Dr. Martingale, drawing himself up into an imposing attitude, "you have made out a case—the circumstances are peculiar—very peculiar indeed—and yet I also think if you were to make up your mind to it all might yet be well; the former exacerbation of the lady's mind might be soothed and softened by renewed attentions and a show of kindness. There is, Mr. Lackington," continued the doctor, "and I never can repeat it too often, a sweet community of interests—a binding reciprocity of feeling—a mutual confidence—existing in a married state which no other can afford. I will instance myself and Mrs. Martingale—"

How much farther the Doctor might have proceeded in his eulogistic harangue upon matrimony I cannot pretend to say, for just at that moment a considerable scuffling was heard in the hall, and in an instant the door of our room was hastily opened by Dillington, who appeared before us evidently excited.

"Doctor, doctor," said he, addressing himself to Martingale, "your professional assistance is wanted—an accident has occurred—the lady I have spoken of, in stepping down the infernal iron ladder of the hackney-coach, has sprained her ankle, and is suffering so much pain as to have fainted."

"Bring her in, bring her in," said the doctor, rising from his seat.

"Poor thing!" said Lackington; "pray attend to it—think what may be the consequence—that's it."

Accordingly we rose, and forthwith a delicate young creature, in a half-fainting state, was brought into the room, and by us laid on the horse-hair sofa, which stood opposite the fire-place. A thick veil covered her face, but her figure was symmetrical.

"You had better leave the room," said the doctor to us in an under tone; "she must loose blood."

"Not without one peep at her face," whispered I, as Dillington was entering.

"No," said Lackington, "one, one peep, and we go."

The doctor, who was what is called a staid discreet personage, appeared somewhat unwilling to gratify our curiosity; I, therefore, who was not quite so particular, effected our object by twitching away the veil as if by accident, and discovered a face fully corresponding in beauty with the gracefulness of the figure.

Just as I had caught a glimpse of her beauties, the doctor, who, after having assisted in depositing his new patient on the sofa, had proceeded to open, by the light of the candle on the chimney-piece, a shagreen case of lancets, directed us, while he was adjusting his apparatus, to raise her head. We accordingly did so; and judge my horror, surprise, and astonishment the instant after Dillington had addressed her as "Maria, my love," to hear Lackington scream out in a voice of horror, "What do I see? is it possible? my fickle widow by all that's diabolical!—why Fanny, Fanny!" Fanny was, or seemed to be, insensible. But this was nothing to what was coming—all that had yet happened was thrown into the shade of utter darkness, by the horrible shriek of the uxorious Dr. Martingale, who, the moment he set his eyes on the suffering angel, dropped the lancets which he held in one hand, and the candlestick and taper which were contained in the other, and exclaiming in a tone of grief, terror, and amazement which I never shall forget, "MY WIFE, by all that's devilish!" rushed out of the room, and thence out of the house into the street.

Lackington, fearing some mischief either to the doctor or himself, dashed out after him; and Dillington, who saw that the *dénouement* had somewhat prematurely arrived, ran after him, and I found myself standing by the sofa on which lay, quite unconscious of what was passing, the paragon of her sex—the amiable and devoted lady of Dr. Olmthus Martingale, M.D. and A.S.S.!

Under all the circumstances, however moving beauty in distress may be, I certainly had no ambition to be the "Last of the Pentweazles;" and however much I might sympathise in the pain which she was probably suffering from missing her footing on the steps of the hackney-coach, it was evidently not the first *four-pas* she had made, and I thought the sooner I got out of the mess the better. Depositing her head on one of the pillows of the sofa, and gently kissing her cheek, in order to deceive her into the belief that she was under the care of one of the firm of Martingale, Dillington, Lackington, and Co., I stepped quickly out of the room into the hall, and told the waiter that strange things had occurred since dinner, but that I would myself run round into Russell-street and send in surgical assistance, desiring him in the meantime to order one of the female servants of the house to go to the lady on the sofa.

"Directly, Sir," said the waiter; "only—I beg your pardon, Sir—you'll excuse me—the Bill, Sir. Thomas," continued the man, never losing sight of me or his hold of the door, "send Sally to number one—the bill, Sir," at the same moment producing from behind his back a paper as long as the city streamer in my Lord Mayor's show; "seven pounds eight and six-pence, Sir, besides the broken candlestick."

"I," said I, "have nothing to do with the bill beyond my own share of it; divide it, and——"

"Beg pardon, Sir," said the waiter, "you ordered the dinner—you engaged the room, Sir—we have the pleasure to know you—don't know either of the other gentlemen, Sir—besides, consider—a very unpleasant affair to have occurred in my master's house."

"Well," said I, admitting the justice of the waiter's claim, "I will settle it;" saying which, I suited the word to the action by giving him a ten-pound note, "pay the bill and yourself, and with the rest take care that the unhappy lady is taken proper care of; and, unless her husband returns to claim her, let her be removed to whatever place she chooses. I will call to-morrow, when you can give me an account of your proceedings, and let me know where she lives."

Saying which I quitted the Piazza Coffee-house, very much enlightened in my ideas of the blessings of matrimony, and the advantage of making stage-coach acquaintanceships.

### POMPEII BY TORCHLIGHT.

EVERY one who has travelled must have remarked how, after a long absence from scenes which have afforded us peculiar pleasure, the comparing notes with some one who had wandered over the same route, or paused in admiration before the same objects, has polished up some little forgotten and rusty corners of the memory, or warmed into life some torpid souvenir from its hybernaculum. Just after the same fashion, and as if I had been talking over past pleasures with a friend, Mr. Bulwer's charming romance of "The Last Days of Pompeii" has routed out and restored in all its brilliancy a delightful day, or rather night, which I once spent among the ruins of that "city of the dead:" and its chiaro-oscuro recollections have flashed upon my mind, mellowed perhaps by time and distance, but almost as vividly as if all had occurred yesterday, and I had still around me the companions of last night's pleasure.

It happened that some years ago I passed the spring at Naples with a Prince of the royal house of Bavaria, and one fine May afternoon it was proposed at the dinner-table that we should spend the evening and sup by torchlight amidst the ruins of Pompeii. There was something charming in the idea itself—in visiting those relics of almost another world, not as mere sight-seers are wont—led by the nose and gulled by the improbabilities of a ciceroni—but as if we were to be assembled there, the old inhabitants and lawful owners of the place, feasting in our own palaces and pouring libations in our own halls—a little the worse for the lapse of centuries perhaps—but what of that? In short, there was something romantic in the plan, so different from the gawky curiosity of its usual visitors; something there might be also in the special permission accorded to the Prince, the guard of honour, and the torchlight; one hardly cares to own this to one's self, but it added perhaps zest to our pleasure that none others could enjoy it after the same fashion. All this gave a charm to the proposal, and we hastened to put it in execution.

We started, a party of six in number, about half-past five in the evening, when the sun, which had been riding cloudless all day in a bright Italian sky, was getting down towards the west; and under the influence of that ruddy tinge which the sun of the south alone can give, and Claude only can imitate, we drove through Portici, Resina, and Torre-del-Greco, on our way to the ruined city. To the left, villas and gardens lay scattered

here and there steeped in the sunshine; beyond, as far as the eye could reach, the blue water of the bay, with the islands of Capri and Ischia breaking out bold and hard from its bosom; while on the right rose, tier over tier, Vesuvius, with its cone of ashes, whence a thin spiral column of smoke streamed up in the clear bright sky. But every one knows all this, every one at least who has visited Naples, or read the thousand and one books which have been written on the subject. Away we clattered over the rough *chassée*, through a country smiling with vineyards and gardens, and stopped at last at the foot of a small hill, on which stood the dwelling of one of the overseers of Pompeii; on the terrace of this house we seated ourselves, and watched the setting of the sun until the reflection of his last beams ceased to stream along the waters—quaffed a few glasses of excellent lachryma Christi to the glorious old Titan who was sending forth smoke in the distance—and, with our imaginations thus raised to that pitch when one sees everything to the best advantage, we rose to commence our promised night of pleasure.

As the night drew in we ordered our torches, the only light which now was left us, save the glimmer of a myriad of stars in the unclouded sky; and, accompanied by the due proportion of lazy and ignorant guides, proceeded through the vineyards to the entrance of the town of Pompeii. After being saluted by the military guard placed there to do honour to the Prince, we entered the road to the city, known as "the Street of Tombs." What recollections did it not bring back—what new ideas did it not excite as we walked over the broad pavement where so many centuries ago the conquerors of the world had trod! Far on was the gate of the city, and on each side the marble monuments gleamed up almost like the ghosts of their departed occupants; and in the flicker of the torchlight one might imagine that the evening breeze waved the toga of some ancient senator, or that some Roman warrior of old, cuirassed and helmeted, looked out once again from his everlasting resting-place. On the right was the mausoleum of the family of Diomede, and immediately opposite his house. This was the rich merchant of "The Last Days of Pompeii," here was his gay halls—here his Lucullan feasts—and here, amidst his wine-jars and his wealth, were found those fearful remnants of mortality which marked the awful fate of the agonized, struggling wretches suffocated in the vaults. The house, which had been of three stories in height, and not in accordance with the usual style of building in those days, was even in its ruins splendid. The fresco painting on the walls, some of the pillars that had supported the arcades, and even the cool marble baths were still existing. In the cellars below, fair specimens of Diomede's good cheer, large amphora of wine, stood in rows against the wall. Unfortunately, the form of the beautiful bosom of Julia, found here as it had remained mouldered in the hardened ashes, with the golden ornaments which had decorated her person (oh! that they should still exist, as if in mockery of her dreadful death), had been removed to the Neapolitan Museum.

Among the tombs, one pointed out to us as the "tomb of the gladiator" was ornamented, we were told, by beautiful bas-reliefs; but here our torches, however well adapted to produce picturesque effects, hardly availed to give us a fair idea of their exquisite workmanship.

On through the gates we passed,—for the Street of Tombs is but a suburb of the city,—and, but for the jagged and ruined outlines which stood up in strong relief against the sky, we might have imagined ourselves in a living and a breathing city, wrapped in the slumber suited to the hour, and we the revellers disturbing its repose. On each side of the street were innumerable shops and private dwellings, and the interior of those we examined gave us some idea, in their fresco paintings and mosaic floors, of the wealth and luxury of those bygone days. The public baths are in a much better state of preservation than most of the buildings that have yet been cleared, but, unfortunately for the general effect, and even

much of the interest of the rooms themselves, the furniture and ornaments found in them have been removed. They are in the Museum at Naples; and I could not but feel that, rooms as well as ornaments, each had lost a charm by the separation, and each wanted the other to complete the illusion.

Mr. Bulwer's friend, Sallust, was a gentleman and a scholar, although unfortunately too much given to the "creature comforts;" for the house which bears his name appears to have been one of the best arranged and most tastefully adorned of those yet discovered. We remained some time in his mansion, and examined, with much interest, what was left of mosaic floors and paintings; for here again the insatiable Museum had swallowed up those specimens of art which the eruption had spared. The mind, as little as the body, possesses the faculty of being in two places at once; and thus our imaginations could ill furnish these denuded chambers with their original ornaments, which were now resting on the dark shelves of that museum, instead of illustrating here, in their proper places, the arts, pursuits, and occupations of their owners, near two thousand years ago. Why not make Pompeii the museum? However, nature and accident supplied us with a scene almost as interesting as the house in its original state would have afforded; for, our torches glared upon the painted walls, lighting up this column and that cornice, while, beyond, the dim light of the heavens brought out the perspective, of room and colonnade in most remarkable contrast. Above us was that deep, ultramarine blue sky, spangled with its stars; and in the distance, what had been by day a column of pale gray smoke, now a bright flame, flashing upwards from the summit of Vesuvius.

In another case (that of the Quæstor, I believe) we were much struck at the singular effect produced by two large masks of transparent marble, ornaments on either side a bath of elaborate workmanship. Behind these masks torches had been purposely placed, and as the bright light shone through, bringing out every muscle and feature, almost to the appearance of life, the apertures which represented the eyes glared horribly as the flame flashed through them, reminding one of Moore's Mahannah, or the deadly goul of some Arabian tale.

From hence we adjourned to the splendid mansion which had last been cleared, and which, from the circumstance of a son of Goethe's being present at its discovery, had, in compliment to the great poet, been named the "*Casa di Goethe*." The objects which principally attracted our attention in this most perfect as well as most magnificent of these extraordinary ruins, were two mosaic floors of singular beauty. The one, a battle-piece (almost a picture), represented the victory of the Granicus, just at the moment when it might be supposed that the unfortunate Darius fled before the victorious arms of the Macedonian king. The proud and exulting air of the conqueror, and the lost and despairing look of the conquered, were admirably expressed—the grouping, the detail were perfect; and that magnificent colouring which no sun could fade, no time impair, was fresh as if just from the last touch of a painter's brush. The other, of much smaller proportions, was simply a lion's head—but what a lion!—all the power, the majesty, the grandeur of the lord of the forest sparkled in the eye, and Landseer himself would have been charmed with the stern, calm, resolute expression of mouth which the artist had imparted to a number of little paltry stones. Oh! why, when his work lasts for ages upon ages, should the name of that artist have been lost and forgotten!

Well, alack for human wants and human appetites! the clink of a few plates and glasses dissolved in a trice the dreams of forgotten art and by-gone luxury, and away we skurried into the adjoining hall, where our supper was prepared. It were almost a profanation upon the Apician feasts of the former lords of these palaces to find half-a-dozen respectable gentlemen in long-tailed coats, boots, and beaver hats, seated at supper in the same hall

where many a guest had centuries before lolled in luxurious ease upon his couch, wrapped in the full and graceful folds of their picturesque costume, and delicately criticising the far-travelled viands in a language of other days. Our champagne and cotelettes sauce Robert would have been as little appetizing to the palate of the edile Panza, or the epicure Sallust, as the cut of our garments to their persons. Be that as it may, it would have been impossible for those distinguished individuals to have chased away the night more gaily than did we in that hall; and many a glass we quaffed to the manes of those gentlemen, whose names were then scarcely known to us, and with whose acquaintance we remained unhonoured, until thus lately they have become "our exceeding good friends," through the medium of Mr. Bulwer.

We, too, had our guests; for three officers of the Neapolitan guard were invited to join us, and, by way of spectators of our banquet, a crowd of the neighbouring peasantry. Indeed, I can hardly recollect anything more brilliant, more gay, more picturesque than our supper of that night. We—seated joyously at our supper-table, where torches shone, and glasses beamed with sparkling wine—in that old hall, with the sky for canopy; while beyond, in various groups, peasants, pretty girls, fiddlers, and buffoons, in all the gay attire of Italy—tinsel and ribands flaunting in the night air—some, seated round a blazing and crackling fire, chatting as they watched the preparation of the punch of which they were to be partakers, while the fire-light played upon their gay costume, bright eyes, and cheerful faces—others laughing and talking in the torch-light, which produced that flickering chiaro-oscuro effect to be conceived, but never painted—so gay, so uncertain, so ever-changing. Here the opaque body of a man between us and the fire, which just lit up the outline of his form; while there, in the strongest contrast, it played full upon the person of his companion—here, in the dark, a bit of tinsel only caught the reflection; while on the other side, the full and graceful form of a dark-haired Italian maiden stood out clear and well-defined in the blaze. In the background at the entrance of the house, the arms and accoutrements of the soldiers of the guard of honour just glanced back the red torchlight—while, ever and anon, a shower of bright sparks dashed up into the sky as the blazing wood was stirred. \* \* Off they went in the gay tarantella, with the crackling castanet and the joyous tambourine, one jumping in after another, ever-varying, and almost never-ending—while, as the punch went round and their spirits rose, their movements became more agile, their laugh, their joy more unrestrained; at last, carried away by the feelings of the moment, they seized torches, and, like the Bacchanals of old, whirled round in a wild Bacchante-dance, till the old walls, unaccustomed to such sounds, re-echoed with their shouts. We all, with one accord, toasted the Prince and his absent Duchess, with a *feu de joie* reverberating from the hills around, and the gay huzzas of the joyous crowd.—And over all, tinging each object with her beams, sedately rose the calm, pale moon.

The size and magnificence of the place may be conceived from its containing three theatres; and it was to visit these that we now addressed ourselves.

On our way to the amphitheatre we passed through the Forum, which, white and clear, now lay open in the moonlight, and we paused a moment before the temple of Venus, to admire its tall colonnade, and that fine but ruinous flight of steps which once led up to the shrine of the goddess. As we turned round to look at the open space we had left, the prospect before us was singularly beautiful;—an extended line of white columns peering up into the sky, and casting their long blue shadows across the road—the moonlit walls and façades of the dilapidated buildings—the capitals and broken fragments of pillars that lay scattered in our path, each Ionic volute and Corinthian acanthus-leaf glimmering like snow—the dark weeds and dark wall-shrubs, emblems, alas! of devastation and neglect, which,



now black, now tipped with light, skimmered and danced in the night air—and, here and there, as one of our party wandered from us, his figure was seen now scarcely traceable in the deep shade, and now emerging into the full radiance of the pale orb above. Oh, *vanitas, vanitatis!* here were the proud halls dedicated to uses now forgotten! here the stately temples consecrated to a religion now no more!—their idols are shattered fragments—their statues ornaments of a museum—their ceremonies a mockery—and the very names of their deities a byword and a jest! Who was the proud man who reared this lofty column to transmit his name, his memory to an eternity?—Vain fool! a moment destroyed his hopes—the column has been eighteen centuries a ruin, and the tablet crushed to dust under the foot of the passenger! Who was the devoted female who bowed in reverence before the shrine of the eternal goddess of beauty, who whispered her prayers to the vain idea on an Almighty power?—The shrine is buried in ashes—the deity dust, and forgotten like herself—and the symbol of her faith now perhaps adorns the finger or the snuff-box of some antiquary! Who was the plodding merchant who toiled to hoard these masses of wealth, that his descendants might revel in luxury and magnificence for ages?—Hopeless task! the burning ashes that overwhelmed himself struck down, too, the only child of his bosom—and those heaps of coin which he had toiled so long to acquire now serve only as tokens in a cabinet to fix the dates of history! Those passions which seared the breast—those talents which influenced the Commonwealth—that eloquence which controlled the multitude, crowded in this, the centre of their business, their pleasures, and their prayers—hopes and fears—desires and regrets—loves and hates,—all—all buried in one great common ruin! But still the world wags on as before—ages produce no change—human passions, human feelings, human desires are ever the same. The haughty and rich aristocrat still hopes to live for ever in the statue or the picture which adorns the common hall of the neighbouring borough—the bashful maiden still vows eternal constancy to her lover, and still fancies the existence of some presiding genius to propitiate her passion—still and in vain does the trader amass riches for those who will never enjoy them—ay, even the mummeries and impositions of their priesthood have been handed down to our day—the frenzied oracles of Isis and the Virgin's tears at Loretto are alike parcels of the same quackery.

Some such thoughts, some such fancies, perhaps, flitted through my brain as I sat on the fragment of a fallen column, and looked out upon the Forum; but my companions soon shook me out of my reverie, and away we went to the Amphitheatre. The exterior of this magnificent structure looked grand and striking in the moonshine; the innumerable tall arches, most of them perfect, though some were crumbling into ruin—the uniformity of their ranks being only broken by those massive flights of steps which led to the upper benches of the interior—produced those strong and singular effects of light and shade without which no building is either picturesque or imposing. We entered the body of the theatre, and from around the circus in which we stood rose everlasting tiers of stone benches, almost as perfect as when the inhabitants of the Campanian city had looked down from them upon the games in the arena below; while above, over all, opened at intervals those arches, which had formerly served as entrances for the frequenters of the upper seats. Through these apertures streamed, in broad beams, the moonshine, while, hanging far overhead, the moon flung down her whole radiance, and flooded the vast space with light. A number of the benches which I have described were covered with groups of the peasants who had accompanied us hither, and the torches they still bore looked, in the unbroken mass of silver light, like small red specks, as if just dying out: nature was too much for them—they were fairly out-blazed; and it was only when their tiny flame shone with a contrasted red tinge on the person or dress of the bearer, that one

could conceive they were intended to give light at all. In the area below, a band of musicians from a neighbouring village played, from time to time, some of the charming airs of Italy; and now and then, as the music took them, or some gay air struck their fancy, the spectators broke again into the wild and graceful movements of the tarantella.

We were much struck by the performance of one individual, who accompanied his voice to the guitar in an *improvvisi* song. There was a neatness in his lithy and well-knit form, and a natural grace in his movements, which caught the attention; there was something, too, in the handsome features and the bold and reckless character impressed upon the face: but, unfortunately, the effect of much that would otherwise have charmed was destroyed by a pair of most sinister-looking, dark, deep-set eyes;—a cloak hung drooping from one shoulder, and the rest of his dress was that of a common peasant—none of the tinsel and the gauds that are sometimes worn. He sang charmingly however, and the tones of his voice, in their plaintive tenderness, strangely belied the character one was inclined to attribute to him. I was not surprised to learn that he had been a captain of banditti; but, alas for romance! the individual in question had retired from active life—had thrown aside his carbine for a humbler instrument, and had now condescended to the more peaceable, and certainly more reputable, though not quite so romantic profession of a cobbler! Oh bathos! what was the Emperor on the barren rock to this? Think what he might have been in the heyday of his power, in the high and chivalrous character of his original occupation—think of his bold and gallant deeds—think that I might have incurred the honour of being eased of a few Napoleons by this identical strummer on a guitar and repairer of soles.

We visited, in succession, the two other theatres—the greater and the less, and we sauntered away half an hour, with no little pleasure, in the temple of Isis. But just about this time the gray streaks of dawn in the horizon began to warn us that our night, at least, was at an end. Orders were given for moving homeward—torches were being extinguished—so we quaffed one bowl (oh, reader, not of Falernian!) by way of farewell to Pompeii, and, having dismissed our multitude of attendants, well rewarded for their trouble, we mounted again into the Prince's carriages, and rolled off rapidly towards Naples, somewhat stilled perhaps, and overcome by that sort of listless feeling which is almost the necessary reaction of a night of pleasure, especially such a joyous one as ours.

In the slight sketch which I have attempted to give of the buried Campanian city, I have not dared to venture upon detail—my memory would scarcely serve me for such a purpose; and I am unwilling to draw from other sources what might complete the descriptive perhaps, but mar the picturesque. Thus, then, I have endeavoured only to give what I myself recall—to convey the impressions of the moment, and to impart, as nearly as I am able, those singular and varied effects—those powerful and brilliant scenes, which that monument of antiquity afforded when seen under the influence of such remarkable adjuncts. But I cannot close this article, meagre as it is, without one word of Mr. Bulwer. I am indebted to him for a gratification of no common kind. He has thrown a double charm over my recollections—he has breathed life into my imaginings—he has furnished those dead walls, and peopled them with animate beings. I retrace my steps, and in lieu of darkness and desolation, I find light and life—its business and its pleasures. Glaucus, Diomedes, Sallust—all live and move in the places they were wont; and even the being of my mind's eye, who left behind her of her beauties but the mould of her exquisite bosom, is embodied (somewhat unwillingly, I own) in the vain, coquettish, and passionate Julia.

I thank him; but I am afraid that, even in a slight sketch like this, I have been unable, as I ought, to separate my own recollections of what actually exists, from the vivid reality his book has imparted to them.

## F. SMITH.

"Nature had made him for some other planet,  
And press'd his soul into a human shape  
By accident or malice."—COLERIDGE.

"I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and out-and-chronicled, and sung in all-to-be-praised sonnets, and graved in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall trouble you."—PHILASTER.

If you can imagine a buried Titan lying along the length of a continent with one arm stretched out into the midst of the sea, the place to which I would transport you, reader mine! would lie as it were in the palm of the giant's hand. The small promontory to which I refer, which becomes an island in certain states of the tide, is at the end of one of the long capes of Massachusetts, and is still called by its Indian name, *Nahant*. Not to make you uncomfortable, I beg to introduce you at once to a pretentious hotel, "squat like a toad" upon the unsheltered and highest point of this citadel in mid sea, and a very great resort for the metropolitan New Englanders. Nahant is perhaps, liberally measured, a square half-mile; and it is distant from what may fairly be called mainland, perhaps a league.

Road to Nahant there is none. The *oi polloi* go there by steam; but when the tide is down, you may drive there with a thousand chariots over the bottom of the sea. As I suppose there is not such another place in the known world, my tale will wait while I describe it more fully. If the Bible had been a fiction (not to speak profanely), I should have thought the idea of the destruction of Pharaoh and his host had its origin in some such wonder of nature.

Nahant is so far out into the ocean, that what is called the "ground-swell," the majestic heave of its great bosom going on for ever like respiration (though its face may be like a mirror beneath the sun, and a wind may not have crisped its surface for days and weeks), is as broad and powerful within a rod of the shore as it is a thousand miles at sea.

The promontory itself is never wholly left by the ebb; but, from its western extremity, there runs a narrow ridge, scarce broad enough for a horse-path, impassable for the rocks and sea-weed of which it is matted, and extending at just high-water mark from Nahant to the mainland. Seaward from this ridge, which is the only connexion of the promontory with the continent, descends an expanse of sand, left bare six hours out of the twelve by the retreating sea, as smooth and hard as marble, and as broad and apparently as level as the plain of the Hermus. For three miles it stretches away without shell or stone, a surface of white, fine-grained sand, beaten so hard by the eternal hammer of the surf, that the hoof of a horse scarce marks it, and the heaviest wheel leaves it as printless as a floor of granite. This will easily be understood when you remember the tremendous rise and fall of the ocean-swell, from the very bosom of which, in all its breadth and strength, roll in the waves of the flowing tide, breaking down on the beach, every one, with the thunder of a host precipitated from the battlements of a castle. Nothing could be more solemn and anthem-like than the succession of these plunging

surges. And when the "tenth wave" gathers, far out at sea, and rolls onward to the shore, first with a glassy and heaving swell as if some mighty monster were lurching inland beneath the water, and then, bursting up into foam, with a front like an endless and sparry crystal wall, advances and overwhelms every thing in its progress, till it breaks with a centupled thunder on the beach—it has seemed to me, standing there, as if thus might have beaten the first surge on the shore after the fiat which "divided sea and land." I am not naturally of a religious turn, but the sea (myself on shore) always drives me to Scripture for an illustration of my feelings.

The promontory of Nahant must be based on the earth's axle, else I cannot imagine how it should have lasted so long. In the mildest weather, the ground-swell of the sea gives it a fillip at every heave that would lay the "castled crag of Drachenfels" as low as Memphis. The wine trembles in your beaker of claret as you sit after dinner at the hotel; and if you look out at the eastern balcony (for it is a wooden pagoda, with balconies, verandahs, and colonnades *ad libitum*), you will see the grass breathless in the sunshine upon the lawn, and the ocean as polished and calm as *Miladi's* brow beyond, and yet the spray and foam dashing fifty feet into the air between, and enveloping the "Devil's Pulpit" (a tall rock, split off from the promontory's front) in a perpetual kaleidoscope of mist and rainbows. Take the trouble to transport yourself there! I will do the remaining honours of the spot. A cavern as cool (not as silent) as those of Trophonius lies just under the brow of yonder precipice, and the waiter shall come after us with our wine. You have dined with the Borromeo in the grotto of Isola Bella, I doubt not, and know the perfection of art—I will show you that of nature. (I should like to transport you for a similar contrast from Terni to Niagara, or from San Giovanni Laterano to an aisle in a forest of Michigan; but the Dædalian mystery, alas! is unsolved. We "fly not yet.")

Here we are, then, in the "Swallows' Cave." The floor descends by a gentle declivity to the sea, and from the long dark cleft stretching outward you look forth upon the broad Atlantic—the shore of Ireland, the first *terra firma* in the path of your eye. Here is a dark pool left by the retreating tide for a refrigerator, and with the champagne in the midst, we will recline about it like the soft Asiatics of whom we learned pleasure in the East, and drink to the small-featured and purple-lipped "Mignons" of Syria—those fine-limbed and fiery slaves, adorable as Paris, and by turns languishing and stormy, whom you buy for a pinch of piastres (say 5*l.* 5*s.*) in sunny Damascus. Your drowsy Circassian, faint and dreamy, or your crockery Georgian—fit dolls for the sensual Turk—is, to him who would buy *soul*, dear at a *para* the hecatomb.

We recline, as it were, in an ebony pyramid, with a hundred feet of floor and sixty of wall, and the fourth side open to the sky. The light comes in mellow and dim, and the sharp edges of the rocky portal seem let into the pearly arch of heaven. The tide is at half-ebb, and the advancing and retreating waves, which at first just lifted the fringe of crimson dulse at the lip of the cavern, now dash their spray-pearls on the rock below, the "tenth" surge alone rallying as if in scorn of its retreating fellows, and, like the chieftain of Culloden Moor, rushing back singly to the contest. And now that the waters reach the entrance no

more, come forward and look on the sea! The rock lifts!—would you not think the bases of the earth rising beneath it? It falls!—would you not think the foundations of the deep had given way? A plain, broad enough for the navies of the world to ride at large, heaves up evenly and steadily as if it would lie against the sky, rests a moment spell-bound in its place, and falls again as far—the respiration of a sleeping child not more regular and full of slumber. It is only on the shore that it chafes. Blessed emblem! it is at peace with itself! The rocks war with a nature so unlike their own, and the hoarse din of their border onsets resounds through the caverns they have rent open; but beyond, in the calm bosom of the ocean, what heavenly dignity! what godlike unconsciousness of alarm! I did not think we should stumble on such a moral in the cave!

By the deeper bass of its hoarse organ, the sea is now playing upon its lowest stops, and the tide is down. Hear! how it rushes in beneath the rocks, broken and stilled in its tortuous way, till it ends with a washing and dull hiss among the sea-weed, and, like a myriad of small tinkling bells, the dripping from the crags is audible. There is fine music in the sea!

And now the beach is bare. The cave begins to cool and darken, and the first gold tint of sunset is stealing into the sky, and the sea looks of a changing opal, green, purple, and white, as if its floor were paved with pearl, and the changing light struck up through the waters. And there heaves a ship into the horizon, like a white-winged bird lying with dark breast on the waves, abandoned of the sea-breeze within sight of port, and repelled even by the spicy breath that comes with a welcome off the shore. She comes from "merry England." "She is freighted with more than merchandise. The home-sick exile will gaze on her snowy sail as she sets in with the morning breeze, and bless it; for the wind that first filled it on its way swept through the green valley of his home! What links of human affection brings she over the sea! How much comes in her that is not in her "bill of lading," yet worth, to the heart that is waiting for it, a thousand times the purchase of her whole venture!

*Mais montons nous!* I hear the small hoofs of Thalaba; my standpoint waits; we will leave this half bottle of champagne, that "remainder biscuit," and the echoes of our philosophy to the Naiads who have lent us their drawing-room. Undine, or Egeria! Lurly, or Arethusa! whatever thou art called, nymph of this shadowy cave! adieu!

Slowly, Thalaba! Tread gingerly down this rocky descent! So! Here we are on the floor of the vasty deep! What a glorious race-course! The polished and printless sand spreads away before you as far as the eye can see, the surf comes in below, breast high ere it breaks, and the white fringe of the sliding wave shoots up the beach, but leaves room for the marching of a Persian phalanx on the sands it has deserted. Oh, how noiselessly runs the wheel, and how dreamily we glide along, feeling our motion but in the resistance of the wind, and the trout-like pull of the ribands by the excited animal before us. Mark the colour of the sand! White at high-water-mark, and thence deepening to a silvery gray as the water has evaporated less—a slab of Egyptian granite in the obelisk of St. Peter's not more polished and unimpressible.—Shell or rock, weed or quicksand, there is none; and mar or deface its

bright surface as you will, it is ever beaten down anew, and washed even of the dust of the foot of man, by the returning sea. You may write upon its fine-grained face with a crowquill—you may course over its dazzling expanse with a troop of chariots.

Most wondrous and beautiful of all, within twenty yards of the surf, or for an hour after the tide has left the sand, it holds the water without losing its firmness, and is like a grey mirror, blight as the bosom of the sea. (By your leave, Thalaba!) And now lean over the dasher, and see those small fetlocks striking up from beneath—the flying mane, the thorough-bred action, the small and expressive head, as perfect in the reflection as in the reality; like Wordsworth's swan, he

*"Trots double, horse and shadow."*

You would swear you were skimming the surface of the sea; and the delusion is more complete as the white foam of the "tenth wave" skims in beneath wheel and hoof, and you urge on with the treacherous clement gliding away visibly beneath you.

We seem not to have driven fast, yet three miles, fairly measured, are left behind, and Thalaba's blood is up. Fine creature! I would not give him

*"For the best horse the Sun has in his stable."*

We have won champagne ere now, Thalaba and I, trotting on this silvery beach; and if ever old age comes on me, as I intend it never shall on aught save my mortal coil, (my spirit vowed to perpetual youth,) I think these vital breezes, and a trot on these exhilarating sands, would sooner renew my prime than a rock in St. Hilary's cradle, or a dip in the Well of Kanathos. May we try the experiment together, gentle reader!

I am not settled in my own mind whether this description of one of my favourite haunts in America was written most to introduce the story that is to follow, or the story to introduce the description. Possibly the latter, for having consumed my callow youth in wandering "to and fro in the earth," like Sathanas of old, and looking on my country now with an eye from which all the minor and temporary features have gradually faded, I find my pride in it (after its glory as a republic) settling principally on the superior handiwork of Nature in its land and water. When I talk of it now, it is looking through another's eyes—his who listens. I do not describe it after my own memory of what it *was once to me*, but according to my idea of what it will *seem now to a stranger*. Hence I speak not of the friends I made, rambling by lake or river. The lake and the river are there, but the friends are changed—to themselves and me. I speak not of the lovely and loving ones that stood by me, looking on glen or waterfall. The glen and the waterfall are romantic still, but the form and the heart that breathed through it are no longer lovely or loving. I should renew my joys by the old mountain and river, for, all they ever were I should find them still, and never seem to myself grown old, or cankered of the world, or changed in form or spirit, while they reminded me but of my youth, with their familiar sunshine and beauty. But the friends that I knew—as I knew them—are dead. They look no longer the same; they have another heart in them; the kindness of the eye, the smilingness of the lip, are no more there. Philosophy tells me the material and living body changes and renews, par-

ticle by particle, with time ; and Experience—cold-blooded and stony monitor—tells me, in his frozen monotone, that heart and spirit change with it and renew ! But the name remains, mockery that it is ! and the memory sometimes ; and so these apparitions of the past—that we almost fear to question when they encounter us, lest the change they have undergone should freeze our blood—stare coldly on us, yet call us by name, and answer, though coldly, to their own, and have that terrible similitude to what they were, mingled with their unsympathizing and hollow mummery, that we wish the grave of the past, with all that it contained of kind or lovely, had been sealed for ever. The heart we have lain near before our birth (so read I the book of human life) is the only one that cannot forget that it has loved us. Saith well and affectionately an American poet, in some birth-day verses to his mother—

“ Mother ! dear mother ! the feelings nurst  
As I hung at thy bosom, *clung round thee first*—  
’Twas the earliest link in love’s warm chain,  
’Tis the only one that will long remain ;  
And as, year by year, and day by day,  
Some friend, still trusted, drops away,  
Mother ! dear mother ! *Oh, dost thou see*  
*How the shortened chain brings me nearer thee !*”

## II.

I have observed that, of all the friends one has in the course of his life, the truest and most attached is exactly the one who, from his dissimilarity to yourself, the world finds it very odd you should fancy. We hear sometimes of lovers who “ are made for each other,” but rarely of the same natural match in friendship. It is no great marvel. In a world like this, where we pluck so desperately at the fruit of pleasure, we prefer for company those who are not formed with precisely the same palate as ourselves. You will seldom go wrong, dear reader, if you refer any human question about which you are in doubt to that icy oracle—selfishness.

My shadow for many years was a gentle monster, baptized by the name of *Forbearance Smith*. He was a Vermontese, a descendant of one of the Puritan pilgrims, and the first of his family who had left the Green Mountains since the flight of the regicides to America. We assimilate to what we live among, and *Forbearance* was very *green*, and very like a *mountain*. He had a general resemblance to one of Thorwaldsen’s unfinished Apostles—larger than life, and just hewn into outline. My acquaintance with him commenced during my first year at the university. He stalked into my room one morning with a hair-trunk on his back, and handed me the following note from the tutor :—

“ SIR,—The Faculty have decided to impose upon you the fine of ten dollars and damages, for painting the President’s horse on Sabbath night while grazing on the College Green. They, moreover, have removed Freshman Wilding from your rooms, and appoint as your future chum the studious and exemplary bearer, *Forbearance Smith*, to whom you are desired to show a becoming respect.

“ Your obedient servant,

“ ERASMUS SNUFFIEGREEK.

“ To Freshman Slingsby.”

Rather relieved by my lenient sentence, (for, till the next shedding of his well-saturated coat, the sky-blue body and red mane and tail of the President's once gray mare would interfere with that esteemed animal's usefulness,) I received Mr. Smith with more politeness than he expected. He deposited his hair-trunk in the vacant bed-room, remarked with a good-humoured smile that it was a cold morning, and seating himself in my easiest chair, opened his Euclid, and went to work upon a problem, as perfectly at home as if he had furnished the room himself, and lived in it from his matriculation. I had expected some preparatory apology at least, and was a little annoyed; but being upon my good behaviour, I bit my lips, and resumed the "Art of Love," upon which I was just then practising my nascent Latinity, instead of calculating logarithms for recitation. In about an hour, my new chum suddenly vociferated "Eureka!" shut up his book, and having stretched himself, (a very unnecessary operation,) coolly walked to my dressing-table, selected my best hair-brush, redolent of Macassar, and used it with the greatest apparent satisfaction.

"Have you done with that hair-brush?" I asked, as he laid it in its place again.

"Oh yes!"

"Then, perhaps, you will do me the favour to throw it out of the window."

He did it without the slightest hesitation. He then resumed his seat by the fire, and I went on with my book in silence. Twenty minutes had elapsed, perhaps, when he rose very deliberately, and without a word of preparation gave me a cuff that sent me flying into the wood-basket in the corner behind me. As soon as I could pick myself out, I flew upon him, but I might as well have grappled with a boa-constrictor. He held me off at arm's length till I was quite exhausted with rage, and, at last, when I could struggle no more, I found breath to ask him what the devil he meant?

"To resent what seemed to me, on reflection, to be an insult;" he answered, in the calmest tone, "and now to ask your pardon for a fault of ignorance. The first was due to myself, the second to you."

Thenceforth, to the surprise of everybody, and Bob Wilding and the tutor, we were inseparable. I took Bruin (by a double elision *Forbearance* became "*bear*," and by paraphrase *Bruin*, and he answered to the name)—I took him, I say, to the omnium shop, and presented him with a dressing-case, and other appliances for his *outer* man; and as my *inner* man was relatively as much in need of his assistance, we mutually improved. I instructed him in poetry and politeness, and he returned the lesson in problems and politics. My star was never in more fortunate conjunction.

Four years had woven their threads of memory about us, and there was never woof more free from blemish. Our friendship was proverbial. All that much care and Macassar could do for Bruin had been done, but there was no abating his seven feet of stature, nor reducing the size of his feet proper, nor making the muscles of his face answer to their natural wires. At his most placid smile, a strange waiter would run for a hot towel and the doctor, (colic was not more like itself than that like colic); and for his motions—oh Lord! a skeleton, with each individual bone appended to its neighbour with a string, would execute a



*pas seul* with the same expression. His mind, however, had none of the awkwardness of his body. A simplicity and truth, amounting to the greatest *naïveté*, and a fatuitous unconsciousness of the effect on beholders of his outer man, were its only approaches to fault or foible. With the finest sense of the beautiful, the most unerring judgment in literary taste, the purest romance, a fervid enthusiasm, constancy, courage, and good temper, he walked about the world in a mask—an admirable creature, in the guise and seeming of a ludicrous monster.

Bruin was sensitive on but one point. He never could forgive his father and mother for the wrong they had entailed on him at his baptism. "Forbearance Smith!" he would say to himself sometimes in unconscious soliloquy, "they should have given me the virtue as well as the name!" And then he would sit with a pen, and scrawl "F. Smith" on a sheet of paper by the hour together. To insist upon knowing his Christian name was the one impertinence he never forgave. His last request (he is dead, poor fellow!) was, that "F. Smith" might be inscribed on his tomb-stone. I shall find him a relentless ghost on my arrival among the shades, if this paper shall have been mentioned in Elysium. *Pax mortuis!*

### III.

My party at Nahant consisted of Thalaba, Forbearance, and myself. The place was crowded, but I passed my time very much between my horse and my friend, and was as certain to be found on the beach when the tide was down, as the sea to have left the sands. Job (a synonyme for Forbearance which became at this time his common *soubriquet*) was, of course, in love. Not the least to the prejudice, however, of his last faithful passion—for he was as fond of the memory of an old love, as he was tender in the presence of the new. I intended to have had him dissected after his death, to see whether his organization was not peculiar. I strongly incline to the opinion, that we should have found a mirror in the place of his heart. Strange! how the same man who is so fickle in love, will be so constant in friendship! But is it fickleness? Is it not rather a *superflu* of tenderness in the nature, which overflows to all who approach the fountain? I have ever observed, that the most susceptible men are the most remarkable for the finer qualities of character. They are more generous, more delicate, and of a more chivalrous complexion altogether, than other men. It was surprising how reasonably Bruin would argue upon this point. "Because I was happy at Niagara," he was saying one day as we sat upon the rocks, "shall I take no pleasure in the Falls of Montmorenci? Because the sunset was glorious yesterday, shall I find no beauty in that of to-day? Is my fancy to be used but once, and the key turned upon it for ever? Is the heart like a *bon-bon*, to be eaten up by the first favourite, and thought of no more? Are our eyes blind, save to one shape of beauty? Are our ears insensible to the music save of one voice?"

"But do you not weaken the heart, and become incapable of a lasting attachment, by this habit of inconstancy?"

"How long, my dear Phil, will you persist in talking as if the heart was material, and held so much love as a cup so much water, and had legs to be weary, or organs to grow dull? How is my sensibility lessened?—how my capacity enfeebled? What would I have done for my first

love, that I would not do for my last? I would have sacrificed my life to secure the happiness of one you wot of in days gone by—I would jump into the sea, if it would make Blanche Carroll happier to-morrow."

"*Sautez donc !*" said a thrilling voice behind ; and as if the utterance of her name had conjured her out of the ground, the object of all Job's admiration, and a little of my own, stood before us. She had a work-basket in her hand, a gipsy-hat tossed carelessly on her head, and had preceded a whole troop of belles and matrons, who were coming off to while away the morning, and breathe the invigorating sea-air on the rocks.

Blanche Carroll was what the women would call "a little love," but that phrase of endearment would not at all express the feeling with which she inspired the men. She was small, and her face and figure might have been framed in fairy-land for bewitching beauty ; but with the manner of a spoiled child, and, apparently, the most thoughtless playfulness of mind, she was as veritable a little devil as ever took the shape of woman. Scarce seventeen at this time, she had a knowledge of character that was like an instinct, and was an accomplished actress in any part it was necessary for her purpose to play. No grave Machiavel ever managed his cards with more finesse than that little *intriguante* the limited world of which she was the star. She was a natural master-spirit and plotter ; and the talent that would have employed itself in the deeper game of politics, had she been born a woman of rank in Europe, displayed itself, in the simple society of a republic, in subduing to her power everything in the shape of a single man that ventured to her net. I have nothing to tell of her at all commensurate with the character I have drawn, for the disposal of her own heart (if she has one) must of course be the most important event of her life ; but I merely pencil the outline of the portrait in passing, as a specimen of the material that exists, even in the simplest society, for the *dramatis persone* of a court.

We followed the light-footed beauty to the shelter of one of the caves opening on the sea, and seated ourselves about her upon the rocks. Some one proposed that Job or myself should read.

"Oh, Mr. Smith!" interrupted the belle, "where is my bracelet? and where are my verses?"

At the ball the night before she had dropped a bracelet in the waltz, and Job had been permitted to take care of the fragments, on condition of restoring them, with a sonnet, the next morning. She had just thought of it.

"Read them out! read them out!" she cried, as Job, blushing a deep blue, extracted a tri-cornered pink document from his pocket, and tried to give it to her unobserved, with the packet of jewellery. Job looked at her imploringly, and she took the verses from his hand, and ran her eye through them.

"Pretty well!" she said ; "but the last line might be improved. Give me a pencil, some one!" And bending over it, till her luxuriant hair concealed her fairy fingers in their employment, she wrote a moment upon her knee, and tossing the paper to me, bade me read it out with the emendation. Bruin had, meantime, modestly disappeared, and I read with the more freedom.

" 'Twas broken in the gliding dance,  
 When thou wert in thy dream of power;  
 When shape and motion, tone and glance,  
 "Were glorious all—the woman's hour!  
 The light lay soft upon thy brow,  
 The music melted in thine ear,  
 And one, perhaps forgotten now,  
 With 'wilder'd thoughts stood list'ning near,  
 Marvelling not that links of gold  
 A pulse like thine had not controll'd.  
 'Tis midnight now.—The dance is done,  
 And thou, in thy soft dreams, asleep;  
 And I, awake, am gazing on  
 The fragments given me to keep.  
 I think of ev'ry glowing vein  
 That ran beneath these links of gold,  
 And wonder if a thrill of pain  
 Made those bright channels ever cold!  
 With gifts like thine, I cannot think  
 Grief ever chill'd this broken link.  
 Good night! 'Tis little now to thee  
 That in my ear thy words were spoken,  
 And thou wilt think of them and me  
 As long as of the bracelet broken.  
 For thus is riven many a chain  
 That thou hast fasten'd but to break,  
 And thus thou'lt sink to sleep again,  
 As careless that another wake;  
 The only thought thy heart can rend  
 Is—*what the fellow 'll charge to mend!*"

Job's conclusion was more pathetic, but probably less true. He appeared after the applause had ceased, and resumed his place at the lady's feet, with a look in his countenance of having deserved an abatement of persecution. The beauty spread out the fragments of the broken bracelet on the rock beside her.

"Mr. Smith!" said she, in her most conciliating tone.

Job leaned toward her with a look of devoted inquiry.

"Has the tide turned?"

"Certainly. Two hours since."

"The beach is passable, then?"

"Hardly, I fear."

"No matter. How many hours' drive is it to Salem?"

"Mr. Slingsby drives it in two."

"Then you'll get Mr. Slingsby to lend you his stanhope, drive to Salem, have this bracelet mended, and bring it back in time for the ball. *I have spoken*, as the Grand Turk says. *Allez!*"

"But my dear Miss Carroll——"

She laid her hand on his mouth as he began to remonstrate, and while I made signs to him to refuse, she said something to him which I lost in a sudden dash of the waters. He looked at me for my consent.

"Oh! you can have Mr. Slingsby's horse," said the beauty, as I hesitated whether my refusal would not check her tyranny, "and I'll drive him out this evening for his reward. *N'est ce pas?* You cross man!"

So, with a sun hot enough to fry the brains in his skull, and a quivering reflection on the sands that would burn his face to a blister, *exit* Job, with the broken bracelet in his bosom.

"Stop, Mr. Slingsby," said the imperious little belle, as I was making up a mouth, after his departure, to express my disapprobation of her measures, "no lecture, if you please. Give me that book of plays, and I'll read you a precedent. Because you are virtuous, shall we have no more cakes and ale? *Ecoutez!*" And, with an emphasis and expression that would have been perfect on the stage, she read the following passage from "The Careless Husband:"—

"*Lady Betty.*—The men of sense, my dear, make the best fools in the world; their sincerity and good breeding throw them so entirely into one's power, and give one such an agreeable thirst of using them ill, to show that power—'tis impossible not to quench it.

"*Lady Easy.*—But my Lord Morelove—

"*Lady B.*—Pooh! my Lord Morelove's a mere Indian damask—one can't wear him out; o' my conscience, I must give him to my woman at last. I begin to be known by him; had I not best leave him off, my dear?

"*Lady E.*—Why did you ever encourage him?

"*Lady B.*—Why, what would you have one do? For my part, I could no more choose a man by my eye than a shoe—one must draw them on a little, to see if they are right to one's foot.

"*Lady E.*—But I'd no more fool on with a man I could not like, than wear a shoe that pinched me.

"*Lady B.*—Ay; but then a poor wretch tells one he'll widen 'em, or do anything, and is so civil and silly, that one does not know how to turn such a trifle as a pair of shoes, or a heart, upon a fellow's hands again.

"*Lady E.*—And there's my Lord Foppington.

"*Lady B.*—My dear! fine fruit will have flies about it; but, poor things! they do it no harm; for, if you observe, people are generally most apt to choose that the flies have been busy with. Ha! ha!

"*Lady E.*—Thou art a strange, giddy creature!

"*Lady B.*—That may be from too much circulation of thought, my dear!"

"Pray, Miss Carroll," said I, as she threw aside the book with a theatrical air, "have you any precedent for broiling a man's brains, as well as breaking his heart? For, by this time, my friend Forbearance has a *coup de soleil*, and is hissing over the beach like a steam-engine."

"How tiresome you are! Do you really think it will kill him?"

"It might injure him seriously—let alone the danger of driving a spirited horse over the beach, with the tide quarter-down."

"What shall I do to be 'taken out of the corner,' Mr. Slingsby?"

"Order your horses an hour sooner, and drive to Lynn, to meet him half way on his return. I will resume my stanhope, and give him the happiness of driving back with you."

"And shall I be gentle Blanche Carroll, and no ogre, if I do?"

"Yes; Mr. Smith surviving."

"Take the trouble to give my orders, then; and come back immediately, and read to me till it is time to go. Meantime, I shall look at myself in this black mirror." And the spoilt, but most lovely girl bent over a dark pool in the corner of the cave, forming a picture on its shadowy background that drew a murmur of admiration even from the neglected group who had been the silent and disapproving witnesses of her caprice."

## IV.

A thunder-cloud strode into the sky with the rapidity which marks that common phenomenon of a breathless summer afternoon in America, darkened the air for a few minutes, so that the birds betook themselves to their nests, and then poured out its refreshing waters with the most terrific flashes of lightning, and crashes of thunder which for a moment seemed to still even the eternal bass of the sea. With the same fearful rapidity, the black roof of the sky tore apart, and fell back, in rolling and changing masses, upon the horizon; the sun darted with intense brilliancy through the clarified and transparent air; the light-stirring breeze came freighted with delicious coolness; and the heavy sea-birds, who had lain brooding on the waves while the tumult of the elements went on, rose on their scimitar-like wings, and fled away, with incomprehensible instinct, from the beautified and freshened land. The whole face of earth and sky had been changed in an hour.

Oh, of what fulness of delight are even the senses capable! What a nerve there is sometimes in every pore! What love for all living and all inanimate things may be born of a summer shower! How stirs the fancy, and brightens hope, and warms the heart, and sings the spirit within us, at the mere animal joy with which the lark flees into heaven! And yet, of this exquisite capacity for pleasure we take so little care! We refine our taste, we elaborate and finish our mental perception, we study the beautiful, that we may know it when it appears,—yet the senses by which these faculties are approached, the stops by which this fine instrument is played, are trifled with and neglected. We forget that a single excess blurs and confuses the music written on our minds; we forget that an untimely vigil weakens and bewilders the delicate minister to our inner temple; we know not, or act as if we knew not, that the fine and easily-jarred harmony of health is the only interpreter of Nature to our souls; in short, we drink too much claret, and eat too much *pâté foie gras*. Do you understand me, *gourmand et gourmet*?

Blanche Carroll was a beautiful whip, and the two bay ponies in her phaeton were quite aware of it. La Bruyère says, with his usual wisdom, “Une belle femme qui a les qualités d’un honnête homme est ce qu’il y a au monde d’un commerce plus délicieux;” and, to a certain degree, masculine accomplishments, too, are very winning in a woman—if pretty; if plain, she is expected not only to be quite feminine, but quite perfect. Fables are as hateful in a woman who does *not* possess beauty as they are engaging in a woman who *does*. Clouds are only lovely when the heavens are bright.

She looked loveliest while driving, did Blanche Carroll, for she was born to rule, and the expression native to her lip was energy and nerve; and as she sat with her little foot pressed against the dasher, and reined in those spirited horses, the finely-pencilled mouth, usually playful or pettish, was pressed together in a curve as warlike as Minerva’s, and twice as captivating. She drove, too, as capriciously as she acted. At one moment her fleet ponies fled over the sand at the top of their speed, and at the next they were brought down to a walk, with a suddenness which threatened to bring them upon their haunches. Now far up on the dry sand, cutting a zigzag to lengthen the way, and again below at the tide edge, with the waves breaking over her seaward wheel; all her

powers at one instant engrossed in pushing them to their fastest trot, and in another the reins lying loose on their backs, while she discussed some sudden flight of philosophy. "Be his fairy, his page, his everything that love and poetry have invented," said Roger Ascham to Lady Jane Grey, just before her marriage; but Blanche Carroll was almost the only woman I ever saw capable of that *beau idéal* of fascinating characters.

Between Miss Carroll and myself there was a safe and cordial friendship. Besides loving another better, she was neither earnest, nor true, nor affectionate enough to come at all within the range of my possible attachments, and though I admired her, she felt that the necessary sympathy was wanting for love; and, the idea of fooling me with the rest once abandoned, we were the greatest of allies. She told me all her triumphs, and I listened and laughed without thinking it worth while to burden her with my confidence in return; and you may as well make a memorandum, gentle reader, that *that* is a very good basis for a friendship. Nothing bores women or worldly persons so much as to return their secrets with your own.

As we drew near the extremity of the beach, a boy rode up on horse-back, and presented Miss Carroll with a note. I observed that it was written on a very dirty slip of paper, and was waiting to be enlightened as to its contents, when she slipped it into her belt, took the whip from the box, and flogging her ponies through the heavy sand of the outer beach, went off, at a pace which seemed to engross all her attention, on her road to Lynn. We reached the hotel and she had not spoken a syllable, and as I made a point of never inquiring into anything that seemed odd in her conduct, I merely stole a glance at her face, which wore the expression of mischievous satisfaction which I liked, least of its common expressions, and descended from the phaeton with the simple remark that Job could not have arrived, as I saw nothing of my stauhope in the yard.

"Mr. Slingsby." It was the usual preface to asking some particular favour.

"Miss Carroll."

"Will you be so kind as to walk to the library and select me a book to your own taste, and ask no questions as to what I do with myself meantime?"

"But my dear Miss Carroll—your father——"

"Will feel quite satisfied when he hears that Cato was with me. Leave the ponies to the groom, Cato, and follow me." I looked after her as she walked down the village street with the old black behind her, not at all certain of the propriety of my acquiescence, but feeling that there was no help for it.

I lounged away a half-hour at the library, and found Miss Carroll waiting for me on my return. There were no signs of Bruin; and as she seemed impatient to be off, I jumped into the phaeton, and away we flew to the beach as fast as her ponies could be driven under the whip. As we descended upon the sands she spoke for the first time.

"It is so civil of you to ask no questions, Mr. Slingsby; but you are not offended with me?"

"If you have got into no scrape while under my charge, I shall certainly be too happy to shake hands upon it to-morrow."

"Are you *quite* sure?" she asked archly.

"Quite sure."

"So am *not* I," she said with a merry laugh; and in her excessive amusement she drove down to the sea, till the surf broke over the nearest pony's back, and filled the bottom of the phaeton with water. Our wet feet were now a fair apology for haste, and taking the reins from her, I drove rapidly home, while she wrapped herself in her shawl, and sat apparently absorbed in the coming of the twilight over the sea.

#### V.

I slept late after the ball, though I had gone to bed exceedingly anxious about Bruin, who had not yet made his appearance. The tide would prevent his crossing the beach after ten in the morning, however, and I made myself tolerably easy till the sands were passable with the evening ebb. The high-water mark was scarcely deserted by the waves, when the same boy who had delivered the note to Miss Carroll the day before rode up from the beach on a panting horse, and delivered me the following note:—

"DEAR PHILIP,—You will be surprised to hear that I am in the Lynn gaol on a charge of theft and utterance of counterfeit money. I do not wait to tell you the particulars. Please come and identify

"Your's truly,

"F. SMITH."

I got upon the boy's horse, and hurried over the beach with whip and spur. I stopped at the justice's office, and that worthy seemed uncommonly pleased to see me.

"We have got him, Sir," said he.

"Got whom?" I asked rather shortly.

"Why, the fellow that stole your stanhope and Miss Carroll's bracelet, and passed a twenty-dollar counterfeit bill—han't you heard on't?"

The justice's incredulity, when I told him it was probably the most intimate friend I had in the world, would have amused me at any other time.

"Will you allow me to see the prisoner?" I asked.

"Be sure I will. I let Miss Carroll have a peep at him yesterday, and what do you think? oh Lord! he wanted to make her believe she knew him! Good! wasn't it? Ha! ha! And *such* an ill-looking fellow! Why, I'd know him for a thief anywhere! *Your* intimate friend, Mr. Slingsby! Oh, Lord! when you come to see him! Ha! ha!"

We were at the prison-door. The grating bolts turned slowly, the door swung rustily on its hinges as if it was not often used, and in the next minute I was enfolded in Job's arms, who sobbed and laughed, and was quite hysterical with his delight. I scarce wondered at the justice's prepossessions when I looked at the figure he made. His hat knocked in, his coat muddy, his hair full of the dust of straw—the natural hideousness of poor Job had every possible aggravation.

We were in the stanhope, and fairly on the beach, before he had sufficiently recovered to tell me the story. He had arrived quite overheated at Lynn, but, in a hurry to execute Miss Carroll's commission, he merely took a glass of soda-water, had Thalaba's mouth washed, and drove on.

A mile on his way, he was overtaken by a couple of ostlers on horse-back, who very roughly ordered him back to the inn. He refused, and a fight ensued, which ended in his being tied into the stanhope, and driven back as a prisoner. The large note, which he had given for his soda-water, it appeared, was a counterfeit, and placards, offering a reward for the detection of a villain, described in the usual manner as an ill-looking fellow, had been sticking up for some days in the village. He was taken before the justice, who declared at first sight that he answered the description in the advertisement. His stubborn refusal to give the whole of his name (he would rather have died, I suppose), his possession of my stanhope, which was immediately recognized, and lastly the bracelet found in his pocket, of which he refused indignantly to give any account, were circumstances enough to leave no doubt on the mind of the worthy justice. He made out his *mittimus* forthwith, granting Job's request that he might be allowed to write a note to Miss Carroll (who, he knew, would drive over the beach toward evening), as a very great favour. She arrived as he expected.

"And what in heaven's name did she say?" said I, interested beyond my patience at this part of the story.

"Expressed the greatest astonishment when the justice showed her the bracelet, and declared she *never saw me before in her life!*"

That Job forgave Blanche Carroll in two days, and gave her a pair of gloves with some verses on the third, will surprise only those who have not seen that lady. It would seem incredible, but here are the verses, as large as life:—

"Slave of the snow-white hand! I fold  
 My spirit in thy fabric fair;  
 And when that dainty hand is cold,  
 And rudely comes the wintry air,  
 Press in thy light and straining form  
 Those slender fingers soft and warm;  
 And, as the fine-traced veins within  
 Quickened their bright and rosy flow,  
 And gratefully the dewy skin  
 Clings to the form that warms it so,  
 Tell her my heart is hiding there,  
 Trembling to be so closely prest,  
 Yet feels how brief its moments are,  
 And saddens even to be blest--  
 Fated to serve her for a day,  
 And then, like thee, *be flung away.*"

SLINGSBY



## RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.—NO. III.

DENVIL I first saw at Liverpool, where he came out for the benefit of Loveday, about fourteen years ago, in Holspur. He then acted under the name of Stuart: he afterwards was in the York circuit, and with old Macready at Bristol; and about 1822 or 1823, he commenced manager at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. His unacquaintance with the mode of managing a provincial theatre may be gathered from the fact that, in Cowes, he only put up and performed three plays in three weeks, and those three were "George Barnwell," "Bertram," and "Douglas;" of course, Denvil was the hero in each. In 1826 he was at Deptford, playing Rashleigh Osbaldiston, Richmond, and characters of that grade. Last January he was engaged at the little theatre in Tottenham-street, and came out in the character of an old man, in a piece called "The Father's Plea" (founded on an Irish story). Charles Mason (a nephew of Charles Kemble's) was the hero of the company. [About that time, Mr. Denvil played for a short period at the Garrick Theatre, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields, and was unnoticed.] The "Gamester" was altered by the author of "Figaro in London," by the interpolation of some comic characters, to make room for which all the parts except Beverley were reduced to skeletons. Denvil acted what was left of Lewson in this gallimaufry a few nights, and then left the theatre. He is thirty-six years of age.

*A Dramatic Couple.*—Mr. and Mrs. J——, when in the Glasgow company, lived unfortunately very much after the fashion in which Mr. and Mrs. Milton, Dr. and Mrs. Sherlock, and many other great personages are said to have existed; with the exception that Mr. J—— adopted the permission accorded by Judge Buller, and generally silenced Mrs. J—— by the *argumentum baculum*. One evening, after certain fastigatory performances at home, Mr. and Mrs. J—— performed the Duke and Duchess in Tobin's *Honeymoon*; in one of the scenes of which Juliana has to say that she presumes, if "she disobeys his orders, he will beat her; to which the Duke replies—

"I'll talk to you; but I'll not beat you.  
He that lays his hand upon a woman,  
Save it, the way of kindness, is a wretch,  
Whom 'twere gross flattery to call a coward."

Mr. J—— had scarcely begun this commonplace claptrap, when his spouse, dismissing the recollection of her scenic character, and smarting with her wrongs, darted a look at him, accompanied by an undercurrent exclamation thus—

*Mr. J. as Duke.*—He that lays his hand upon a woman——  
[*Mrs. J. gives an indescribable glance, and exclaims—Ugh! You brute!*]  
*Mr. J. (proceeding).*—*Save when she richly deserves it—is a wretch,*  
*Whom 'twere base flattery to call a coward.*

*Melvin, the Rival of Elliston*, was the early friend and companion of Mathews in Yorkshire. When he got into Leeds, he was not treated with that deference and alacrity of attention he deemed his due; in revenge, he ordered a dozen black shirts to be made, one of which he constantly wore, for the mere purpose of provoking the wherefore, that he might reply—"This Leeds is so cursed smoky and dirty, that a white one don't last clean above six or seven minutes." He went out one night to stick up some posters for his benefit, but he and his bill-sticker being *Barchi plenus*, stuck them to the wall with the printing upside down, &c. On discovering it, he coolly remarked, "It makes no difference, for none of the Leeds people can read." Latterly his habits were so recklessly irregular, that no one could become

his companion. On entering a town, he would take up his quarters in a house of an infamous description, instead of an inn, and has been known to stay in one place of this sort for four months. He was an admirable actor, and, what would seem incredible from his habits, an elegant and accomplished man.

*Harry Johnston.*—Harry Johnston, who used to be "the biggest boy in the world," had an odd style of imitating persons' manner, gait, and gesture, without attempting their voices; no one who had not seen him do it could imagine anything so ludicrous as his representation of how the principal actors would play Harlequin. The fervent lightness of Lewis, the elephantine ponderosity of Cooke, and the solemn saltatory efforts of Kemble, were irresistible; he generally ended this display by a jump à la Ellar. On one occasion, when a knot of actors and their friends were dining at Greenwich, in the house looking into the park, he gave this performance, and concluded by a lion's leap out of the window, which, as they were in the parlour, was only four or five feet from the ground. The laugh, the song, and the bottle went round, and, in another hour the party adjourned up-stairs to the first floor, as the numbers having increased, we should have been confined below. Some of our recent visitors were anxious to hear Johnston's imitations again. Harry complied, and set every body screaming at his pantomimical portraits of Holman, Suett, Pope, &c. Elated with the hilarity of his hearers, he wound up as before in the style of a veritable pantomimist, and, forgetting where he was, jumped through the window, and of course fell full sixteen feet into the park. Providentially no bones were broken, but poor Harry received a shock that none but a strong constitution could ever have recovered.

*Mrs. Waylett and Mrs. Fitzwilliam.*—When the "Loves of the Angels" was produced at the Strand Theatre, it was proposed to Mrs. Fitzwilliam, then lessee of Sadler's Wells, to produce a piece upon the same subject at her theatre. Mrs. Fitzwilliam said "No, no; mine's not a celestial figure. Mrs. Waylett may be the Angel at St. Clement's, if she likes; but I won't be the Angel at Islington."

*Reeve's Othello.*—Othello has always been a favourite character with our tragically-given comedians. Foote appeared in it, and failed; Mathews did the same; and John Reeve made his first Thespian attempt in the Moor of Venice, at a private theatre in Wilson-street, Gray's-inn-lane.

*Follett and Sheridan.*—Follett, the Clown (of Covent Garden Theatre), was an extravagant, dissolute man, and always either in "gaol or in jeopardy." He was one day locked up at Hirst's, the sheriff's officer, in Took's-court, when Sheridan was brought in, who either did not know, or did not choose to recognize, Follett: but the pantomimist was not to be denied; and, slapping the dramatist on the shoulder, he exclaimed, "They talk of an enlightened age, Mr. Sheridan; and here are two such men as you and I locked up for a few paltry pounds."

*Ireland, the Flying Phenomenon.*—Ireland, the vaulter, was the most extraordinary natural jumper I ever saw, though I have seen many who excelled him when aided by the spring-board and other artificial contrivances. I have walked with Ireland, and he has suddenly left my arm, and, with the mere impetus of a couple of paces, jumped over a turnpike-gate. His leaping over the bar opposite the Surrey Theatre, when going home half tipsy, first attracted attention towards him. In those days of practical joking, he was foremost in frolic; his animal spirits were great, and he was vain and fond of display. One trick of his was, if he saw a horse held in waiting for its rider, to stand beside it, as if uncertain which way he should turn, for a moment: and when he saw the rider coming out, to spring clean over the back of the horse, with a ludicrous appearance of anxiety to get out of the gentleman's way. What made this seem more

singular was, that Ireland always walked off as if he had performed no extraordinary feat at all, leaving those who had beheld the jump doubting the evidence of their own senses, and liable, of course, to be doubly doubted if they narrated the occurrence.

One of his stage exhibitions was, to throw a summerset over a waggon and eight horses; over a dozen grenadiers standing at present-arms with fixed bayonets. Sir Thomas Picton, a man of unquestionable courage, went to witness this exhibition; but when he saw the men placed he trembled like a leaf, and kept his head down whilst Ireland jumped; nor did he look up till he had first asked, "Has he done it?" When assured he had, he said, "A battle's nothing to that." Ireland was very proud of all this; but at length paid the price of his temerity.

*Liston and Mathews.*—Liston, when at Covent Garden, in 1809, asked Mathews to act for him. Charles excused himself, as he was obliged to play the same night at the Haymarket; "And you know," said the mimic, "I can't divide myself." "I'm not sure of that," rejoined Liston: "I've seen you play in a great many different pieces."

*A Scotch Auditor.*—Such was their devotion to name and to "known bodies" in bonny Dundee, that when a stranger made his début, and some unthinking Sawney was beginning to applaud him, his friend caught his arm, and exclaimed, "Hoot, mon, what are you about? Bide a wee bit; naeboddy kens who he is."

*Irish Johnstone's Singing.*—Jack Johnstone was very proud of his patrician acquaintances; and as the Prince of Wales was partial to his Irish ballads, he was a constant member of the jovial societies of the year 1790 and thereabouts. Suett inflated poor Johnstone with the hyperbolical praises that he vowed the Prince had lavished on his singing; whilst he amused Johnstone's associates with very different accounts. Johnstone had one note (E in alt.) which he took very clearly in his falsetto. It was his delight to dwell on that tone an unconscionable time; so much so, that Suett told Erskine that the Prince once coming into his box whilst Johnstone was at his favourite exercise, turned to his friend, and said, "I verily believe he has held that note ever since we were here last,"—the Prince having been, the week previous, (according to Suett,) driven out of the theatre by "Paddy's protracted howl."

*Tom Cooke the Leader.*—Tom Cooke is certainly the most facetious of fiddlers, and is the only person at present connected with theatres who smacks of the olden says of quips and cranks. Some of his conundrums are most amusing absurdities; for instance:—"Which is the best shop to get a fiddle at?" asked a pupil. "A chemist's," said he: "because if you buy a drug there, they always give you a *vial-in*."

Once, whilst rehearsing a song, Braham said to Cooke, who was leading, "I drop my voice there at night," (intimating that he wished the accompaniment more pianof.) "You drop your voice, do you?" said Cooke. "I should like to be by and pick it up."

During the run of *Maudred* lately, he said, "How Denvil keeps sober through the play I can't think; for he is calling for *spirits* from the first scene to the last!"

*Metropolitan Stages.*—Some notion of the different available sizes of the London theatres may be formed by the mention of this fact:—The stage of the Victoria theatre is 92 feet deep; that of the Strand not quite 20. (By depth is meant from the orchestra to the extremest limit of the stage.) The depth of the stage of the City theatre is only 19 feet; yet there Kean played Richard, and the play altogether was effectively acted.

*Coleridge's Remorse.*—In this play, written and presented to Drury at Sheridan's urgent request, there occurs a scene in which one of the cha-

racters, waiting in a cavern, is listening to the dropping of the dank dew into the deep abyss below, the poet has given him this line:—

“Drip, drip, drip, a ceaseless sound of water-drop.”

When Sheridan heard the tragedy read, he exclaimed at this line—

“Drip, drip, drip, here’s nothing here but dripping!”

*Country Theatres.*—*Kean and Cooke’s Wardrobes.*—Great misunderstanding prevails respecting provincial theatres, few persons being aware that, though *one or two* country theatres *profess* to find a wardrobe for the actresses, and though all affirm that they have wardrobes for the actors, the fact is that country *actresses* find all their own dresses, robes of state and *all*! and actors generally do the same, except perhaps in such points as regal robes, or what are technically called old men’s dresses,—*i. e.* old court suits. As a first provincial establishment cannot afford to give, for a permanency, more than three guineas per week to their leading performers, it follows that, unless such person has some private means, he cannot hold the situation without incurring ruinous debts. When Kean, in 1808, went to a theatre in the West to appear as Romeo, he asked for his dress, and was told that it was usual for gentlemen who played first tragedy to find their own. “Then,” said Kean, “I must play it in what I stand up in, for I have no other.” His dress at that moment was a grey great coat (then commonly worn), buckskin breeches, and top-boots.

May not the tardy steps of G. F. Cooke, and others, to the pinnacle of popularity be attributable to their want of these adventitious advantages? How many persons of genius of both sexes must be retarded by this alone, whilst ladies of slender pretensions to talent, and still slenderer to character, over-dress most ludicrously all the parts intrusted to their mutilation! I have known several provincial performers travel with *eight hundred weight* of baggage, consisting of dresses, armour, ornaments, &c. &c. &c. Mr. Salter, whose untimely death prevented his *debut* in the metropolis, carried as much; and Mr. Pritchard, now at Dublin, carries more. It is evident that by crowded benefit nights only can these expenses be at all repaid. The inference is obvious; desperate debt or mendicatory degradation.

*Beginnings.*—Dowton, in his evidence before the Dramatic Committee, when asked where he first acted publicly, replied, “In a barn at Ashburton, in Devonshire, or a cowhouse, I believe; it was not so good as a barn.” Mr. Powell once played Young Norval in *pattens*, (because the stage was flooded from recent rains,) in a wretched shed in which the company held forth. And Kean acted Sir Giles Overreach on a billiard-table in a small room in Abergavenny.

*Mathews* at all times, and in all places, had his ears open for the vernacular of the natives; whilst he was ruralizing with Tate Wilkinsons, he amused his private friends with imitations of some of the eccentric personages in Eboracum: amidst others, an old farmer, who was highly indignant thereat, and wrote to Tate, saying that “one of *his men* had been a-mocking of him,” and requesting the manager to “turn him away” forthwith. At one of those brutalizing exhibitions, a bull-hank, Mathews was accidentally present, and during the maddening riot made by the infuriated brute and its tormentors, exclaimed, “Bella, horrida bella!” “You may say that,” exclaimed a knowing costermonger, “I never heard a horrider beller (bellow) in my life!”

• *Sinclair and Abbott.*—It was some years ago the fashion to attribute bulls to Sinclair, in consequence of his having once made a singular perversion of the text in Rob Roy. The language is, “Rashleigh is my cousin; but for what reason I am unable to divine, he is my bitterest enemy.” Sinclair said, “Rashleigh is my cousin, but for what reason I am unable to divine.” The jokes he endured on this account made him nervous and

uncertain, and in Guy Mannering, when Dinmont says he sees "two lights dancing bonnily yon," instead of replying "Two! I see but one, and that seems pretty steady," he said "*Two! I see but a couple, and they are pretty steady.*" On the first night of the Hunchback, Abbott, from over-anxiety, said, in the last scene, "I'll marry no *man* but my cousin Ellen." His brethren joked and warned him against repeating it, and hardly a night passed that he did not consequently incur the danger of saying the same thing.

*A Cool Offer.*—An actor of the present day, remarkable for the elegance of his deportment rather than the greatness of his powers, when in the provinces, was in very impoverished circumstances, with a wife and four children to support on the scanty means a country engagement afforded him. A lady of independent fortune fell in love with him, and had the incredible audacity to wait upon his wife and offer a well-secured annuity for herself and respectable provision for life for the children, if she would give up all claim to her husband. The offer was of course refused, and the lady went abroad to conquer her passion as best she might.

*Knight and Dowton.*—Knight was not very generous in acknowledging the genius of others, and was rather niggardly in his praise of poor Emery. "His Tyke was great," he said, "but he was not a good general low comedian." "Was he not indeed?" said Dowton; "renounce me then, but I'll tell you the difference between you and him: he was a *low* comedian, and you, you are a *small* comedian."

*Incedon.*—Amid the other strange habits of this strange fish was that of taking a bottle of Madeira to bed with him every night, "Because," as he vowed, "the fact is, I wake lonely, melancholy, and nervous, and it sustains my energies through long hours of darkness and intense thought, d—n me."

*Oxberry and Incedon; the Biter bit.*—Incedon had often passed a general invitation to Oxberry, and the latter, who knew Charley not to be very liberal, one day accepted it at once, and said, "To-day I and my friend R— will take a chop with you." Charley couldn't say nay, and off they started, Incedon leading the way to Williams's ham and beef shop in the Old Bailey, where a dish of boiled round and peas-pudding was placed before each. The reckoning was discharged by Incedon, (about half a crown for them all!) and then there was a dreary pause. "Well," said Oxberry, "are we to have no wine?" "My dear Oxe," replied Charles, "the fact is, they have no license for wine, so if they have no wine for their license, let's adjourn elsewhere." Forth they went; the merits of divers taverns were questioned, and at length O., R., and I. popped into the Portugal. Three bottles of Madeira, two of port, and divers magnums of brandy and water cold without having been discussed, Incedon rose and said, "Let's teach ourselves, d—n me, that honourable step, d—n me, not to outspout discretion, d—n me, and now, gentlemen, I paid for the dinners, do you two pay for the wine and etceteras, d—n me." With Incedon, d—n me and bless me meant precisely the same things; they were mere expletives, and larded his discourse on all occasions. When repeating what George the Third said of him one day, he exclaimed, "The King, bless him! said to me, d—n me, Incedon, you should sing nothing but sacred music, d—n me, for your voice is seraphic, G—d d—n me!" And the Prince of Wales always said an oratorio wasn't worth a d—n without Charley Incedon.

*Braham and Incedon.*—When Braham tore the laurel from Incedon's brow, as the greatest English tenor, Charley thought no sort of abuse too gross for his rival: some of his wishes were monstrously incongruous: for instance, he said, "I could die in a blessed state, d—n me, if heaven would permit my old master, Jackson, to return to earth, and come up by the Exeter mail to hear that fellow sing."

## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

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The New Administration—The late Duke of Gloucester—The "Emancipated"  
Slaves—Cambridge Installation.

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THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.—The suspense in which the country was involved when last we met our readers has terminated. As we anticipated, Sir Robert Peel has accepted the Premiership, has returned to England, and has formed the Ministry.

Precisely as we expected, the first act of Sir Robert Peel, after having received his appointment from the King, was to despatch letters to Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, two of the leading Conservative Whigs, requesting their aid and co-operation in constructing the Government: both these distinguished individuals declined the immediate acceptance of office, but expressed no intention of opposing the Ministry, so long as they felt that they could, consistently with *their* views of policy, afford it their support.

Under these circumstances, Sir Robert Peel resolved upon forming a Conservative Cabinet, which, while it embraced several of the experienced men of business who were connected with the former Government, should also include some individuals whose accession to office might, both from their abilities and the eminent position which they occupy in the country, give confidence to the people, and evince the determination of the Premier to afford a minute attention to the claims of every class of the community.

This Ministry having been formed, the country became anxious, previous to a general election, to be informed of the principles upon which it was based, and the course which it intended to pursue. To meet this desire for explanation, Sir Robert Peel did not hesitate to afford it, in an Address avowedly directed to his constituents at Tamworth; but which, in point of fact, embodied a development of the character and intentions of the Government he had formed.

As it appears to us that the fate and success of Sir Robert Peel's Administration depends entirely upon the confidence inspired by that Address, we do not hesitate to submit it to our readers; for although it may have been seen by most of them, we consider it a duty to put it upon record in this department of the Magazine as a matter of history, and as a subject for reference by the whole constituency of the British empire:—

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE BOROUGH OF TAMWORTH.

GENTLEMEN,

On the 26th of November last, being then at Rome, I received from his Majesty a summons wholly unforeseen and unexpected by me, to return to England without delay, for the purpose of assisting his Majesty in the formation of a new Government. I instantly obeyed the command for my return; and on my arrival, I did not hesitate, after an anxious review of the position of public affairs, to place at the disposal of my Sovereign any services which I might be thought capable of rendering.

My acceptance of the first office in the Government terminates for the present my political connexion with you. In seeking the renewal of it, whenever you shall be called upon to perform the duty of electing a Representative in Parliament, I feel it incumbent upon me to enter into a declaration of my views of public policy, as full and unreserved as I can make it, consistently with my duty as a Minister of the Crown.

You are entitled to this from the nature of the trust which I again solicit, from the long habits of friendly intercourse in which we have lived, and from your tried adherence to me in times of difficulty, when the demonstration of unabated confidence was of peculiar value. I gladly avail myself also of this, a legitimate opportunity, of making a more public appeal—of addressing, through you, to that great and intelligent class of society, of which you are a portion, and a fair and unexceptionable representative—to that class, which is much less interested in the contentions of party, than in the maintenance of order and the cause of good government, that frank exposition of general principles and views, which appears to be anxiously expected, and which it ought not to be the inclination, and cannot be the interest, of a minister of this country to withhold.

Gentlemen,—The arduous duties in which I am engaged have been imposed upon me through no act of mine. Whether they were an object of ambition coveted by me—whether I regard the power and distinction they confer, as any sufficient compensation for the heavy sacrifices they involve, are matters of mere personal concern, on which I will not waste a word. The King, in a crisis of great difficulty, required my services. The question I had to decide was this—Shall I obey the call? or shall I shrink from the responsibility, alleging as the reason, that I consider myself, in consequence of the Reform Bill, as labouring under a sort of moral disqualification, which must preclude me, and all who think with me, both now and for ever, from entering into the official service of the Crown? Would it, I ask, be becoming, in any public man, to act upon such a principle? Was it fit that I should assume that either the object or the effect of the Reform Bill had been to preclude all hope of a successful appeal to the good sense and calm judgment of the people, and so to fetter the prerogative of the Crown, that the King has no free choice among his subjects, but must select his Ministers from one section, and one section only, of public men?

I have taken another course, but I have not taken it without deep and anxious consideration as to the probability that my opinions are so far in unison with those of the constituent body of the United Kingdom, as to enable me, and those with whom I am about to act, and whose sentiments are in entire concurrence with my own, to establish such a claim upon public confidence as shall enable us to conduct with vigour and success the government of this country.

I have the firmest conviction that that confidence cannot be secured by any other course than that of a frank and explicit declaration of principle—that vague and unmeaning professions of popular opinions may quiet distrust for a time, may influence this or that election; but that such professions must ultimately and signally fail, if, being made, they are not adhered to, or if they are inconsistent with the honour and character of those who make them.

Now, I say at once that I will not accept power on the condition of declaring myself an apostate from the principles on which I have heretofore acted. At the same time I never will admit that I have been, either before or after the Reform Bill, the defender of abuses, or the enemy of judicious reforms. I appeal with confidence, in denial of the charge, to the active part I took in the great question of the Currency—in the consolidation and amendment of the Criminal Law—in the revival of the whole system of Trial by Jury—to the opinions I have professed, and uniformly acted on, with regard to other branches of the jurisprudence of the country—I appeal

to this as a proof that I have not been disposed to acquiesce in acknowledged evils, either from the mere superstitious reverence for ancient usages, or from the dread of labour or responsibility in the application of a remedy.

But the Reform Bill, it is said, constitutes a new era, and it is the duty of a minister to declare explicitly—first, whether he will maintain the Bill itself, and, secondly, whether he will act upon the spirit in which it was conceived.

With respect to the Reform Bill itself, I will repeat now the declaration which I made when I entered the House of Commons as a Member of the Reformed Parliament, that I consider the Reform Bill a final and irrevocable settlement of a great constitutional question—a settlement which no friend to the peace and welfare of this country would attempt to disturb, either by direct or by insidious means.

Then, as to the spirit of the Reform Bill, and the willingness to adopt and enforce it as a rule of government. If, by adopting the spirit of the Reform Bill, it be meant that we are to live in a perpetual vortex of agitation; that public men can only support themselves in public estimation by adopting every popular impression of the day,—by promising the instant redress of any thing which any body may call an abuse,—by abandoning altogether that great aid of government—more powerful than either law or reason—the respect for ancient rights, and the deference to prescriptive authority; if this be the spirit of the Reform Bill, I will not undertake to adopt it. But if the spirit of the Reform Bill implies merely a careful review of institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, undertaken in a friendly temper, combining, with the firm maintenance of established rights, the correction of proved abuses and the redress of real grievances,—in that case, I can for myself and colleagues undertake to act in such a spirit and with such intentions.

Such declarations of general principle are, I am aware, necessarily vague; but, in order to be more explicit, I will endeavour to apply them practically to some of those questions which have of late attracted the greatest share of public interest and attention.

I take, first, the inquiry into Municipal Corporations:—

It is not my intention to advise the Crown to interrupt the progress of that inquiry, nor to transfer the conduct of it from those to whom it was committed by the late Government. For myself, I gave the best proof that I was not unfriendly to the principle of inquiry, by consenting to be a member of that Committee of the House of Commons on which it was originally devolved. No report has yet been made by the Commissioners to whom the inquiry was afterwards referred; and, until that report be made, I cannot be expected to give, on the part of the Government, any other pledge than that they will bestow on the suggestions it may contain, and the evidence on which they may be founded, a full and unprejudiced consideration.

I will, in the next place, address myself to the questions in which those of our fellow-countrymen, who dissent from the doctrines of the Established Church, take an especial interest.

Instead of making new professions, I will refer to the course which I took upon those subjects when out of power.

In the first place, I supported the measure brought forward by Lord Althorp, the object of which was to exempt all classes from the payment of church-rates, applying in lieu thereof, out of a branch of the revenue, a certain sum for the building and repair of churches. I never expressed, nor did I entertain the slightest objection to the principle of a Bill of which Lord John Russell was the author, intended to relieve the conscientious scruples of Dissenters in respect to the ceremony of marriage. I give no opinion now on the particular measures themselves: they were proposed by Ministers in whom the Dissenters had confidence; they were intended



to give relief; and it is sufficient for my present purpose to state that I supported the principle of them.

I opposed—and I am bound to state that my opinions in that respect have undergone no change—the admission of Dissenters, as a claim of right, into the Universities; but I expressly declared, that, if regulations, enforced by public authorities superintending the professions of law and medicine, and the studies connected with them, had the effect of conferring advantages of the nature of civil privileges on one class of the King's subjects, from which another class was excluded—those regulations, ought to undergo modification, with the view of placing all the King's subjects, whatever their religious creeds, upon a footing of perfect equality with respect to any civil privilege.

I appeal to the course which I pursued on those several questions, when office must have been out of contemplation; and I ask, with confidence, does that course imply that I was actuated by any illiberal or intolerant spirit towards the dissenting body, or by an unwillingness to consider fairly the redress of any real grievances?

In the examination of other questions which excited public feeling, I will not omit the Pension List. I resisted—and, with the opinions I entertain, I should again resist—a retrospective inquiry into pensions granted by the Crown, at a time when the discretion of the Crown was neither fettered by law nor by the expression of any opinion on the part of the House of Commons; but I voted for the resolution, moved by Lord Althorp, that pensions on the Civil List ought for the future to be confined to such persons only as have just claims to the Royal beneficence, or are entitled to consideration on account either of their personal services to the Crown, or of the performance of duties to the public, or of their scientific or literary eminence. On the resolution which I thus supported as a private Member of Parliament, I shall scrupulously act as a Minister of the Crown, and shall advise the grant of no pension which is not in conformity with the spirit and intention of the vote to which I was a party.

Then, as to the great question of Church Reform. On that head I have no new professions to make. I cannot give my consent to the alienation of Church property, in any part of the United Kingdom, from strictly ecclesiastical purposes. But I repeat now the opinions that I have already expressed in Parliament, in regard to the Church Establishment in Ireland—that, if, by an improved distribution of the revenues of the Church, its just influence can be extended, and the true interests of the Established Religion promoted, all other considerations should be made subordinate to the advancement of objects of such paramount importance.

As to Church property in this country, no person has expressed a more earnest wish than I have done that the question of Tithe, complicated and difficult as I acknowledge it to be, should, if possible, be satisfactorily settled by the means of a commutation, founded upon just principles, and proposed after mature consideration.

With regard to alterations in the laws which govern our Ecclesiastical Establishment, I have had no recent opportunity of giving that grave consideration to a subject of the deepest interest, which could alone justify me in making any public declaration of opinion. It is a subject which must undergo the fullest deliberation, and into that deliberation the Government will enter, with the sincerest desire to remove every abuse that can impair the efficiency of the Establishment, to extend the sphere of its usefulness, and to strengthen and confirm its just claims upon the respect and affections of the people.

It is unnecessary for my purpose to enter into further details. I have said enough, with respect to general principles, and their practical application to public measures, to indicate the spirit in which the King's Government is prepared to act. Our object will be—the maintenance of peace—the

scrupulous and honourable fulfilment, without reference to their original policy, of all existing engagements with Foreign Powers—the support of public credit—the enforcement of strict economy—and the just and impartial consideration of what is due to all interests—agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial.

Whatever may be the issue of the undertaking in which I am engaged, I feel assured that you will mark, by a renewal of your confidence, your approbation of the course I have pursued in accepting office. I enter upon the arduous duties assigned to me with the deepest sense of the responsibility they involve, with great distrust of my own qualifications for their adequate discharge, but at the same time with a resolution to persevere, which nothing could inspire but the strong impulse of public duty, the consciousness of upright motives, and the firm belief that the people of this country will so far maintain the prerogative of the King, as to give to the Ministers of his choice, not an implicit confidence, but a fair trial. I am, Gentlemen,

With affectionate regard, most faithfully yours,

(Signed) ROBERT PEEL.

In this Address, we think, no conscientious, honest Englishman can find one expression to quarrel with. It is written *from the heart to the heart*; and, with all our acknowledged liberality of political feeling, we cannot but say that opposition to the sentiments and principles avowed in it must arise, not from patriotism and an anxiety for the public welfare, but from a determined adherence to the dangerous and subversive doctrines of the destructive party in the State.

Without any apprehension of incurring an imputation of egotism or vanity, we cannot avoid doing ourselves the pleasure—we might almost say the justice—of quoting two passages from our last Number, applicable to this very Address of the Premier; which not only point out the course which we believed to be the right one, and which he has followed, but which will justify us in earnestly supporting Sir Robert's Government: since the Right Honourable Baronet's Address not only realizes in its spirit all the expectations we had formed, but even in its words assimilates itself to the call which we made upon the individual, whoever he might be who should assume the helm of public affairs. We said,—

“The country, generally, is as much averse from the mischief and misrule of the ultra-Radicals, as they are from the unbending stiffness of ultra-Toryism. An ultra-Tory Ministry, which either does not see, or pretends not to see, that there is much to be done in the way of reforming abuses, and clearing away the rubbish from ancient institutions, without touching the foundations, will be as mischievous and as short-lived as one which, without reason, moderation, or justice, would attempt to lay the axe to the root at once, and subvert and overthrow all the things that be, so that a new order might arise of their own creation, which those who have longest studied the subject, and can best appreciate the chimerical propositions of political visionaries, know would only be productive of scenes such as have been acted in other countries—nay, even in our own—and which have had merely the effect of destroying the alleged deformities of a government, to induce, after a short and difficult struggle, its real faults to be regenerated, and flourish with redoubled vigour.

“It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of those, in whose hands the destinies of the country are now placed, *that, the measure of reform having been carried, it becomes their duty to carry its provisions into effect, so as to produce what benefits it is capable of producing to the people*; who, as yet, it must be admitted, have not been made practically sensible of its salutary effects; and wherever it should appear that

the measure may with safety be improved and re-modified, to amend and alter it so as to suit the circumstances of the case. Above all, let them protect *the agriculturists and the manufacturers*; and let us, if possible, get rid of that unnational partiality to France, and that unnational favour and protection to her produce, by which the industrious Englishman is deprived of the means of gaining an honest livelihood by the exercise of his trade. *In short, let the new Ministry come to the country with a fair and open declaration of their views, based upon principles of economy, non-interference with foreign Governments, care of the labouring classes, and a desire for the reduction of the public burdens*—(all of which the last Ministry promised)—and shortly give an earnest of their intentions, and we have no hesitation in saying that their career will be long and prosperous; and all Conservatives—that is, all true Englishmen—whether Whig or Tory, will rally round them, to support the Altar and the Throne from the attacks of what, with such a junction of feelings and parties, will become a small, even if a desperate faction, in the State.”

Gratified as we are by Sir Robert Peel's declaration, we continue firm in this “belief”—indeed, the Right Honourable Premier gave, if possible, new force to the Tamworth Address, in a speech delivered at the Mansion-House dinner on the 23rd, and which, were it not for its occupying too large a space in our pages, we should be inclined also to submit to the reader.

Under these pledges, and with this announcement of its intentions, the new Ministry has begun its career; and we cannot deny to ourselves the evidence which the state of the country affords as to the feeling which exists in its favour. With regard to elections, we have lived long enough never to feel confident of their results until the return of the writ; and, least of all, to believe implicitly the confident assurances which every candidate is ready to give of his certain success; but when we see the invitation to Mr. W. Ward to consent to be put in nomination for London, the requisition to Sir Howard Douglas to offer himself for Liverpool, the deputation to Mr. Sadler to start for Birmingham, and the call for Sir John Beckett to represent Leeds, we cannot but consider such movements as highly important.

With regard to the law appointments there seems to be but one opinion. The return of Lord Lyndhurst to the Chancellorship has been hailed with pleasure and satisfaction, qualified only by the regrets of the common-law bar, who lose him from the Exchequer; where, however they receive as his Lordship's successor to the Chief Barony a lawyer of first-rate talent in the person of Lord Abinger, late Sir James Scarlett.

The elevation of Sir Edward Sugden to the Irish Chancellorship is faultless; and most happy is it for the suitors in that country that Sir Edward has accepted the seals, at a sacrifice of one-half of his professional income. Mr. Pollock's appointment as Attorney-General has given universal satisfaction; and we scarcely ever remember a promotion more popular than that of Sir William Follett to the Solicitor-Generalship.

In short, feeling perfect confidence in the ability, integrity, firmness, and impartiality of Sir Robert Peel, we cannot but predict a happy and lengthened career to his administration. The country, as he says, is tired of agitation: it seeks repose; and under what minister is it more likely to obtain the tranquillity which it requires for its invigoration and prosperity, than under one who has, upon all occasions, evinced the most earnest anxiety for the welfare of the people,—who for their sake, even in oppo-

sition to his personal feelings, assisted in the work of Catholic Emancipation,—who, while in office, supported the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts,—and who, when out of office, supported the Whig Government in all their measures for the relief of the Dissenters, (except that of admitting them to the Universities of the Established Church,)—and who, with a zeal and ability unparalleled, laboured for years in the reform of our Criminal Code,—and who effected the most beneficial amendments in the system of Trial by Jury.

Look, we say, at Sir Robert Peel in every relation of life,—as son, as husband, as father,—as the unvarying advocate of the British manufacturer,—as the practical friend to the agriculturist,—as a munificent patron of the arts ;—look at his character and his qualities closely, and then say whether, with such pretensions, joined to his acknowledged and undoubted talent, England has not a right to be proud of her Minister, and confident in his success.

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THE LATE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.—We have occupied a considerable space in this department with the foregoing article upon the state of politics, and we find that, in point of fact, a proportionate space of public attention has been engrossed by the same subject during the past month. It is always so in times of excitement and change. Science, art, and literature, all succumb to the more immediately interesting question before the country ; and as for trade and manufacture, there is no question but that they are most seriously acted upon by such events.

We have to record the death of his Royal Highness Prince William Duke of Gloucester, of whom a biographical memoir will be found in another part of our Number. Such was the unostentatious character of the benevolence of this illustrious and kind-hearted Prince, that, until his death, no man knew, or had any conception, of the extent to which his charity was afforded. Hundreds of persons lived upon his bounty ; and we have heard from authority upon which we can rely, that not less than one hundred and fifty pounds were expended weekly under his personal care and instructions, for the relief of poverty, of sickness, and of age.

It was, indeed, a most affecting scene to witness, on the day of the funeral, the heartfelt grief and gratitude of his late Royal Highness's humble neighbours. The splendid bearings of his illustrious house, noble and ancient as is its lineage, were nothing compared with the tearful eyes of the old and young who hovered about the gorgeous train, and hymned the praises of their God as it passed before them, bearing for ever from their sight the earthly remains of their munificent and royal benefactor.

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THE "EMANCIPATED" SLAVES.—We regret extremely to find that the liberality of the last Ministry, as far as respects the emancipation of the Blacks, has been, as we anticipated, productive of the very worst consequences. All we have before said upon this subject, we grieve to say, is verified ; and notwithstanding the strenuous efforts that have been made, the doubling of the magisterial authorities, the concentration of troops, the assembling of ships of war, and the infliction of punishments in a tenfold degree more severe than any ever heard of under what was called the " Cart-whip " system, these deluded people will not work. Never competent to separate in their minds freedom from idleness, they positively refuse to do the ordinary duties of labourers, and at the moment

the last despatches left the West Indies, the coffee was actually dropping from the plant and rotting at its root, in several of the colonies, because nothing could induce the negroes to assist in the "*recolte*."

The difficulty, as well as danger of these results of the hand-over-head legislation of the last Ministry in this respect, arises from the fact, which very short-sighted people might have foreseen, that the *onus* of attempting to restore order rests with those who had no share in creating the mischief. So long as this idleness and "*Jonkanooism*" is allowed to go on, the stupid, drunken, idle, dirty negroes will halloo and jump, and tumble and dance, at "dignity balls," with their dingy playmates, and the coffee will rot, and the sugar will perish, and yet all will be quiet, except the shoutings of the punch-house and the scrapings of the fiddler; but when the moment arrives at which coercion is necessary, and when the original opponents of the absurdities which have been committed have to force these recreant half-human beings to do their duty, then will come the struggle, and then, when, as they were (and are even now, we believe) at St. Domingo, they are driven, as free-men to labour at the point of the bayonet, the cry will be raised not against the patriots and philanthropists, who, aided by the oratory and wisdom of Aldermanbury and the beauty and sympathy of Clapham Common, Balham Hill, and Peckham Rye, succeeded in rescuing their darling "niggers" from the trammels of nominal slavery, but against those who, for the sake of order, for the safety of the Whites, and for the very existence of the colonies themselves, will be compelled to resort to measures to counteract the evils of this maudlin liberality, which, if the interested East Indian proprietors, and the monopolizing hucksters of Sierra Leone, had not succeeded in their interested efforts to drive West Indian produce out of the market, never would have occurred.

It is a matter of serious importance, of first-rate importance to the country; and we hope that the weak and well-meaning dupes of the mock philanthropic faction will, by this time, have seen enough of the proceedings of their leaders to induce them no longer to give them their confidence, but to admit their error, and combine with the planters and other authorities in checking excesses and restoring order; and, in short, doing all they can to correct the follies which, without knowing anything of the matter, they have so readily, so expensively to themselves and so mischievously to others, committed.

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CAMBRIDGE INSTALLATION.—Since our last Number appeared, the Marquess of Camden has been elected and installed Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, which high and honourable office became vacant by the lamented death of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester.

The well-known attachment of the noble Marquess to the University, his patriotic disinterestedness (which he displayed in giving to the country upwards of 200,000*l.*), together with the rank he holds, and the qualities he possesses, have rendered his Lordship's accession to the highest honour Cambridge can bestow as popular as it is just.

On the Tuesday following, his Grace the Duke of Northumberland was elected High Steward of the University in the room of the late Earl of Hardwicke.—Thus has Cambridge manifested her feelings with regard to Conservative principles. Her Chancellor is Lord Camden; her High Steward, the Duke of Northumberland; her Members, the Speaker and Mr. Goulburn; and her Commissary, the Attorney-General.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Topography of Rome and its Vicinity. By Sir W. Gell, M.A., &c.

Of all the cities of the ancient world whose names have come down to posterity, the remains of Rome are the most perfect and extensive. Nineveh, Babylon, and Memphis, not only are not, but these towns, which contained each several millions of inhabitants, and covered areas of fifty or sixty miles in circumference, with vast and splendid edifices, are now so changed and desolate, that even the places where they stood are matters of controversy. Of Thebes, Corinth, Lacedæmon, and Athens, little more remain than the disjointed fragments of a few fine edifices; for even the celebrated Parthenon is not much more than a dilapidated heap of marble. But Rome may be almost said to be the city that it was, and its edifices applied to the same use; that which is now a splendid and perfect Christian Church, was formerly a Pantheon devoted to all the heathen gods. This is one of the many circumstances which give Rome such an extraordinary interest at the present day; the traveller climbs the hill of the Capitol, and he sees about him not only the Tarpeian Rock, the Forum, and other places which recall the most interesting events of early and more simple history; but he also sees the plain below covered over with the Colosseum, the Circus Maximus, and other stupendous relics of the more advanced period of her people.

But while these undoubted and undeniable evidences of the localities of the interior exist, the towns and places of notoriety in the vicinity, so distinguished in the pages of Livy and other historians, have as completely disappeared as if the hand of Asiatic barbarism had passed over them; and it is their actual situation which our author tries to investigate and ascertain. Some account for this obliteration, by supposing that it was the policy of the Romans so to destroy all its rivals. The same spirit that had passed the ploughshare over Carthage had, in earlier times, erased the opponents and rivals of the infant city. Veii, which had stood a siege of ten years, was, in the time of Propertius and Florus, so destroyed, that the latter says, *Laborat annulibus fides ut Veios fuisse credamus*. Our author thinks their disappearance is accounted for by supposing that it was the policy of the Romans to transport all the inhabitants of a conquered place to swell the population of the Capitol. In this way, the site of a deserted town became the property of some great family, and in process of time the patrician villa, which grew to the size of a town, gave its designation to the place. In the time of Strabo, Collatia, Antennæ and Fidenæ were all private property; and at the present day the only population of Cures, that city of the Sabines which disputed the future mastery of the world with Rome, and gave its name to her citizens, are the peasantry of the Villa of Prince Sciarra.

In order to ascertain the sites of places by their bearing and distances, a complete map of the vicinity was laid down on trigonometrical principles; it was at first intended only to include the territory under the Kings, but this was found inconvenient, and it was extended to take in some interesting places which would have been otherwise excluded. When the map was completed, Signore Calandrelli and others, employed by the Papal Government, measured another base, and with larger and more perfect instruments; but the result was found to correspond, except a trifling difference, which was rectified in the author's map. It extends for a space of fifty-six geographic miles of longitude, from Astura to Punicum, and for forty in latitude, from the mouth of the Tiber to the Via Salaria. This noble map is accompanied by two volumes of letter-press, embellished with various sketches of ruins and inscriptions. The ancient names are placed very conveniently in alphabetical arrangement, so that the work has, among other advantages, that most important one, the *lucidus ordo*.

\* Among the varied conflicting opinions of the sites of ancient towns, none ought to be more decisive than that founded on the unchanging face of nature. Crustumium was one of early note in the Roman history, but on its site, like that of many others, travellers could not agree. Our author, after assigning reasons why their conjectures were not probable, founds his own very judiciously on two natural facts: one, that it was called Crustuminius, *a crustula panis*, because it had the appearance of a crust, or circular knoll; the other, because it was famous for pears, *Crustumina pyra sunt ex parte rubentia, ab oppido Crustumio nominata*. These two circumstances, in addition to others, induce him to suppose that Monte Rotundo, a Duchy of the Barbarini family, is the actual place: any one who views it, would say it resembled a loaf, and, at this day, it abounds with pears which have the peculiarity of being red on one side.

The work is decidedly the most valuable that has hitherto been published, and we wish its learned author would complete it, by such splendid illustrations as those which designate the Plains of Troy.

Francesca Carrara. By L. E. L. 3 vols.

This novel ought to have been reviewed in the last No. of our Magazine; but, although we received it in time for the purpose, we had so many prior claims on our attention—and were consequently unable to read it in the manner we knew it must deserve—with deep attention—that we were obliged to defer our notice: during the intervening period, our weekly contemporaries have passed their judgment, and it has, we believe, without any exception, been a most favourable one; indeed, it could not have been otherwise. United to a vivid imagination, to the power of extracting whatever is piquant or characteristic from any period or situation, Miss Landon has habits of observation, and a facility of expression, which, in one of so idealized a mind, are rare and extraordinary; her reading, too, is extensive—we are going to say, extensively *displayed*—but we should have been in error: she never displays her information—never forces it forward—it becomes part and parcel of her story, without your knowing that you have been instructed, while you have felt interested and amused. “Romance and Reality” was a brilliant book of the present day. Francesca Carrara is of the past—there is both more poetry, and more truth in the work now before us than in the other; we *feel* the characters to be more real—there is more of consistency both in the plot and in its development, and less crowding of smart and clever things—less show, and more substance. We were, perhaps, more astonished at the first, because we hardly expected such prose from such a poet; but it promised more for the future, and as Francesca is the future of that period, we in some degree looked forward to the beauties we have found. We know not where, or how the female writers of our time procure their insight into human nature; Miss Landon reads hearts and motives, as men read books and pamphlets, and reads them truly; her delineations are perfect—her sketches full of the truth and vigour of nature!

Her range in prose is more extensive than her range in poetry. Her lyre is generally tuned to the same purposes—the blight of love, the hollowness of the world: there is a mournful cadence in all its sings of—a wail, a sorrow, or a sigh! But in prose she lives with us,—now sanctifying—now satirizing—now glittering with the French in their most brilliant court, playing with diamonds, and revelling in wit,—then reposing on one of the finest creations that human genius ever called into existence—the holy friendship of Guido and Francesca. The whole range of modern fiction offers nothing like the portraiture of these two cousins: it is at once beautiful and sublime, and yet perfectly natural and true;—the skill of the woman is admirably developed in this particular creation. A man would

have *philosophised* Guido and Francesca into friendship; and those who read would have immediately discovered that, between two so constituted, the thing would have been impossible, notwithstanding the philosophy; but Miss Landon, by a simple and natural arrangement, sets all doubts at rest, by *pre-occupying* both hearts. Here, at once, is the *prevention* of love, and the *motive* for friendship perceived, without any explanation.

The period chosen was one of political interest, both here and on the Continent; and the French Court is sketched with brilliancy and effect. But we turn over the portraits, spirited as they are, with comparative indifference. We suffer Christine, and Louis, and the heartless coquettes to play their parts. We know how they will play them, and we anticipate what Miss Landon will make them say (for she speaks for them better than they would speak for themselves); yet they cannot wile us from our fealty to Francesca, or our interest in Guido. The story, too, is well wound up by the conclusion. The history of the two friends will be treasured up in all hearts whose feelings are not either seared or perverted by the world. We congratulate those who are able to make acquaintance with two so pure and undefiled by selfishness as the hero and heroine; and we leave the volumes to a length of popularity which is the destiny of few modern books.

One word of admonition. Why were not the mottos at the head of the several chapters sought out more carefully, or with some attention to the time and character of the book? If mottos are indispensable, care should be bestowed in their selection. Tales that tell of ancient times should have ancient mottos. It destroys the unities to see "Get rich—honestly, if you can—but get rich," quoted as *useful advice* at the head of a chapter; and a parcel of modern, unpoetic names staring rank-and-file, where choice bits from old English, French, and Italian poets should have appeared.—O enviable lady! whose book has so few faults that the critic is driven to condemn the choice of mottos!

Russia; or Miscellaneous Observations on the Past and Present State of that Country and its Inhabitants. By Robt. Pinkerton, D.D.

The age of miracles has passed away, and with it that of speaking foreign languages by inspiration. "Whether there be tongues," said the Apostle to the Gentiles, "they shall cease." Yet, notwithstanding this, some unhappy fanatics even in our own day have asserted in themselves the power of a miracle, though assured by the very authority on which they found their pretensions, that the possession of the faculty was no longer possible. But the British and Foreign Bible Society have really effected that, to which these poor people make a pretence; they have transfused the Gospel through all the languages of the earth; they have virtually realised in modern times the great miracle of the Pentecost, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, in Asia, in Egypt, the parts of Libya; Jews, Cretes, and Arabians do now "every one hear in *their own tongue* the wonderful works of God."

Mr. Pinkerton had made extensive tours in Russia in the service of the Society, and in the course of his mission he made inquiries not only into the more immediate object of it, the ecclesiastic establishment, but he extended them to the past and present condition of the Russian people, their character and state of civilization. To do this he was better qualified than most travellers. He was well acquainted with their language; his mission brought him into intimate acquaintance with the clergy, nobility, and other ranks, and his intercourse continued for many years. If Granville thought himself qualified to produce two large tomes from his scanty opportunities, where whole pages are concocted from the knowledge acquired in as many minutes, surely Pinkerton may write one with much stronger claims on public attention.



It appears that the whole population of the Russian empire at this moment is 54,000,000; for this vast multitude there are 634 towns, inhabited by about 3,000,000; the rest are scattered through the immense region which forms this unwieldy power, in villages, hamlets, and tents. Of these, 36,000,000 are native Russians, speaking the same language, and members of the Oriental or Greek church; 8,000,000 are Roman Catholics; 3,000,000 Lutherans; 2,000,000 Jews; and the remainder a mixture of Kalmuks, Mongolians, Manjures, and other barbarians, whose religion is a mass of idolatrous practices and monstrous opinions.

Notwithstanding the severity of the climate, and other causes that seem unfavourable to the extension of the species, the people in Russia have increased more rapidly than in almost any other nation. By the census taken by Peter the Great a century ago, the number of souls did not amount to 12,000,000, at which it probably had remained stationary from time immemorial; but that great man seems to have given a stimulus to every thing about him. In 1812, the population was augmented to 37,000,000, and since that time to its present amount. The people are remarkable for extraordinary longevity and fecundity, so that the proportion of births to deaths is as 16 to 10. What limits shall be put then to the population of this immense country, where the human race increases so fast, and where there is such room for them to increase? Despotism, which we suppose to be so unfavourable to every other interest of the human race, we imagine to be equally so to its increase; but what shall we say of this theory when we find that the great majority of this teeming mass of human life, are in a state of bondage equal to that of our latest Indian slaves—that they are *gleba adscripti*, actually bound to the soil, and have no more civil rights than their fellow-labourers, the horse and the ox? When the manufacturers of Manchester or Sheffield are discontented with their situation under their own free Government, let them consider how their fellow-artizans are treated in Russia.

"All the various establishments in Russia, known by the name of *Fabrics* or *Zavods*, are worked by slaves. For instance, two or three hundred are sent to some cloth manufactory, and become weavers or dyers; an equal number to some foundry to become smiths, carpenters, &c., though totally unacquainted with these trades. Nor is it uncommon to make grants of the labour of Crown peasants to foreign speculators, in different branches of foreign manufactures; and alas! it is too frequently the lot of the poor peasants to experience harsh and severe treatment in these institutions, where, for a sorry subsistence, they and their offspring are condemned to labour during the remainder of their lives, to enrich some needy foreigner, whom Government thinks proper to favour. The greater number of the manufactures belonging to the Crown, are likewise under the direction of foreigners, each of whom has for workmen his troop of slaves, varying in number from a hundred to many thousands."

This is the condition of the crown slaves, which is esteemed much superior to that of others. It is to Peter the Great the Russians owe the miserable state of degradation in which they are. With all his fine qualities, he was a pure unmixed despot, and personally the greatest tyrant that ever existed, excepting perhaps our Henry VIII.

Of a very different character was the late Alexander, who did all he could to ameliorate the condition of the slaves. He wanted, however, the energy of his fierce predecessor, and did not succeed in accomplishing any of his good intentions. Among the rest, he was the great patron of the Bible Society, and wished that the Scriptures should be translated and circulated, so that all the hordes of his vast empire should have access to it, and every family in his dominions possess a Bible in their vernacular tongue.

A Russian Bible Society was founded at St. Petersburg on the 3d of January, 1813, by his permission and under his sanction. It existed in activity for 12 years; during which it formed 289 filial associations, and printed and circulated 208,068 Bibles, 400,000 New Testaments, and

267,772 copies of separate parts, making altogether nearly one million copies of the scriptures either in whole or in parts, and these in *twenty-three* different languages of people whose names one never heard before. It is deeply to be regretted that any delusion should mix itself with so much practical benefit. But that extraordinary visionary, Mad. Krudner, seems to have had powerful influence in good and evil. "For a short time," said the Emperor, "I believed that it was she whom God intended to employ for this purpose; but very soon I perceived that this light was an *ignis fatuus*." From this time his zeal in the cause cooled, and in 1826 the Society was suppressed. The bright spark may be said to have been kindled by her breath, and extinguished by her folly.

The work contains a variety of curious matters of general interest, with some highly interesting anecdotes of the Emperor, and a very just estimation of his amiable character, which our limits will not allow us to transcribe. It is embellished also with plates of customs and costumes, which, though the author says they were from his own sketches, are already very familiar to the public.

The Lyre and Sword of Charles Theodore Körner. With a Life of the Author, &c.

This is one of the most agreeable and interesting volumes we have ever read: it is translated from the German by Mr. W. B. Chorley, a gentleman of high literary attainments, but who has not, we believe, heretofore appeared before the world in a more assuming form than that of a contributor to its pleasure and instruction through the medium of periodical works. It is certain, however, that he will not so limit his energies for a much longer period. We are gratified to pen a note of praise to his first publication; for we have no doubt that it will be our task often to write of him, and we are assured it will be always in a manner pleasant to us and gratifying to him. The prose and the poetry of the little volume are each excellent. The first is written in a clear, sensible, and easy style, altogether free from affectation; and although Mr. Chorley has a just and natural admiration of the patriot,—although he is enthusiastic in his estimate of the warrior-poet,—he does not suffer himself to run into extravagance, but tempers with prudence the zeal of his affection. His preface is a very model of elegant composition; the poems are translated with marvellous freedom and purity. We are not skilled enough in the lore of "Faderland" to compare them with the originals; but certainly they convey to our heart and to our ear a fine notion of the joyousness, the pensiveness, the adoration of freedom, the true love of country, and the stern, but humane, courage of the warrior—the distinguishing traits by which Körner was known to his compatriots, and is known to posterity. We recommend the little volume to the wide circulation it merits, under the conviction that we shall ere long again meet Mr. Chorley, not in the by-ways of literature, but on the high-road to its most honoured temple.

The United States and Canada in 1832, 1833, and 1834. By C. D. Arfwedson. 2 vols.

We are led to conjecture, from the uncouth name of the author, that he is not of England. He leaves us, however, in doubt; for his book is begun without dedication or preface, and the table of contents follows the title-page. Perhaps he thought his style would sufficiently indicate his country, and so it does,—negatively; it is very un-English, and, if it does not tell us what he is, clearly tells us what he is not. We find, however, he is a Swede, and certainly his descriptions would be more suitable to the tales of Thor and Woden, or any other Scandinavian mythology, than to the sober subjects of reality. The headings of his chapters are in keeping with the rest. They are passages from the English poets, particularly Byron.

We looked in vain for one from Gray. His "Descent of Odin" we thought would have furnished apt and favourite quotations.

Notwithstanding his inflated style, however, our foreigner has made an amusing book; not very original indeed, but still containing much various detail and characteristic sketches. He finds his carriage going slow, but not from bad roads or horses. He called the man who drove "coachman," as that which he had learned in England to be the proper appellation of such a personage. He was mistaken: the man was offended, and he was given to understand that the proper and more dignified term by which he chose to be distinguished was "driver!" Had this been in a southern state we should at once associate it with republican notions of slavery, where one fellow-creature still holds the lash over another. He gives a very favourable picture, however, of the comfortable state of the lower classes of society in New England; that happy equality of circumstances which induced a countryman of his own to ask, "where the peasantry lived in America?" The following is a county-town:—

"The houses are chiefly of wood, painted white, with green blinds. Trees are planted in all the streets—or rather roads, for they are not paved—and shrubberies, with a thousand different flowers, greet the passengers with their (beautiful!) fragrance."

Poverty is seldom discovered among the workmen of a factory, for they are neither addicted to indolence, drunkenness, or any other vice; and what has particularly contributed to this happy state, is the establishment of temperance societies and savings-banks. Of the first there are now 7000, having 1,250,000 members; and 1000 ships sail from the ports, not carrying one drop of spirits on board. These things have done wonders in America; increasing not only the stock of the labouring man, but also effecting a moral and intellectual amelioration. He found all the artisans he conversed with, in manners and courtesy, what he would call "gentlemen." Any of them was ready to discontinue his occupation, and go round a factory with him, explaining, in an intelligent manner, every particular. To offer a remuneration would be considered an insult,—as to receive it would be deemed degrading. We have directed the attention of our "operatives," in another article, to the contrast of their own condition with the miserable slave artificers of Russia; here we would beg them to observe the superiority of the temperate, moral, and intelligent freeman, in the same rank of life in America.

Our traveller has visited every part of the country, including Canada and New Orleans, and he has gleaned from all many curious, useful, and entertaining facts. To England, already inundated with the writings of the Trollopes, the Halls, &c., there can be nothing very new; but to his own country, Sweden, such information as the book contains would be as novel, we presume, as interesting. We may add, that the style and language, though very creditable to his proficiency in a foreign tongue, does not add to the value of his book. We would now advise him to translate it back again into Scandinavian for the benefit of the reading public of Stockholm.

### The Epistle to the Hebrews; a new Translation.

That the present authorised version of the Holy Scriptures is a performance far surpassing in merit the expectations which the most sanguine hope was entitled, before its appearance, to entertain; that it is, for the most part, singularly correct in conveying the exact sense of the original tongues; and that it contains within itself, independently of being considered as the Word of Life, a "pure well of English undefiled;" which, whether we remember the solemn harmony of its periods, the strength and grandeur of its phraseology, or the clearness and simplicity with which its language is instinct, entitles it equally to our respect and admiration—are observations, upon the whole, not more often or more generally made than the most rigo-

rous regard to truth would appear to justify. We have indeed in our hands a translation of Scripture, of which, if such a feeling were in any degree allowable on such a subject, a nation might well be proud; and the testimony of those capable of appreciating it has in all countries, and at various times, been freely rendered in its favour. But as perfection is not to be expected in any work of earthly origin, our English Bible, with all its numerous excellences, is not free from a few blemishes which those most attached to it will be most ready to acknowledge. The very scrupulous attention of the early translators to rendering the original as nearly as possible word for word, and their natural reluctance to admit any expression into their version which was not specifically made use of in the Greek and Hebrew, notwithstanding the elliptical character of those languages, has in some instances produced a sacrifice of distinct meaning in favour of strict adherence to the letter; while in several passages, a more intimate, or at least a more extensive acquaintance with classic authors, has enabled succeeding scholars to modify and render more consistent with the context phrases before imperfectly or obscurely worded. It is true that the rigorous fidelity of the old translators is greatly to be commended. It was fitting that the most important of written communications to which the inquiring spirit of man has access, should rest upon a firm base of incontrovertible exactness and truth; but this very circumstance has rendered a more free version of certain parts of Scripture an acquisition greatly to be desired, and of none more so than of the writings of St. Paul; for, sudden in conception, vigorous in argument, and fixing his attention so intently upon the leading points of the question before him, that, satisfied with his own vivid impressions of their relation and bearings, he at times appears to neglect the intermediate process necessary to combine the several parts of his subject in an harmonious whole; this first of Christian writers and Apostles, in leaving an inexhaustible treasure of divine truth for the benefit of all, has at the same time made it necessary that some translator should take the trouble of supplying those connecting links which, in his reasoning, are rather implied than expressed, and for want of which, his true meaning has been not unfrequently but imperfectly understood, and sometimes entirely mistaken. What the writings of St. Paul are among those of the other Apostles, the "Epistle to the Hebrews" may be considered in relation to his own. As a masterpiece of reasoning, and a production which contains the sublimest exhortations, combined with the most energetic eloquence of application, it is of course, as everything proceeding from Divine inspiration must be, as far beyond our abilities to estimate, as it is beyond our power to prize as it deserves; but it rises into far greater importance when we consider it as the medium by whose means the Old and New Dispensation are connected in the light of type and antitype; and by which the veil, which at one time hid the mysteries of the Sanctuary from the gaze of inquiring nations, is withdrawn, to allow their import and signification to shine forth beneath the full blaze of day. How far it is necessary to the Christian that such a work upon the objects of his highest interest should be properly understood, we shall not pause to examine, considering this a point which will at once readily be conceded by all. Our business is rather with the execution than the design of the present work, and we can most unequivocally state that nothing will be found in it to which the most truly orthodox can object, while much appears, which will be esteemed exceedingly valuable to assist the meditations of the pious and enlightened reader. We have not space to enter into the several points of minor criticism, nor perhaps is it necessary that we should do so; we would simply state, that wherever it is necessary, the author has made good his readings by the most respectable authority, and displays on every disputed passage an extensive, and, what is far more to the purpose, a judicious course of theological study. A concise syllabus of the "Epistle" introduces a general outline of its arguments, consecutively arranged, and several explanatory notes

are appended, among which we would particularly instance that upon the well-known passage contained in chap. ix. verses 16 and 17, as most successfully clearing up the difficulty hitherto attached to it. Of the translation itself, it is sufficient commendation to say, that it is fully worthy of accompanying that commonly in use, which it is by no means intended to supersede, and that it is written in elegant language, which, even after a comparison with the ancient version, will be read with pleasure. Among the numerous decided improvements, may be mentioned the substitution of "deadly deeds" for "deadly works," in chap. ix. verse 14; of "a sense of evil" for "an evil conscience," in chap. x. verse 22; of "Faith is a confident expectation of what we hope for, a conviction of things unseen," for the definition at the beginning of chap. xi.; and at the end of the same chapter, of the rendering "that apart from us their happiness should not be consummated," for the received translation of that passage. Many others, which we cannot here specify, will be discovered by the observant reader. In conclusion of our imperfect notice we observe, that while translations of the Old and New Testaments have appeared for the support of heterodox doctrines under the plea of the want of sufficient clearness in the great work of the English Church, we are rejoiced to find that those whose privilege it is to possess views more truly scriptural are beginning to have recourse to the most efficacious means of answer. It will be considered as a recommendation of little importance, after what has been said, to mention, that the work under notice is elegantly got up, and is of a size to allow it to be conveniently used as a book of pocket reference.

*History of the British Colonies.* By R. Montgomery Martin. Vol. 3. Possessions in North America.

We have already given to this valuable and interesting work the highest recommendation in our power. It is impossible to praise too highly the amazing industry and information of the author. He has brought to his aid all the knowledge that a hundred travellers have gathered, and for contradiction or confirmation of their statements has consulted all the authenticated records that are to be found in the several government offices. There is not indeed left unexplained or unillustrated a single point connected with our colonies on which it may be either useful or interesting to be informed. But although the main object of the writer has been to prepare a work that should be of immediate and permanent value, he has not lost sight of those minor matters which, in the history of a country, interest the general reader. He has tempted those who might avoid dry statistics, by introducing much anecdote and description; and if our principal duty is to recommend his book as essentially useful, we may also describe it as in no ordinary degree amusing. We will content ourselves with copying a list of the contents of one of his chapters.

"*New Brunswick: Geographical Position and Area; History; Physical Aspect; Lakes and Rivers; Geology and Soil; Climate, Population, and Territorial Divisions; Government; Finance; Monetary System; Natural Productions and Commerce; Value of Property; Religion, Education, and the Press; Social State and Future Prospects.*"

Upon this plan, accounts are given of all that is remarkable in Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and the Sable Islands, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland and the Labrador Coast, Hudson's Bay, &c.; together with a variety of statements having reference to emigration, rates of wages, grants of land, &c. &c.; and moreover several finely-engraved maps are introduced, adding considerably to the interest and value of the work, which in truth may be characterised as a great national undertaking, the want of which has been long felt and acknowledged. It is evidently "got up" at great cost, and the labour of the compiler must be immense. We trust that public patronage has rewarded him; certain we are that no public institution or private library ought to be without it.

## Young Hearts. 3 vols.

This playful and amusing story is prefaced by Miss Jane Porter—a sufficient introduction to any library in the kingdom. This lady's name has been for more than thirty years a guarantee for the moral purity of whatever she sanctions, and "Young Hearts" will not lessen her enviable reputation. The volumes will be read with great interest by the young, as they are cheerful and full of hope, and it is delightful in these book-making days to meet with anything fresh or natural. We should have felt assured, while perusing the work, that no shadow had ever rested upon her who wrote them; but Miss Porter's simple and elegant preface says that this is not the case. Sorrow has visited the "Recluse," but we cannot believe that it will dwell with her as with a sister; she will rise superior to the evils which have intruded on her solitude, with a rugged though sincere kindness only to teach her wisdom. The story is simple, moral, and amusing, and particularly calculated to adorn a fair lady's library.

Tales from Chaucer, in Prose; designed chiefly for the Use of Young Persons. 1 vol.

The Riches of Chaucer. 2 vols.

Glorious old Chaucer!—the father of our English poetry—"the well of English undefiled"—who retains, even in our own day, the popularity which, five centuries ago, "the londe full filled" with "ditecs and songes glade." We have here three volumes, prepared for us by Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, with a view to render Chaucer more palatable to the young, and also to those who are led to put him aside because of the stories and lines which are impurities in our age, although by no means so in his own. We scarcely know whether to praise or blame the course which Mr. Clarke has pursued. To us it is little less than profanation to turn magnificent poetry into plain and tame prose, and to sift down into small nothings all the glorious pictures which the great bard has drawn of the times in which he lived, and the characters among whom he associated. Much of his merit has been sacrificed: we see the old man Eloquent "shorn of his beams;" and are for a moment angry even to bitterness with the sinner who dared to strip him of his exceeding glory. But, on the other hand, it was impossible to introduce to the young of the nineteenth century the bard as he appeared in the fourteenth. It was absolutely necessary that he should wear a more seemly and newly-fashioned dress; and perhaps Mr. Clarke will be the means of making him more extensively read and appreciated; at least, he has performed with good taste and sound judgment the task he has undertaken; but we must be permitted to doubt the policy of such a system. The young are always the curious: few who read Mr. Clarke's abbreviated copy but will like to know what is left out; and when they come to a mass of asterisks, will eagerly search out the interdicted matter.

A Description of the Azores or Western Islands, from personal observation. By Capt. Boid, late of his Majesty's Navy.

This little archipelago of volcanic rocks, clustered in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, have latterly attracted much notice from the political circumstances connected with them. When the freedom of Portugal seemed hopeless, a few of her patriots found refuge on one of those remote fragments of lava where the spark of liberty was kept alive, and Terceira gave, like Phylé to a modern Thrasybulus, the means of expelling tyranny from his native city. Captain Boid was one of those "who conducted," he says, "his Imperial Majesty Dom Pedro to assume the command and organize the forces destined to rescue his native bleeding country," &c. He describes the following particulars of the islands:—General character, agriculture, zoology, trade and

commerce, mode of government and population, character, customs, religion, political history, revenue and expenditure of the islands in general; and then follows an account of St. Michael's, St. Mary's, Terceira, St. George, Graciosa, Fayal, Pico, Corvo, and Flores, in particular.

The Azores were so called from Açor, a kind of hawk found there in abundance. They have evidently been the production of volcanic fire. The whole soil is a decomposition of pumice, tufa, and scoria, and the undecomposed parts are indurated lava and basalt. Wherever the lava flowed over pumice or soft substances, the substratum by degrees pulverised or was washed away, and the more permanent material remained, forming an arch over the vacuum. Hence the islands abound in caverns of the most curious and picturesque kinds, some of them several hundred feet in extent. Volcanic soil, when decomposed, is always found the most fertile—that of the Azores is peculiarly so. It yields fruits and vegetables of all kinds and climates, from the cabbage to the banana, and corn in such abundance as would support 5,000,000 people, though now there are only about 250,000 to consume it. Tobacco and coffee grow luxuriantly, but the vegetable most used by the common people is lupin. This is of an intense bitter, but its taste is corrected by salt and sea-water. Of domestic animals, goats, pigs, dogs, and asses are the most abundant. Notwithstanding that the islands are very badly cultivated, by our author's account, though others and as good authority differ from him, the exports are considerable, which are repaid from Portugal by a very precious but unprofitable barter. The mother country sends in exchange for solid food and other produce, *images, crucifixes, indulgences, dispensations, and relics*, which are all sold in the shops of the Azores at an exorbitant price.

Among the political and physical convulsions to which the islands have been subject, he mentions the recent revolution and the explosion of submarine volcanoes. Of the first he gives some interesting details: of the last he does not. The appearance of the island of Sabrina, near St. Michael's, which is one of the most curious events of modern times, he passes over in a few lines. He is no friend of the religious establishments of the country, and gives melancholy details of the vice and depravity of ecclesiastics, both male and female. Perhaps some deductions are to be made for Protestant prejudices from the following sailor's yarn:—

"It was a common scene to witness, *en passant*, the nuns in amorous communication with their swains underneath the grated windows, where concessions were made, and agreements entered into, and hours appointed for admission to their cells. It was ludicrous to see how completely the grass was worn away from under every window of this convent by the frequency of those communications; in fact, the nuns are nothing better than cloistered cyprians. The monks and clergy have lived in such unrestrained licentiousness that we cannot feel surprised at the degraded and debased condition of the people."

With this specimen of the Captain's style of writing, and observation, we will close our notice. If it be true, we have only to add that any reformation proposed in the Portuguese church as well as state must be highly desirable. The first act of Dom Pedro was to suppress convents and monasteries.

The book is embellished with a map and lithographic views by Sartorius, and are good specimens of the graphic talent of the Admiral.

Robert D'Artois; or, the Heron Vow. A Romance. 3 vols.

There is spirit, incident, and adventure in this romance; and we ourselves remember the time when it would have interested us from beginning to end; when it would have been read by the light of the moon, and the gray dawn of morning; but the time is past—we grow old—and are not easily excited. But the period of young enjoyment is with others; they will find much in its pages to lend additional charms to Christmas festivities; it is just the book for winter fires and riving storms, and will be

welcome to all country circulating libraries.' Many of the characters are powerfully drawn, and Robert is wrought out into a splendid hero.

Ireland in 1834. By H. D. Inglis. 2 vols.

Mr. Inglis is already known to the public as the author of travels in Spain, the Tyrol, and other places. He seems a person who, like my Lady Morgan, sets out for the purpose of making books, and pays his travelling expenses and more, by his reports of the places he has seen to the booksellers. A writer of this description, if he have genius, may make an amusing work on any country by seeing and representing objects under a new aspect; but he can hardly be expected to make a valuable one, or that which could be relied on as giving anything like a real picture of the actual state of things. After the deep interest that Ireland has excited—the various commissions appointed—the numerous reports printed—but, above all, the number of books published by men of talent who had long studied the country, and had every opportunity of intimately knowing it—it is not to be supposed that a man roving through it for a few months, and giving, not the mature reports of others, but the crude result of his own cursory observation, can be entitled to much attention. In fact, the volumes appear to us rather dull; they contain few traits of national character, little sensibility of romantic scenery, nothing that a man of genius might strike out of so trite a subject as Ireland. They are no more than the dry details of things which reports and newspapers are every day laying before the public: to collect them together and present them in a condensed form may be useful if judiciously done.

In some places Mr. Inglis is incapable of assigning causes for effects, and in others he mistakes them. In mentioning the Mendicity Society of Dublin, he tells us, what any one might see from boards carried about on men's shoulders or from newspapers, that there were 2143 persons on the charity; and he further adds, that, though there were but 290 Protestants among the paupers, the subscribers of the latter persuasion pay 50*l.*, while those of the former pay but 1*l.* This everybody knows to be true, and for this reason:—The Irish Catholics hold charity in alms to be an essential religious duty, and they would not have objects removed from the streets which continually afford them an opportunity of practising it. Every Catholic place of worship is approached through an avenue of beggars, to whom everyone of the congregation think it a part of their duty to give something. This assigns a characteristic cause for the prevalence of beggars in Ireland, as well as in all Catholic countries, and the indisposition of the people to get rid of them. At Gorey he mentions that the hostility between the sects is so great, that a Catholic inn and a Catholic coach have been exclusively established, and he assigns for its cause the institution of an "Orange lodge" in the town. We deprecate any exclusive institutions which keep up a spirit of party, but we think a solitary lodge a very inadequate cause for it in any particular place; the spirit that dictates it is that which unfortunately pervades the whole country. Every effort at conciliation is rendered abortive by trading demagogues who live by exciting the worst passions of the people, and which, as long as they have any influence, will continue to be excited all over the country. The baneful consequence is felt at Gorey as in other places where no Orange lodge has ever been established. There is no doubt, however, that the exceeding misery of the peasantry of the country contributes much to promote the selfish views of those men. In the south, they are, in a great majority, Catholics. Where a tenant is not of that persuasion, he is generally more thriving and prosperous, because more industrious; but instead of pointing him out as an example to imitate, he is set up as an object to be persecuted by the faction.

At Carrick-on-Suir Mr. Inglis speaks of a stuff manufacture as once



existing. We never heard of such a thing; but a very extensive cloth factory was a source of great opulence and prosperity to the town, and produced that cloth called Ratteen, once a celebrated and peculiar Irish manufacture. It afterwards subsisted by army contracts, but finally declined, not from any local cause, but in consequence of the general peace. He mentions another manufactory in the vicinity, on the estate of the Beresfords, which they do not encourage. It is conducted by a Quaker, and employs 800 persons. We trust it will not share the fate of a similar one at Tolkabridge, near Dublin, which, we happen to know, was equally prosperous; but the proprietor established a school for the younger persons employed in it, where perhaps he showed more zeal than discretion in his instruction. It was burnt to the ground by some bigoted incendiary, and the whole population of a village again turned to beggary.

Mr. Inglis would more serve the interests of truth, and of the unfortunate country, by inquiring into and exhibiting such causes and effects, than by attacking, as he has done, the landlords, and convicting himself of misrepresentations. He states of Callon, in the county of Kilkenny, that Lord Clifden receives 20,000*l.* a-year from that neighbourhood; that the town pays a toll of 250*l.*, which he puts into his own pocket; that the roads are so bad, that his carriage breaks down upon them; and the people so hostile, that they insult him when he passes through. To all these assertions, his Lordship gives a decided contradiction. He receives only 3000*l.* a-year from the neighbourhood; he has nothing to do with the tolls; his carriage never broke down on the roads, and he is sent very kind addresses from the people of the town, whom he assists in their distress. The flippant and flimsy rejoinder of Mr. Inglis is not worth noticing, except that he tacitly admits that all he said was untrue, and that he drags in the Protestant clergyman of the parish, who, we presume, will not be much obliged to him, unless he be a factious, turbulent person, like curate Lyons, and is ambitious of exhibiting himself in newspaper controversy.

Notwithstanding many errors and local inaccuracies, however, Mr. Inglis has written a book which, though it has little pretension to be entertaining, might be useful, if composed with more judgment. Ireland is in a perilous state; but it is not such books that will serve it. We know the country better than he does; and we assure him—"Haud tali auxilio et istis defensoribus tempus eget."

Turner's Annual Tour. 1835. Edited by Leitch Ritchie.

If this is not by far the most popular of the Annuals, it ought to be. A host of fine engravings, after Turner, is a rich treat to the lover of art,—and to be possessed for somewhat less than a shilling each; the fact is wonderful, even in the nineteenth century, when a portfolio of gems may be obtained for the cost of a pair of shoes. The engravers have done justice to the striking and beautiful drawings of Turner; we are absolutely startled by their splendour and interest, as we turn over one after another. Mr. Ritchie has performed his part with considerable ability; his descriptions are agreeable and accurate, and he has judiciously scattered among them many marvellous tales and legends, which illustrate the history of the place, and the manners of the people relative to whom he treats. The volume is one of rare value, and we trust that public patronage keeps pace with its deserts.

Poems. By Mrs. G. G. Richardson. Second Series.

In 1829 we gave a very favourable notice in the New Monthly Magazine of a volume of Poems written by Mrs. G. G. Richardson, and were happy to see that the opinion we then expressed was reiterated by almost the entire periodical press. The present volume, which accident alone prevented us from noticing last month, is every way worthy of the reputa-

tion which the first procured for its author. It is full of poetic gems. The sentiments are often strikingly beautiful, and the language is remarkably chaste. There is not a piece in the volume, though the contents are so miscellaneous as to embrace almost every variety of subject, in which we do not find evidence of an elegant and highly cultivated mind. Mrs. Richardson is a lady of varied, as well as of great talent. The transition from the humorous to the pathetic, and from the pathetic to the humorous, seems to be quite easy to her. Of the former kind of writing, the "Country Ball Route," and the "Recipe for Song-making," are happy specimens. Of the latter the instances are so numerous, that to give one would be doing injustice to many others. Nothing, indeed, could be more touchingly beautiful than some of her plaintive pieces. Some of these pieces we have read over and over, and each time with additional pleasure. We have read the work through, which is a feat we have very rarely performed with a modern volume of poetry. Mrs. Richardson will gain new laurels by this second series of her poems. If the third be as good, we shall be among the first to hail its appearance.\* It is but justice to the printer and publisher to mention, that the paper and typography are all that the most fastidious in what is technically called "getting up," could desire.

Anne Grey. Edited by the Author of "Granby." 3 vols.

Anne Grey! what a pretty, modest, *moonlight*-sort of title has been bestowed upon these volumes, and sooth-to-say, the title is borne out by the style and the story. It is rational, observant, quaint, and sufficiently romantic—did we say *sufficiently*? we should have said extravagantly so—for the cousin's character is of that monstrous nature which out-Herods Herod, and which *débutants* are ever fond of creating, for the purpose of exciting, when, in fact, they only fatigue.

Nothing can be more charming than the pretty, gentle, quiet heroine—her feelings so well subdued, but not at all blunted—her temper so perfect—her beauty so exactly suited to our taste, winning us to love by its modest and holy influence—her affections so earnest, so faithful, so unchanging, yet curbed by right maidenly propriety.

We love Anne Grey! by holy Paul we do! and should earnestly desire such a wife. Happy is the man who calls her his. Her character is drawn without flaw through three mortal volumes, and yet she never tires us—not from the time she commences her career in pink frocks and pin-befores to the conclusion, when we shut vol. 3, but retained Anne Grey in our imagination even to the present time. There are many points in the story, and a certain quietness throughout, that reminds us of some of Miss Austin's admirable novels, and once or twice we caught ourselves thinking that some sketches were penned in Miss Edgeworth's style; we do not mean that either of these ladies are *imitated*, but simply that they would so have written. Charlotte is a blot on the book—the dark is too forcibly touched in—it is blackness, not shadow—a fault which we hope the author will carefully avoid in her next.

The Poetical Souvenir. 32mo.

This inviting little volume serves as a casket to enshrine some of the brightest gems of moral and devotional poetry that the mines of English thought have given forth. Something of the spirit in which the collection has been made, may be inferred from the Editor's prefatory declaration of his being "not without a hope, that it may lead some to perceive that whatever is pure, and touching, and ennobling in the inspirations of the Muse, will lose nothing of its power, of its tenderness, by association with the deepest and holiest feelings of religion." In illustration of the truth of this sentiment we find, as contributive to the composition of this miniature

mañual, the names of Southey, Campbell, Byron, Scott, Milman, Montgomery, Heber, Coleridge, Hemans, &c.

**Songs of the Superstitions of Ireland. Music and Words by Samuel Lover, Esq.**

We receive occasionally ballads and duets, but there has been lately such a dearth of music, properly so called, that we have given over our musical notices. When, however, we meet a genuine melody, we are neither so old nor so tasteless as not to relish it as it deserves. Mr. Lover has come before us in a new character; we have appreciated his traits and stories of the Irish peasantry for a very long time; we have admired the fidelity, the beautiful colouring, and the expression of his miniatures, and now we are called upon to testify of the sweetness of his poetry, and the skill and pathos of his musical compositions. We are tired of praising him,—and yet, in common honesty, we cannot help it. Mr. Lover has, indeed, a diversity of gifts, and excels in all, painter, poet, and musician; it is really too bad: if we encountered many such, "Othello's occupations" would be o'er.

Six of those songs of the superstitions of Ireland have come forth, and, we doubt not, they will be continued. When completed, we shall request Mr. Lover to publish them, with one of his own inimitable sketches to illustrate each; a sort of Irish musical annual, that would be sure to succeed.

**My Daughter's Book; containing a Selection of approved Readings in Literature, Science, and Art.**

This is a useful and amusing volume. The selections, for the most part, are very judiciously made; and we have observed nothing in it, at all objectionable: this, in so very varied a work, is no slight praise. It consists chiefly of prose, and the subjects are arranged under several heads—as "Music," "Drawing," &c.—each head being illustrated by extracts from popular writers. It is compiled by the editor of the "Young Gentleman's Book"—a work which we remember praising some time ago.

**Navigation Simplified. By Mrs. Taylor.**

We recommend all whom it may concern to look over this very singular book, into whose merits and calculations we do not pretend to enter farther than we were obliged, so as to be able to speak upon the effect of the whole; and we are able to report favourably of the industry, knowledge, and talent displayed through the publication. This production cannot come under the title of "light literature," nor can any volume be termed "heavy" that adds to, or simplifies, science. It is dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty.

**The Book of Science. By John M. Moffatt.**

This is a very pretty book, with pretty binding and pretty prints; but we are by no means sure that young people will comprehend the "explanations" which the author gives of the various terms used in chemistry, geology, &c. It is somewhat too learned for those who are creeping on towards a knowledge of science, and surely not learned enough for those who have achieved it. We must therefore recommend it to those who are not uninformèd upon such subjects, but who require better and safer helps than the small catechisms recently issued in such abundance.

## LITERARY REPORT.

Table Talk of the late S. T. Coleridge, Esq., is in preparation.

Miss Kemble's (now Mrs. Butler) *Travels in the United States, and Opinions of the Americans*, will shortly appear.

A Visit to Iceland during the present Summer, by John Barrow, Esq., Jun., nearly ready.

• Oriental Illustrations of the Scriptures from the Manners, Customs, and Superstitions of the Hindoos, by the Rev. Joseph Roberts, in the press.

Early in 1835 will be published, *Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Writings of Sir Matthew Hale*, by J. B. Williams, Esq.

Sir Grenville Temple, who has lately returned from his Travels in Africa, is about to publish the result of his Observations, parts of which have afforded so much interest at the late sittings of the Geographical Society; the printing of the work is already considerably advanced, and the publication may be expected early in the ensuing month.

Lady Blessington's new Novel, entitled *The Two Friends*, is now on the eve of publication; also, the New Series of *The O'Hara Tales*, entitled, *The Mayor of Wind-gap and Canvassing*.

Miss Pardoe's new Novel, entitled *The Mardens and the Adventurers*, which has been unavoidably delayed, will appear early in the ensuing month.

Selwyn's *Search of a Daughter*, and other Pieces, by the Author of *Tales of the Moors*, will, it is expected, be ready for publication about the middle of January.

On the 1st of January, No. I. of *The Annals of General Science*, conducted by Robert D. Thomson, M.D., with the assistance of Thos. Thomson, M.D., F.R.S., &c.

The following works are also in the press:—*The Gipsy*, a Romance, by the Author of "Mary of Burgundy."—*Journal of a Visit to Constantinople and some of the Greek Islands in the Spring and Summer of 1833*, by John Auldjo, Esq. F.G.S.—*English in India and other Sketches*, by a Traveller.—*The Village Churchyard and other Poems*, by the Right Hon. Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.—*Edward the Black Prince*, by Mr. James.—*Some Account of the Writings of Clement of Alexandria*, by the Bishop of Lincoln.—*The Classic and Connoisseur in Italy and Sicily*, condensing the best Observations of the more distinguished Tourists through those Countries.—*Elements of Medical Police: or, the Principles, &c. of Legislating for the Public Health*, by Dr. Bisset Hawkins.—*Observations on the History and Ministry of St. Peter*, by the Rev. P. Stanhope Dodd, M.A.—*The Life of Bishop Jewel*, by the Rev. C. W. Le Bas, M.A.—*A Volume of Charges delivered to the Clergy of his Diocese*, by the Bishop of Barbadoes.—*A New Guide-Book to Ireland*.—*Villeroi*, by the Author of the "Valley of the Clusone."—*The Book of Revelation*, with Notes, by the Rev. Isaac Ashe, A.M.—*The Mediator of the New Covenant*; a Series of Sermons by the Rev. James Spencer Knox.—*Sir Grenville Temple's Travels in Africa*,

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

*History of the Fall of the Roman Empire*, by J. C. L. de Sismondi, Vol. II., forming Vol. LXI. of Dr. Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia." 6s.

*Practical Geometry, &c.*, by Thomas Bradley, "Library of Useful Knowledge," 8vo. 7s.

*The Natural History of Birds*, by Robert Mudie, 12mo. 4s. 6d.

*Selections from the Italian Poets*, with Translations by James Glassford, Esq., 12mo. 7s.

*Mirth and Morality; a Collection of Original Tales*, fcap. 8vo. 6s.

*Seymour's Comic Album for 1835*, 18mo. 7s.

*Kidd's Fashionable Library, or Mirror of Fun*, 18mo. 8s.

*Faustus*, a serio-comic Poem, with 12 Illustrations, by Crowquill, imp. 8vo. 6s.

*A Description of the Azores, or Western Islands*, by Captain Boid, 8vo. 12s.

*Autobiography of Jack Ketch*, with 14 Illustrations, 9s. 6d.

*Memoirs of Celebrated Women of all Nations*, by Madame Junot, 8vo. 14s.

*Rowbotham's Guide to French Language and Conversation*, 18mo. 3s.

*Robinson Crusoe*, with Howell's Account of Selkirk, 1 vol. fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

*Boy's Friend; or, Maxims of a Cheerful Old Man*, 4s. 6d.

*Bishop Sumner's Exposition of St. John's Gospel*, 8vo. 9s.

*Lectures on Intellectual Philosophy*, by John Young, 8vo. 12s.

*The Historical Books of the New Testament*, with Notes by the Rev. E. J. Geohagan; 12mo. 7s. 6d.

*The Causes of the Corruption of Christianity*, by Robert Vaughan, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

*Cooke's Views of London*, Imperial 8vo. 3l. 3s.; Imperial 4to. 4l. 18s.; India, 6l. 14s.

*Treatise on the Manufacture, Nature, &c. of the Gun*, by William Greener, 8vo., 15s.

*Marston*, a novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s. 6d. boards.

*The Girl's Book of Sports*, square, 4s. 6d. bds.

*A Greek Grammar for the New Testament*, 8vo. 4s. 6d.

*Three Years in the Pacific*, containing Notices of Brazil, Chili, Peru, &c. in 1831, 32, and 33, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

*East India Register, 1835*, 10s. sewed.

*Contributions to the Botany of India*, by Robert Wight, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

*Hyacinthine, or the Contrast*, 5s.

*George Cruikshank's Sketch-Book*, oblong folio, Vol. I., plain, 15s.; coloured, 1l. 1s.

*Sacred History of the World*, by Sharon Turner, F.S.A. &c., Vol. II. 8vo., 14s.

*A Narrative of Events in the south of France, and of the Attack on New Orleans in 1814 and 1815*, by Captain John Cooke, 10s. 6d.

*The Practical Elocutionist*, by Alexander Bell, 5s. 6d.

*The Princess; or, the Beguine*, by Lady Morgan, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

*A Treatise on Nautical Surveying*, by Commander Edward Belcher, royal 8vo. plates 21s.

## FINE ARTS.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

(From Returns relating to the Royal Academy, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, June 24th, 1834.)

There are five Professors in the Royal Academy—viz. those of anatomy, perspective, architecture, sculpture, and painting, each of whom is to deliver six lectures annually. The number of lectures delivered in the Academy during the last ten years is as follows:—

	1824	1825	1826	1827	1828	1829	1830	1831	1832	1833
Anatomy .....	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Perspective .....	6	4	4	6	none	none	none	none	none	none
Architecture .....	none	none	none	none	none	none	none	6*	6*	6*
Sculpture .....	6	1	3	3	5	6	6	6	6	6
Painting .....	6	none	4	6	6	6	6	6	none	3

Anatomy—total, 60; no deficiency.

Perspective—total, 20; 40 deficient. Architecture—total, 18; 42 deficient. Sculpture—total, 48; 12 deficient. Painting—total, 43; 17 deficient. Or by the four Academician Professors—delivered, 129, instead of 240; deficiency, 111.

The above quotation, and all the columns within the table, are correctly copied from the Parliamentary document, except that the word "none" is here inserted instead of its dumb prototype (—). The totals are added in order to prevent mistakes, and the Professor of Anatomy is kept somewhat apart, because he is not a member of the Royal Academy, nor even an artist, but a surgeon.

Thus, whilst, under pretext of bad sight, ill health, death, and resignation, the Academicians compound their accounts with the students for 53½ per cent., gentlemen whose more important avocations might well excuse occasional absence have not omitted one lecture in ten years.

This is the first inquiry made by Parliament: the result is, that for six years not one lecture on perspective has been delivered within the walls of the Academy—that during a still longer period the infirmities of the Professor of Architecture put a stop to instruction in that department, which has been re-opened by substitute—that ultimately, even with this irregular mode of proceeding, four Academician Professorships have in ten years produced only 129 lectures, instead of 240.

*Award of Prizes.*—At the anniversary of the institution of the Royal Academy, the annual distribution of medals to the various successful candidates in the several departments of architecture, painting, and sculpture, took place at Somerset House. The silver medal, and the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Füssli, bound and inscribed, were presented to Mr. G. Sayer, for the best copy of the "Assumption," by Murillo, from the Dulwich Gallery. The silver medal was presented to Mr. J. Welsh, for the best drawing from the life. Also, the silver medal to Mr. J. Johnson, for the best elevation, from actual admeasurement, of the Council-office and Board of Trade, Whitehall; and a similar medal to Mr. G. Lee, for the best drawings from the antique of the head of Jupiter, the Laughing Faun, together with drawings of the hand and foot. The silver medal was likewise awarded to Mr. G. Bool, for the best model in alto-relief of the "Discobolus," from the antique. The learned President, in his comments on the copies made in the school of painting, observed, that notwithstanding their claims to merit as regarded mechanical excellence, there was in the principal portion

\* Given by substitute.

of the copies a feebleness of design exhibited, against which he would caution the aspiring student as a defect, and as a bar to the attainment of real excellence in his academic pursuits. The merit of the drawings from the life was particularly deserving notice, and on that account the more excited his surprise that no *models* in the same department should have been received by the Academy. In drawings from the antique, he continued, considerable excellence in detail and execution had been displayed; for had the Academy departed from their usual custom of not awarding a second medal, they must have adjudged three to as many performances of equal merit.

Sir Martin further urged a close and unremitting study of the human figure as essential to spirit and freedom of design. Purity of design, he continued, was not the characteristic of the British school: indeed, its deficiency in this respect was its most vulnerable point. The study of the human figure had been often referred to as the fundamental principle—the grammar—of the art of painting; but it was more, it was the language of the science—purity of design was the important end of study. This attained in the British school, and British artists would then enter in honourable rivalry with the excellencies of the ancient and foreign schools, and insure the predominant ascendancy of their own.

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“PANORAMA.” PÈRE LA CHAISE.

Mr. Burford, who has for so many years delighted London and London visitors by the productions of his masterly pencil—whose Panoramas have so often made us acquainted with scenes previously known to us only through the comparatively dull medium of letter-press,—Mr. Burford has just enabled us to visit Père La Chaise without the trouble or cost of crossing the Channel; and has thus added another to the many obligations he has conferred upon us. Our readers need not be told that the subject is a striking one. The sojourner of three days in Paris is sure to see it, as one of the most interesting wonders of the wonderful city. In a century or two our own cemetery in the Harrow-road may resemble it. Time may enable us to compete with our great Rival in this matter as we have done in most others—but trees do not grow great in a few summers, nor, happily, do people die fast enough to throng our hundred-acre burial-place, so as to make it picturesque in a few seasons. Père la Chaise at present stands alone in its gloomy interest,—its associations of undying love and imperishable glory—its grandeur and its frippery—its simple green mounds and its large sepulchres of marble,—a remarkable illustration of the French character—a strange blending of the little and the great. Mr. Burford seems to have used the wand of enchantment rather than the brush of hair. He has succeeded in placing us in the very midst of the gay and sombre spot he has depicted;—and we have no doubt the panorama of Père la Chaise will be the most popular of his many meritorious performances.

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CONVERSAZIONI.

“The artists and amateurs” have met again both at the West end and the City, and apparently with as much energy and zeal as ever. Such meetings cannot but produce results the most beneficial—they bring together for mutual service and mutual enjoyment the lovers of art and its professors. To the one class they afford the means of rational enjoyment; and the other they call from the solitude of their studies, where else, perhaps, their works might remain unseen and of course unpurchased. It is desirable that some mode should be devised of rendering the advantages of such societies more general.

## PUBLICATIONS.

London and its Vicinity. No. 12. By George Cooke.

Some months ago we had occasion to mention the name of this eminent engraver,—an artist more esteemed, or a man more respected, did not exist,—for, unhappily, he is now to be numbered among those who have been. The work, of which the concluding number is before us, was the favoured object of his life. He lived to finish it, but not to see it in its finished state in the hands of the public. It is therefore published by his widow, to do honour to her husband's memory, and "in the hope, also, that the result of many years of industry and talent may be beneficial to her, and to his children." In its completed form it makes a beautiful and valuable work—cheap, even in these times of cheap art—though not quite so low in price as the shilling numbers of London views, by which London has been of late absolutely inundated. What is bad, however, must be dear at any price; and such productions as those which Mr. Cooke has left us must still be considered and described as astonishingly cheap. The artists to whom Mr. Cooke was indebted for designs were his "own personal friends," and perhaps Callcott, Stanfield, and that admirable and truly English painter, Stark, never produced works of greater merit than those they contributed to this noble volume. We trust the hopes of Mrs. Cooke—based as they are upon the fame of her husband, and his excellent engravings—will not be disappointed. The publication is one, without which no collection of works of art could be complete; and, moreover, as many of the buildings and scenes it describes are not now in existence, it is especially interesting to the antiquary and the lover of nature. We give to the collected volume the highest recommendation in our power.

Finden's Landscape-Illustrations of the Bible.

This beautiful work continues to improve. Callcott, Turner, Stanfield, Roberts, and Harding, supply the principal subjects; but their task is merely to "put in effects"—the designs being supplied by travellers who have sketched them from nature—who have trodden again and again over the hallowed scenes they describe. Nature undergoes but little change under the influence of Time: the creations of man have fallen to decay in the rich East, but the works of God are imperishable, and retain to-day almost the same features they possessed when the Saviour lived and died among them. If, therefore, the painters have, for the sake of the aforesaid "effects," introduced groups of modern Turks or debased Jews into their pictures, the ground-work is still as actual, as natural, as it was eighteen centuries ago. The designs, therefore, illustrate our Bible far better than would pictorial descriptions altogether drawn from fancy. Here we have at least *much* that is real—there *all* is imagination. We may draw a gorgeous picture of the Temple, but as little like what it really was as is our cathedral of St. Paul's. We far prefer to see Jerusalem as it now is, in ruins—the fulfilment of an awful prophecy. We shall therefore bind up with our Bible—as so many keys to knowledge, and so many exemplifications of Holy Writ—these "Illustrations;" and not with the less pleasure because they are admirable as works of art, and accessible to those whose means of purchasing its most beautiful productions are necessarily limited.

Bailey, the admirable sculptor, has been commissioned to execute a statue of Dr. Jebb, the late venerable Bishop of Limerick.

## THE DRAMA.

THE news of the month of greatest import to the drama is, that Captain Polhill, having lost about fifty thousand pounds by his speculation, has retired, satisfied with the honours he has gained, and left the joint monarchy of the two theatres to Mr. Bunn, who means to continue his course through the season as best he can. We cannot sympathize with the gallant officer. His money has been spent, or squandered, to very little purpose. He has tried no grand experiment—he has made no effort to regenerate the stage—he has used no exertions for the restoration of the legitimate drama—he has not summoned into existence a single large mind to claim distinction, either as author or as actor. The public, in fact, owes little to him; and he, it appears, owes as little to the public. The parting is one, therefore, unaccompanied by regret on either side. And now will come the inquiry, what is to be done hereafter? Mr. Bunn will probably retain Covent-garden, and a new manager must be found for old Drury. Competition always produces beneficial results. Mr. Bunn must stir himself into action; and his opponent must be energetic and enterprising. We may, therefore, find ere long that the dormant dramatic talent of Great Britain will be once more aroused; and that genius, now so abundant in England, will again speak from the British stage. We trust that all our enjoyment and all our information will not be derived from the deleterious springs of the French capital; that our dramatists will not fancy they can content us by plain or bad translations—that the paste and scissors will be no longer the sole sources of their inspiration.

The principal novelty of the month has been at Drury-lane, where "Richard the Second," written by an author once familiar to the stage—William Shakspeare—has been revived. Although this play is perhaps but little calculated for representation, yet we thank the manager for introducing it, notwithstanding that Mr. Vandenhoff had to sustain its weight, and that he is ill qualified for a burden at once so heavy and so honourable. The play of Richard the Second, magnificent as it is in composition, wants the stir, the actual, the excitement, so necessary for representation on the boards of a theatre. It is a tale of "graves, and worms, and epitaphs;" and if our sympathies are at times excited by the deep woe and pressing misery of a king, the sorrow speaks always in a subdued tone, and rarely moves the passions. In a theatre there may be some to appreciate the fine drawing and mellowed tints of the picture, but the many prefer the bolder outline and the more glowing colours. It is not, therefore, likely that "Richard the Second" will be a popular play—still it is Shakspeare's!

At Covent-garden, Mr. Vandenhoff has enacted Lear; but with the remembrance of Macready still fresh upon us, the less we say of his successor the more agreeable will it be to him. Macready mastered the part; his acting in it is perhaps, on the whole, the most perfect we have ever witnessed; we do not except even Kean, although the power of his mighty genius has lost no portion of its influence over us. Macready's was a new conception of Lear, true as nature; that of Mr. Vandenhoff is but a reprint of the old edition, with all its errors and blemishes preserved, as if they were among its most essential beauties.

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

At this pretty and entertaining little theatre, the fable is reversed: it is not the mountain that brings forth a mouse, but the mouse that brings forth a mountain. The *chef d'œuvre* of the season is a drama, or, as it is irreverently termed in the bills, "a *burletta*," founded on Mr. Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii." We give all credit to Mr. Yates and his indefatigable management—all praise to Mr. Buckstone and his equally indefatigable scissors—and due honour to the scene-painters and property men.



The bringing out of such a subject at all, at such a theatre, we should call next to a miracle; and bringing it out in such good style is richly deserving the encouragement it is sure to meet with. We ourselves were amongst the first to point out how admirably calculated the novel was for scenic representation; indeed the author has himself dramatized his own splendid creation:—throw the book into three acts—paint the scenes he describes—cut down the dialogue—and *voilà!*—a play worthy the olden dramatists, possessed of all their keen and cutting satire—of all their miraculous knowledge of human nature, and set in such refined gold, that it is questionable whether the workmanship of the rare and beautiful casket, or the native richness of the jewel, deserve the greatest commendation.

The great effect of the book stands alone in its magnificence, like the great and immortal destroyer which swept from the face of the smiling earth the beautiful city, with its pomp and its vanities. The contemplation of this event would have been too vast as well as too painful for the mind to dwell upon, were it not for the mingling, or perhaps we should say the introduction of the passions, and motives, and wit, and gaiety of Italian life. These, while they interest, lead on to the catastrophe; and such materials have been worked out by the Adelphi Company. The worker in common clay may model the Venus of Canova; but *that* ceases to be Canova's workmanship.

Mr. Yates *imitates* Arbaces, but it is not Arbaces. Mrs. Honey is *sweet*—but alas! for the dignity of the Italian lady. Where is the bright-eyed Sallust? Who can personate the graceful, the elegant, the beautiful Glaucus? At the Opera indeed, where the magic of the music, and, still better, the charm of distance would be added to the scene, it is possible that some one might be found to “look like him;” but alas! for the poor gentleman at the Adelphi who is doomed to such a trial.

Mrs. Keeley has, in her personation of Nydia, far passed her ordinary bounds of cleverness. She has entered into the poetry, the spirit, the painful earnestness, and passion of the character. We never can expect to see Nydia better played. She has felt it—she feels it still—and her triumph is, that she makes others feel: her song is the most beautiful thing on record; and her acting alone would have saved the piece, if there had been any doubt of its triumph.

John Reeve seems as necessary at this theatre as a tail to a paper kite; he is tacked on, tied on, lugged in, somehow or other; whatever comes, he is sure to follow; but really he makes a very respectable Mrs. Burbo—an excrescence to be sure, but one perhaps that is necessary to the general (*Adelphi*) health of the whole.

Although we hope to see this tale produced at the Opera-house—till it is, we recommend every one to see it at the Adelphi, and congratulate Mr. Yates on having had the spirit to expend so much on an enterprise which does honour to his intellect, and gains him fresh credit in every sense of the word.

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The Christmas pantomimes were represented too late in the month for us even to name them to our readers; but, as usual, they delighted all the “little boys and girls,” and were not, we suppose, unamusing to children of larger growth.

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## PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

FROM a lecture on anatomy and its connexion with the fine arts, recently delivered by Mr. Green at the Royal Academy, we extract the following—for which we are indebted to the “Morning Chronicle:”—

“The Professor, after recapitulating the leading observations of his last lecture on the human skeleton, proceeded to call the attention of his audience to the various phenomena of muscular action, the most remarkable of which is the extreme rigidity the muscles acquire in the hour of death, after which no change takes place until final decomposition.

“The application of muscular power has been considered by many to be under circumstances of great disadvantage; since it is a well-known fact, that in order to support a weight of one pound in the hand, at right angles, with the fore-arm, the flexor muscles of that arm must exert a force equal to ten pounds. But if the great axiom in mechanics were taken into consideration—that what is lost in power is gained in time—we should find such an objection refuted; and that the rapidity of movement thus acquired fully compensates for the increased power thus called into exercise. It is also often erroneously supposed, that each particular muscle is exclusively appropriated to the performance of some particular action; whereas, it is by the help of many, and by harmonious combination, that all movement is effected. Connected with the muscles are their several coverings, such as the aponeurosis, which surrounds them, and gives them support under vigorous action. The second covering is the cellular membrane, which is a soft, yielding, elastic substance, forming a kind of fibrous network of meshes, or cells, covering the whole body. This membrane is subject to very considerable variation; is even found different in the several periods of life, also in the two sexes, and is in both the indication of health and disease. This is then covered by the skin—a transparent medium beautifully composed of fibres irregularly interwoven together, plentifully supplied with blood-vessels, and highly endowed with nerves. Herein man essentially differs from all other animals. His susceptibility of touch is far more acute than theirs. Their outer covering is either hair, or feathers, or scales: while through this finer surface muscular action is more perfectly revealed, and the cause yet more fully developed. The skin gives, perhaps, the strongest indication throughout the system of intelligent life, circulating beneath its transparent surface. It is redolent with that grand chaos of colour which gives the beautiful complexion of the European. The blush of virgin modesty, the flush of excitement, the purple hue of sensuality, the languor and waning aspect of disease, and the pallid clamminess of death, are here portrayed with unerring fidelity.

“It is in the muscular system that the differences of the sexes are more clearly developed than in the skeleton; and in comparison beauty is the hidden charm of the female figure, while expressiveness is the attribute of man. In the female figure all is elegance, the lines are flowing and beautifully rounded—there are none of the prominent markings or hardness of line which we discover in man, and which indicate more decision and greater persistency of action. From the peculiar beauty of the female figure we are often reminded of the early stages of childhood; where the whole figure is undeveloped, and appears to possess the character of growth. Childhood, especially in sleep, is particularly striking when nature is at rest. The beautiful form which then it often assumes seems more the result of accident, or the effect of outward circumstances on the figure, than of the action of the muscles themselves. In childhood, ‘when time is young, and life is in its spring,’ nourishment and sleep appear to be the business of life. Age advances, the figure becomes more elongated, more expressive; but as yet even in the second stage there is no persistency of action, and until the time of puberty little apparent difference is to be re-

cognised between the sexes. It is at this period of life they separate and assume their opposite characters, yet opposite, not as aliens, but as correspondents. The duties of home and maternity devolve upon woman; all that is calculated to attract is now unfolded as it were to allure and detain man to home, her peculiar province, where she is captive by her weakness, but which her presence consecrates as the birthplace of all that is lovely or virtuous in humanity. In man the expanded chest, the lofty brow, the altered voice, the welded and sinewy limbs bespeak his perfect form, his greater aptitude for the business and duties of life. These in return become the corporeal pledges of manhood, and then it is that the human figure is at its zenith. From this epoch little change occurs until the markings of decay become visible.

"The decline of life is seen in the prominence of the bones; the lines of the figure are hard, severe, and expressive of the change. The eye grows dim, the skin is flaccid and shrivelled, the figure shrunken and withered, the legs enfeebled, and the body, bending beneath the weight of years, totters towards the earth, and man becomes as it were a living tomb, on which in strongest characters death has already inscribed his epitaph. But from the living tomb—the dried chrysalis—his undying spirit bursts in the fulness of its power, to live anew with renovated beauty and fitness of form in glorious immortality."

#### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Sir G. Murray presented the royal premium to Lieutenant Burnes, observing that such an act was one of the most pleasing duties of a chairman. He animadverted on the travels of Lieutenant Burnes, which were of the most interesting character, whether viewed in reference to the classical recollections of ancient history, or in connexion with the more modern and momentous concerns of this empire. To trace the course of the Indus was Lieutenant Burnes's first object—water communication through the midst of a great country being properly considered of the highest importance to its inhabitants, as regarded their commerce, their manufactures, their arts, and last, not least, their religion; especially so in those states where the population was in comparative ignorance and degradation. After noticing Lieutenant Burnes's exploration of the Oxus, Sir George observed that he felt particularly gratified at the circumstance, that no branch of the public service was more prominent in fostering and bringing forward talent than the service of the East India Company, to which Lieutenant Burnes belonged. Aided by the Company, and by the vigour of his native character, the energy of his mind, his daring courage, his classical knowledge and store of science, he pursued his journey to central Asia, passed from Cabool to Bokhara, pushing his discoveries into a country interesting to all Englishmen, and making many important corrections of errors in the geography of the East. By the patient perseverance and sound judgment which he displayed, he made his way through a barbarous country, which would have baffled any other man less endowed.

Lieutenant Burnes, in return, addressed the meeting. He felt very grateful for the honour and approbation bestowed on him by the Geographical Society. Many travellers, he observed, had gone part of the same route before him, on their own account; he, however, had been stimulated, assisted, and protected by the East India Company: through its great political influence, he was enabled to proceed with safety over his extended route. He was exceedingly pleased to see around him many gallant officers of that service, who had been his companions in arms in early life. After running over the course of his travels, Lieutenant Burnes stated, that when in the midst of the deserts of Tartary, in company with Mr. Moorcroft, he received a letter from a French gentleman at Lahore, together with the "*East India Gazette*," in which was an account of the

Geographical Society of London, setting forth its anxiety to promote the exploration of central Africa: the receipt of the information gladdened the hearts of the travellers, and added new life to them in their perilous undertaking. In conclusion, Lieutenant Burnes said he was altogether inadequate to the task of properly expressing the high sense he entertained of the notice and kindness conferred upon him.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

A communication from Mr. W. C. Taylor, "On the present state and future prospects of Oriental Literature, viewed in connexion with the Royal Asiatic Society," was read at a recent meeting. The author commenced by a rapid sketch of the progress of Oriental literature, from the time of Alexander the Great, to the establishment of the British empire in India. He asserted that the plans of the Macedonian conqueror were manifestly devised by an enlightened mind, and that, had Alexander's life been spared, he would have been remembered as the benefactor, not the scourge, of the human race. The dynasty of the Ptolemies was the only one among the successors of Alexander that continued to unite Europe and Asia by the bonds of commerce. In Alexandria were to be found representatives of all the religious creeds, and all the philosophic sects of the East and West. Hence, when the progress of Christianity directed the attention of the Greeks and Romans to the religion of Asia, the schools of Alexandria acquired an importance which had a fatal effect on the purity of the Christian faith; for the philosophers attempted to unite the simple doctrines of the Gospel with the dark and mysterious speculations of the East. It seemed not improbable that utter weariness of the violence and folly of heresiarchs prepared the way for that abject submission to authority which so long characterised the Christian Church. The sudden rise and wondrous extension of the Saracenic empire attracted less attention to Oriental literature than might have been expected; but it began to be extensively cultivated when the progress of science, under the patronage of the Kaliphs, had placed the Arabs at the head of the intellectual world. The Reformation, by directing public attention to the original language of the Scriptures, revived the study of the Hebrew and its cognate dialects, usually called the Semitic family of languages. The increase of the Levantine trade in England was followed by a more zealous study of Arabic and Persian literature; but this led to an error not yet completely exploded, namely, the belief that these literatures were the substance of all the literary treasures of the East; and that Oriental literature was a uniform something compounded of the Bible and the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments;" as great a mistake as if European literature had been supposed single, made up by a blending of "Paradise Lost" with "Don Quixote." He attributed the prevalence of more correct notions at present to the establishment of an Asiatic Society in Bengal, and showed that such a Society was necessary, both on account of the extent and variety of Oriental literature, and also on account of the errors to which individual investigators are liable. The author dwelt at great length on the advantages and importance of the cultivation of Oriental literature to the British nation, as regarded our mighty empire in India, and our extensive commercial relations with the East. He showed how much had been done, and how much remained to be done, in the investigation of the geography, statistics, and natural history of the countries with which we are connected; and declared that if the importance of the Royal Asiatic Society were fully understood, it would have "a branch in every sea-port, and a member in every counting-house."

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

"Observations upon Silk and Silk Insects," by the Rev. Mr. Hope, was read at a recent meeting. The increasing value of the silk-trade was in-

standed in the quantity of silk imported for home consumption, which in the year 1833 amounted to 4,758,453 lbs., being an increase of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. over the preceding year. The value of the exports gave an increase of not less than 40 per cent. in a single year. The author stated that 700,000 persons were most probably at the present time occupied in the silk-trade. The chief object of the paper was, however, the suggestion of various plans for the importation and rearing of those large and splendid exotic species whence the supplies of silk of other countries are derived. In the subsequent discussion, the importance of these suggestions was admitted, and various observations were made as to the practicability of carrying them into effect. The memoir was illustrated by an exhibition of a very extensive and beautiful series of the exotic species of silk moths, some of which are scarcely equalled in size and splendour by any other lepidopterous insects. Various remarkable silk-cocoons were also exhibited.

### VARIETIES.

*Wool*.—Total actual quantity on which duty has been paid for consumption from the official returns up to last week, comparing the present year to the same period, 1813:—

	Pounds.	
LONDON.....		
Sheep's, in 1834 . . . . .	1,441,375	
Other sorts . . . . .	17,384,999	
		18,826,374
Sheep's, in 1833 . . . . .	2,714,781	
Other sorts . . . . .	16,203,622	
		18,918,403
	Decrease in 1834, pounds . . . . .	88,029
BRISTOL....		
Total, in 1834 . . . . .	101,765	
in 1833 . . . . .	239,555	
	Decrease in 1834, pounds . . . . .	137,790
HULL.....		
Total, in 1834 . . . . .	7,620,790	
in 1833 . . . . .	8,963,179	
	Decrease in 1834, pounds . . . . .	1,342,389
	Total decrease in this year as compared with the same date last year at the above ports, pounds . . . . .	1,568,208
STOCK.		
In London, sheep's . . . . .	374,232	
Other sorts . . . . .	3,097,508	
	Total pounds . . . . .	3,471,740
At Liverpool, sheep's, pounds . . . . .		1,587,018

*Savings Banks and Turns-out*.—A pamphlet has just been put forth by Mr. Pratt, the barrister appointed to certify the rules of savings banks and friendly societies. This production contains accounts of the savings banks in every county of England, Wales, and Ireland, showing the number and amount of deposits, and the increase or decrease that has occurred in each particular instance, between November, 1831, and November, 1833, the latest periods to which the official returns reach. The result is, that in the space of those two years the total number of accounts has increased to the extent of 45,755; the increase of depositors of sums not exceeding 50*l.* being 40,616, and the gross sum invested on the 20th of November, 1833, amounting to 1,403,464*l.* more than in November, 1831. This statement affords satisfactory evidence of a progressive improvement in the condition of the industrious classes. It is worthy of observation, that the few counties which exhibit a falling-off in the amount of their deposits are precisely those in which trades' unions and turns-out have prevailed to the

greatest extent. Among parts of the country where unions appear to have flourished at the expense of the savings banks, we may enumerate Derbyshire and Durham, in the latter of which there has been a decrease of 917 out of 3651 accounts. As might naturally be supposed, the waste of capital has occurred principally among the smaller and poorer depositors; the diminution in the number of accounts under 50*l.* being 719, and the decrease in sums below 100*l.* amounting to 830 of the entire 917. The highest average amount of deposits in the English counties occurs in Dorset and Hertford, where the accounts average 41*l.* to each depositor; the lower averages are in London, 22*l.*; and in Monmouthshire and Warwickshire, in both which the average amount of each depositor is 25*l.* The increase in the deposits of the Irish savings' banks has been proportionably much greater than in the English. In England and Wales the augmentations since 1831 do not exceed 8 per cent. of the gross sum invested, while in Ireland the increase has been above 25 per cent. Of course it will be said that the condition of the Irish people being inferior to the English, there exists greater room for improvement in the one case than in the other, and that this circumstance explains the more rapid expansion of savings banks in Ireland. The observation is undoubtedly true, but it leaves the fact of the increasing prosperity of the sister kingdom unshaken. It is clear that Ireland is not only in a state of progressive improvement, but that she is improving at a quicker rate than this country. It is remarkable that the number of accounts open in savings banks greatly exceeds that of the Bank of England for the receipt of dividends. In the latter there are 276,476 accounts, but in the former they amount to 475,155, with a capital of 15,715,111*l.* The humbler classes have thus no inconsiderable pecuniary stake in the welfare of their country, and in the preservation of the national faith.

*The Window Duties.*—It is not generally known that all persons assessed to the window-duty are, by an Act passed the last Session of Parliament, empowered immediately to open, free of extra duty, any additional number of windows in their dwelling-houses. But if any new building be attached to a dwelling-house, or any communication be opened with any adjoining premises, the windows in the same will be charged with the duties already assessed. The same exemption will apply to persons not assessed, by reason of there being less than eight windows (exclusive of the front shop-windows) in their respective dwelling-houses. Composition for window-duties will entirely cease on the 5th of April next. The above important exemption will prevent surveyors from making surcharges on such duties.

*Important Statistical Table.*—The following analysis of the occupation of the population of Great Britain is taken from "Marshall's Statistics of the British Empire:"—

Descriptions.	Number 1821.	Families. 1831.	Persons. 1831.
Agricultural occupiers . . . . .	250,000	250,000	1,500,000
Agricultural labourers . . . . .	728,956	800,000	4,800,000
Mining labourers . . . . .	110,000	120,000	600,000
Millers, bakers, butchers . . . . .	160,000	180,000	900,000
Artificers, builders, &c. . . . .	200,000	230,000	650,000
Manufacturers . . . . .	340,000	400,000	2,400,000
Tailors, shoemakers, hatters . . . . .	150,000	180,000	1,080,000
Shopkeepers . . . . .	310,239	359,000	2,100,000
Seamen and soldiers . . . . .	319,300	277,017	831,000
Clerical, legal, and medical classes . . . . .	80,300	90,000	450,000
Disabled paupers . . . . .	100,000	110,000	110,000
Proprietors and annuitants . . . . .	192,888	316,487	1,116,398
Totals . . . . .	2,911,383	3,363,504	16,537,398

From this table it appears that the agricultural and mining classes com-

pose 7-17ths of the whole population; the manufacturing class 5-17ths; the commercial class 2-17ths; the professional class, including the army and navy, and the non-producing class of proprietors and paupers, making up, in nearly equal moieties, the remaining 3-17ths.

*Corn.*—From the account of the quantities of corn, grain, and meal, imported during the month ending 5th October, 1834, it appears that 73,344 quarters of various descriptions of foreign grain had arrived at the port of London, and that duties had been paid on 35,353 quarters for home consumption. The quantity of grain remaining in bond on the 5th of October was 1,206,141 quarters.

The income for the past year of the Wesleyan Missionary Society was 54,767*l.* 9*s.* 7*d.*; of the London Society, 45,175*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.*—*Sheffield Mercury.*

*Arctic Land Expedition.*—Letters have been received from Capt. Back, dated the 7th of May. He was actively engaged in making preparations for his departure for the coast; and though, under all circumstances, he had resolved to divide his party, and take only one boat and crew with him, his spirits were high, and he was convinced that no real danger need thus be apprehended. The Esquimaux to the eastward of Coppermine River are considered uniformly gentle and friendly to strangers. In this direction they are not brought in contact with any hostile tribes. Captain Back's supply, even of dry food, for a party reduced as he proposes, will probably be ample. The labour of transporting stores for them will be less than if all proceed; and those left behind will push forward assistance during the season, to meet the advance on their return in autumn.

*The Hop Trade.*—The duty upon the growth of the present year has been officially declared at 529,936*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.*, which was much greater than was anticipated. The duty for the present year is much larger than for many years past, it having produced to the revenue last year but 272,878*l.*; in 1832, 241,770*l.*; and in 1831, 304,122*l.* The total amount of duty paid upon hops, including the whole rate of 1*d.* per lb., the three 5 per cents. on ditto, and the new duty, is 18*s.* 8*d.* per cwt. The prices of hops range as follow:—Kent pockets, from 95*s.* to 120*s.* per cwt.; Sussex ditto, 92*s.* to 110*s.* per cwt.; yearlings, at 56*s.* to 95*s.* per cwt.; and old hops from 18*s.* to 50*s.* per cwt. Farnham pockets (new crop), 168*s.* to 180*s.* per cwt.

In making the excavations under the late House of Commons, the Speaker's house, &c., some interesting ancient works have been discovered. A Purbeck marble floor, chequered in squares of ten inches, was found four feet below the surface, as also two openings of what must have been splendid windows; and a few feet outside the northernmost of these is to be seen the ancient well where King John was christened, and which well is evidently of Roman construction. Almost every day brings to light some further evidence of the sound judgment, good taste, and superior skill of the English architects, at least five hundred years before "the schoolmaster" was heard of.

• *Silk.*—The quantity of silk imported for home consumption in 1833 amounted to 4,758,453 lbs., being an increase of 34 per cent. over the year preceding. The value of the exports gives an increase of not less than 40 per cent. According to the Rev. Mr. Westwood, who submitted a paper on this subject at the last meeting of the Entomological Society, there are probably at present about 700,000 persons occupied in the silk trade.

*Whale Fishery.*—Last year, the nine vessels belonging to Dundee took 217 whales at Davis's Straits fishery, from which about 2015 tons of oil and 100 tons of bone were obtained, calculated to be worth 65,000*l.* This year eight vessels were at the fishing—one at Greenland. The whole took only 118 whales, which are expected to yield about 1430 tons of oil and

fifty tons of bone. The cargoes of all the British vessels last season produced about 14,500 tons of oil; this season, it is calculated they will only yield between 5000 and 6000.

*Trigonometrical Survey of Ireland.*—The direction of the trigonometrical survey has long been confided to Colonel Colby, whose duty it is to direct all the operations. There were several officers all actively engaged in the measurement, and of these we can mention Captain Henderson and Lieutenant Murphy, in addition to Lieutenant Drummond. How arduous a task they had to perform may be inferred from the fact that 400 feet of the base crosses the river Roe, near Newton-Limevaddy, over which a kind of bridge was laid on piles driven into the bed of the river. The party were in the water ten hours a day in the month of June of the year 1828, sometimes breast deep, in executing this part of the measurement, which, for greater accuracy, was gone twice over. Such was the accuracy with which the work was executed, notwithstanding its unfavourable position, that the two results differed only by one five-hundredth part of a foot, which is at the rate of about a foot in forty miles. The measurement was begun in October, 1827; and the first 200 feet were measured twice over, in the presence of Messrs. Herschell and Babbage (now Knights), and the difference of the two results did not exceed half the bisection of a dot.

*General Post Office.*—The new Act of Parliament has lately come into operation, by which stamped newspapers may henceforth be sent to any of his Majesty's possessions and colonies beyond the seas free of expense, and received from the same, if put up in covers open at each end, with no other writing or print than the name of the parties to whom sent: newspapers printed in foreign colonies, and in the language of such colonies, may be received as formerly on the payment of three-pence postage. Newspapers may be forwarded to France and other parts of the continent on the payment of two-pence when put in the foreign post-office here, and received from the same states on the payment of two-pence, if printed in the language of such state.

## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

*United States Shipping.*—At the present moment, when so much attention is paid to the increase or diminution of British commercial shipping in amount of numbers and tonnage, the following statement may not be wholly uninteresting, since it shows the great, nay rapid, increase of that class of shipping in the United States. It is taken from the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, recently made to Congress, by which it appears the registered, enrolled, and licensed tonnage of the United States amount to 1,439,450 tons, divided among the states and territories as follows:—Maine, 192,714; N. Hampshire, 17,126; Massachusetts, 395,924; Rhode Island, 40,607; Connecticut, 52,878; Vermont, 1,531; New York, 319,209; New Jersey, 33,142; Pennsylvania, 88,162; Delaware, 13,265; Maryland, 80,702; District of Colombia, 17,225; Virginia, 48,877; North Carolina, 32,142; South Carolina, 15,560; Georgia, 8,651; Ohio, 9,683; Tennessee, 3,047; Michigan, 1,758; Alabama, 7,240; Mississippi, 926; Louisiana, 61,171; Florida, 1,911; Key West, 1,091 tons.

*Liberty of the Press in France.*—From the 2d August, 1830, when a perpetual oblivion of offences was proclaimed, up to the 1st October, 1833, the account of Government prosecutions of the Parisian press stands as follows:—Indictments, 411; condemnations obtained, 143; whole duration of incarcerations arising from them, sixty-five years and two months; penalties awarded, 12,062 pounds sterling. And the same account for the year to the 1st October, 1834, gives the subsequent list of addenda there-



unto: indictments, 119; condemnations, 45; duration of imprisonments, forty-one years and four months; and penalties inflicted, 4378 pounds sterling. In the lapse of rather more than four years, therefore, the public press of the French metropolis alone has suffered, under the tender mercies of the Barricade system of popular freedom, by 520 indictments, 188 condemnations, a century and six months of incarcerations, and 16,449 pounds sterling of penalties.

The "*Revue Encyclopedique*" gives some very interesting information relative to the children who are abandoned by their parents throughout France, and who are supported in the hospitals and other institutions of the country. The "*Revue*" states, that according to official accounts that have been made, since the year 1819 the number of foundlings had increased from 99,346 to 122,981. "The last number was during the year 1831, since which period no accounts have been made up. According to the law, the male children should be placed on board the vessels of the Royal Navy, but the Captains are so averse to take them, on account of their birth, that but very few are employed in this manner. They are under the care of the nurses until they arrive at the age of 12 years, from which time, until they arrive at the age of majority, they are employed in the fields and in various ways, but do not receive any salary for their labour. After the age of 21, they are turned into the world to seek their own subsistence. According to the statistics of the mortality among these children, it appears that formerly nine died out of every ten before attaining the age of twelve years. At the present time the average is about one in three. In 1830, 198 died out of 593 who were admitted into the hospital of Montpellier. This amelioration is accounted for by the increased sum which has been allowed for the children's support, and likewise to the visits of the medical gentlemen who have by a recent regulation been appointed to that service.

*French Ministers during Four Years.*—The following is a list of all the political men who, since the 31st of July, 1830, have been called to sit for a longer or shorter period at the Council Board of Louis Philippe:—MM. Dupont l'Eure, Baron Louis, Marshal Gerard, Comte de Rigny, Bignon, Guizot, de Broglie, Marshal Jourdan, Tupinier, Molé, Sebastiani, Lafitte, C. Perier, Marshal Maison, Montalivet, Mérilhou, d'Argout, Marshal Soult, Barthe, Girod de l'Ain, Humann, Thiers, Persil, Duchâtel, Roussin, Jacob, Duc de Bassano, Bresson, General Bernard, Passy, Teste, Charles Dupin, Marshal Mortier. Total, 33—8½ a year.

*Population of France.*—The average annual births in France for the last ten years have been 967,490, and that of the deaths 781,480; so that the average annual increase of population has been 186,000. The aggregate increase during that period has been 1,860,000; of which number 1,045,000 were males, and 815,000 females; making a majority of males of one in five.\* The annual average of marriages has been 234,544.

*Parisian Improvements.*—The prefect of the department has decided on the appropriation of 1,500,000*l.* for works in the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées, which will be proceeded with, to the amount of 600,000*l.* annually, till they are completed. There will be a great basin, with an elegant fountain, in each of the four squares of the place, and six fountains in different parts of the Champs Elysées, where handsome buildings will be erected for dances, concerts, exhibitions, and other establishments—such as coffee-houses, eating-houses, and reading-rooms. All the paltry buildings which now exist in the Champs Elysées are to be demolished, but not a tree is to be cut down. The works will be begun in the spring of 1835.—*Paris Advertiser.*

Recent letters from Egypt announce that the magnificent project for uniting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, by means of a canal across the isthmus of Suez, has been again resumed. It was formerly in contem-

plation to lay down a rail-road on the same track ; but, after estimating the probable difficulties and expenses of the undertaking, it was abandoned in favour of the present scheme. " Surely," adds the letter, " the merchants of England, Holland, France, and the ports of the Baltic, whom it will most especially benefit, ought to encourage so splendid and useful an undertaking."

*Junction of the Rhine with the Danube.*—The Government of Bavaria is now anxiously occupied with the consideration of a plan for uniting the Rhine with the Danube by means of a canal. The canal will have its source in the Danube, near Kelheim. Its course will follow the valley of the small river d'Altmuhl and the Sulz, as far as Newmark ; from thence the canal will pass in the direction of Nuremberg, and pass the river Regnitz, by Furth and Bamberg. Its length will be 592,534 Bavarian feet, or 23½ German miles. Its breadth will be 54 Bavarian feet, and its depth 34. The highest elevation of the canal will be 273 feet above the surface of the Danube, near Kelheim, and 630 feet above the surface of the Regnitz, near Bamberg. This elevation will be attained by means of 94 locks. It appears, from an official calculation, that the conveyance of a quintal of goods throughout the whole length of the canal will not cost above a kreutzer and a half, including the expenses of navigation.

*Intended Short Cut to India.*—The advantages and great importance of a speedy communication between this country and India have long been the subject of serious conversation and of solicitude with all persons interested in the trade with that extensive empire, and we understand that the prospects of its being fulfilled are now drawing near. Two sons of Mr. Galloway, the civil engineer, who have for a considerable number of years been established in business, and resident in Alexandria, have just arrived in London, bringing with them the authority and the means for the formation of a grand railway from Cairo to Suez, and will, we hear, shortly commence by contracting for locomotive engines and the supply of iron for the completion of the road. In connexion with this undertaking the navigation by steam of the Levant will be of much importance, and a Company with that object in view has been established at Leghorn, and two steam-vessels for their use are now being built at Liverpool, to sail between Marseilles, the Italian ports in the Mediterranean, and Alexandria, and the calculation made is, that passengers or advices from London proceeding to Leghorn or Marseilles as the place of embarkation, may reckon on reaching Bombay in six or seven weeks, the beneficial results of which cannot require a single observation.

At a special meeting of the Board of Underwriters, held at the office of the American Assurance Company, New York, on the 2nd of October, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, viz., that the different Marine Assurance Companies in the city of New York would allow a deduction of 5 per cent. on the net premiums which might be taken after that date on all vessels, and on the outfits of vessels on whaling and sealing voyages, concluding without loss, provided the master and mate make affidavit after the termination of the risk, that no ardent spirits had been drunk on board the vessel by the officers and crew during the voyage or term for which the vessel or outfits were insured.

*Curious Discovery in France.*—As some workmen were digging upon the high road, at Homaize, a village about five leagues from Poitiers, they found the skeleton of an elephant, in perfect preservation. The bones were placed horizontally upon a sort of bench of calcareous stone, and occupied a space of more than ten feet (French) in length, by a foot and a half in breadth. They were contained in a vein of earth of a red colour. This vein was surmounted by a layer of calcareous stone, and was itself separated by another layer of the same earth.

*Rock Avalanche.*—One of those partial disruptions of nature which per-

form the work of geology took place in September at Santa Vera, in Peru ; where a mass of rock, loosened by the weather, descended with a dreadful crash upon the peaceful village below, and destroyed twenty-three of its inhabitants, besides many sheep, cattle, and other animals.

*Diamond.*—Galignani's Paris paper contains an account of a fine diamond found by a poor man in a piece of wood from the Levant, and which is valued at 500,000 francs, and would be worth much more if it had not a slight tinge of yellow. It had, it is supposed, been concealed in the tree when young.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE open weather still continues favourable to husbandry. The wheat was got in excellently, and though some complain (for when was it that farmers did not complain?) of the drought, that the seed does not come up, and that the crop will consequently be short, and other such misgivings, we can only say that our own field of observation, neither limited in space nor by prejudices, enables us to contradict these apprehensions. The wheat is rising beautifully, and we have seldom remarked the superiority of the drill husbandry made so manifest. It is indeed to be expected that "with practice will come perfectness;" but it should also seem that greater care has been exerted. The truth probably is, that the farmer now takes a pride in his art, and is compelled to be cautious not only in regard to character, but is admonished by low prices to increase, as far as in him lies, the produce, to compensate the depression. Whatever the cause, the effect must be beneficial, both individually and nationally.

The change in the Ministry has awakened in the landed interest the renovation of hope, and especially since Lord Wharncliffe and Sir Edward Knatchbull have accepted places; for the country can only imagine one cause for the introduction of such men—the conciliation of that interest. In point of abilities, they have never risen above mediocrity. As statesmen, they are of no repute; indeed, their political career has been distinguished by nothing but Ultra-Toryism, an attribute the judicious friends of the Duke and Sir Robert are most anxious to disclaim. There appears then no single reason but the one assigned—a desire to impress the agricultural interest generally (with a view, no doubt, to the elections) that their prosperity is to form an especial object of care under the new (old?) order of things. The secession of the Marquis of Chandos, after coquetting with the new Government, looks a little adverse to this hopeful speculation. No malt-tax or no Lord Chandos, is said to have been the condition; and Sir Robert preferred the millions to the Marquis. The noble lord has since expressed a hope (coupled, however, with the declaration that "he puts no confidence in any breast but his own") that Ministers would give up a part of that obnoxious impost. We should not wonder to see the matter pushed by county-meetings to petition for the repeal. Wherever it is an object to bring the candidates to a declaration of their intentions, and to compel them as it were to its support, this will be used as an engine of compulsion; and if the dissolution of Parliament be sufficiently delayed, it will be one of great force. But after all, can a tax yielding four millions, something more than one-fourth of the revenue *appropriated to the purposes of Government*, be conceded without the substitution of a property or income tax; and can any Minister be expected either to reduce establishments or to avail himself of an alternative already abundantly proved by the clearest induction from figures to be impracticable, without a most arbitrary and oppressive inquisition into private affairs, and a most unequal imposition of charge upon the subject? Sir Robert Peel has already declared his impression that, under the existing reduction of pa-

tronage, it is scarcely possible to carry on the King's Government. The Duke has put the question still more strongly, and demanded how it is to be carried on? Is the relinquishment of the impost at all probable, or even possible? Nor do we believe the *farmer* (the *tenantry* that is to say) would be at all benefitted in a pecuniary sense. The effect of protecting duties has been to elevate the rent of land, not the occupier's profits. *Probatum est*—there stands the fact; the landlord, not the farmer, has thriven; and so it must continue to be while the competition for farms is so urgent. Even under the present adverse circumstances, if a farm be vacant, numerous tenants are ready to compete for it; nay, we know that applications for occupations on the chance of their becoming vacant are frequently made to large proprietors and their agents.

In this state of things, the landlord would take advantage of a rise in the price of barley, and the benefits to the tenants would simply be found in the moral advantages upon the character of the labourer after the first burst, the first effects of the repeal of the duty. *Nothing short of a complete revision of the whole financial system of the country, having for its object the relief of industry from the fatal effects of taxes upon raw materials, and other misapplications or ignorance of the principles, can give relief.*

The prices have fluctuated little during the month, the principal feature of the markets being that of difficulty to sell; flour having fallen three shillings a sack on the best households, and from sixpence to a shilling on ship qualities, forms the exception. This, however, is naturally followed by a reluctance to purchase wheat on the part of the millers, who will now, by the coming in of the water, and by steadier winds, be reduced to trade at a nearer approximation of the raw to the manufactured article than they have been. The supply of barley has been liberal, yet the Marquis of Chandos advised the farmers to thresh their barley, with a view to keep up the duty. The maltsters, taking advantage of this increased supply, have held off buying, except on lower terms; and even fine Chevalier parcels have been sold at a shilling decline. The Irish importations have been large, some few malting qualities have also arrived from Denmark. It is a curious fact connected with this trade, that the consumption of malt in London and its neighbourhood has increased during the last year, compared with 1833, one hundred thousand quarters. The ascertained deficiency of the growth will not, however, in all probability, suffer the price to fall materially. White peas are plentiful, and prices barely kept up; maple and gray scarce, and a little up.

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## RURAL ECONOMY.

*Cultivation of Beet-root in France.*—A branch of industry which Napoleon had striven to naturalize in France, but which only a few years ago was still almost insignificant, has lately risen into great importance—we allude to the manufacture of sugar from beet-root. If we are rightly informed, nearly three hundred manufactories of the kind already exist in the two departments of Le Nord and Pas-de-Calais. Supposing the average produce of each to be 100,000 pounds of sugar, the result would be 3,000,000 pounds annually produced in those districts alone.

The principal cause of this active extension of the manufacture of beet-root sugar is its advantage to agriculture. In most of the provinces of France the system of fallows still prevails; the land lies untilld one year in three. The cultivation of beet-root enables fallows to be dispensed with. After the sugar has been extracted, there remains so nutri-

partly a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Edward Galley Giles, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for certain improvements on apparatus for engraving on copper and certain other substances, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Samuel Garner, of Lombard-street, in the city of London, gentleman, for an improvement in the art of multiplying certain drawings and engravings, or impressions, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To William Crofts, of New Radford, in the county of Nottingham, machine maker, for his invention of certain improvements in certain machinery for making figured or ornamental bobbin-net, or what is commonly called bobbin-net lace.

To William Wells, of Salford, in the county of Lancaster, machine-maker, and George Scholesfield, of the same place, mechanical draftsman, for their invention of an improved apparatus or machine for cutting the pile or cords of fastians and other fabrics manufactured of cotton, wool, and other fibrous material.

To Robert Whiteside, of Air, in the county

of Air, wine merchant, for his invention of certain improvements in the wheels of steam-carriages, and in the machinery for propelling the same, also applicable to other purposes.

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To James Lutton, of Tudor Place, Tottenham Court Road, in the county of Middlesex, chair-maker, for his invention of certain improvements on castors for furniture.

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To James Couch, of Stoke, Devonport, Captain in the Royal Navy, for his invention of certain improvements in ships' channels.

To Jacob Tilton Slade, of Carburton-street, Fitzroy Square, in the county of Middlesex, Gentleman, for his invention of an improved metallic sheathing for the bottoms of ships and vessels.

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## BANKRUPTS,

FROM NOVEMBER 18, TO DECEMBER 23, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

Nov. 18.—H. J. ROBERTS, James-street, Lionson-grove, victualler. F. FRANKLAND, Oxford-street, carpet-warehouseman. F. VOUTRIER, Rue de Cléty, Paris, merchant. J. VERRY, Regent-street, hosier. W. H. P. PAINCH, Regent-street, boot maker. T. THURD, West-square, Southwark, picture-dealer. T. DEN HURST, Manchester, bookseller. J. COOK, Baitford, Kent, miller. G. W. PATTERSON, Cross-street, Islington, merchant. J. HALLILKY, J. BROOKE, J. HALLILKY, and J. HALLILKY, jun., Dewsbury, Yorkshire, woollen-manufacturers. G. PUGH, Sheffield, Yorkshire, laceman. J. C. WILSON, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, blacksmith. T. STANLEY, Leeds, Yorkshire, manufacturer. J. DUFFELL, Brigg, Kent, grocer. G. MICKLE, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. J. PARMENTER, Melbourne, Cambridgeshire, linen-draper. W. SMITH, Birmingham, Warwickshire, victualler. E. MATHEWIN, F. F. MATHEWIN, and T. MATHEWIN, North Shields, Northumberland, chain-makers. R. CLEWES and J. CLEWES, Cobridge, Staffordshire, manufacturers of earthenware. T. PLUNKET, Wolverhampton, grocer.

Nov. 21.—S. NIX and W. J. GRINSELL, Queen-street, Cheapside, wine-merchants. S. SOLOMONSON, Bucklersbury, bill-broker. J. MILLER, Red Lion-passageway, Red Lion-square, tavern-keeper. W. BROOKS, New-street-square, Fetter-lane, lamp-manufacturer. S. CRONSHAY, High-street, Patney, grocer. E.

Jan.—VOL. XLIII. NO. CLXIX.

ETCHES and H. ETCHES, Wythe, Kent, linen-draper. T. FIELD, Morlington-place, Camberwell New-road, flour-factor. T. SPENCER, Church-street, Bethnal-green, shoe-manufacturer. A. LAMBERT, Church-street, Spital-fields, patent medicine-vender. G. B. SAWYER, Leicester-square, builder. T. WARD, Liverpool, hatter. T. DAVIES and W. DAVIES, Liverpool, merchants. W. WISE, Manchester, picture-merchant. A. SAKTAN, Taunton, Somersetshire, innkeeper. J. ROBINSON, Manchester, wine-merchant. T. HINDSON, Moseley Wake green, Worcestershire, factor. M. E. BURNARD, Bideford, Devonshire, dealer.

Nov. 25.—J. G. CHRIST, Cooper's-row, Tower-hill, merchant. T. THATCHER, Fleet-street, seedsman. W. ROANTREE, Long-acre, coach-builder. T. TAYLER, Fore-street, City, carpet-warehouseman. J. W. LAYTON, Kew, coal-merchant. J. HARWOOD, Over Darvin, Lancashire, cotton cloth-manufacturer. J. B. CARSON, Liverpool, wool-merchant. P. MARELL, Liverpool, shipwright. M. G. SPOTSWOOD, Oldham, meicer. R. A. SOUTER, Colchester, Essex, printer.

Nov. 28.—J. D. SMITH, Norwood, Kent, stable keeper. A. D. SMALL, Napsbury, Hertfordshire, dealer in cattle. G. BELL, Chertsey, Surrey, tailor. J. VINCH, Stratford, Essex, coach-master. B. BRADLEY and R. CATTALL, New Shades, White Hart-court, Lombard-street, wine-merchants. H.

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F. HUNT, St. Mary-at-Hill, City, wine-merchant. J. S. STEVENS, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, plumber. A. BRAY, Red Lion-yard, Holborn, horse-dealer. M. CALDWELL, Austin-friars, merchant. J. N. HASSALL, Shrewsbury, Shropshire, mercer. J. FOSTER, Easingwold, Yorkshire, money-scriver. A. JOYNS and J. FOYSTER, Halstead, Essex, ribbon-manufacturers. A. E. ABRAHAM, Exeter, optician. J. COATES, Worcester, linen-draper. B. RARY, Preston, Lancashire, innkeeper. W. F. HAINES, Leamington, Warwickshire, surgeon. G. PHILLIPS and J. WHITTOW, Havérfordwest, linen and woollen drapers.

Dec. 2.—J. ATKIN, Bridgewater square, City, stationer. T. D. SMITH, Norwood, Surrey, stable-keeper. W. ELKINGTON, Birmingham, money-scriver. J. BROWN, Wapping-wall, victualler. R. GREY, King-street, Aldgate, ironmonger. T. JONES, Little Newport-street, trimming-seller. R. MOORE, Brighton, hotel keeper. J. ENDS, Stonehouse, near Devonport, linen-draper. E. BLANKLEY, Bloomsbury-market, plumber. W. RIPLEY, Sheffield, joiner. W. K. WESTLY, Salford, Lancashire, flax-spinner. J. BOOTHROYD, Staley-bridge, Lancashire, stone-mason. S. MASON, Liverpool, victualler. E. CHURCHILL, Cardiff, shoemaker. S. ASHWORTH, Toughton-hall, Lancashire, hat-manufacturer. B. CROSSLLEY, Rotherham, Yorkshire, tailor. R. BELT, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. J. P. HIGGS and C. F. HIGGS, Eastingdon, Gloucestershire, clothiers. R. BIGH, Bishop-Auckland, Durham, surgeon.

Dec. 5.—J. D. SMITH, Norwood, stable-keeper. J. REVETT, Colchester, stage-coach proprietor. N. TAYNTON, Lincoln's-inn, law-stationer. S. W. SUGGANCE, Piccadilly, bookseller. R. T. SCARR, jun., Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire, surgeon. J. EARR and T. HAINES, Brownlow-street, Holborn, tailors. T. WALKER, Trowbridge, Wilts, cloth-manufacturer. J. GIBBS, Ramsey, Huntingdonshire, grocer. B. CROSSBY, Rotherham, Yorkshire, draper. J. STAIN and J. FULSON, Wharf, City-basin, marble, stone, and granite masons. T. ANDERSON, Rufford, Lancashire, innkeeper. O. HUSTLER, Halstead, Essex, scriver. J. HORTON, Leeds, Yorkshire, joiner. R. SMITHPAGE, Leeds, Yorkshire, tailor. J. BIDDLE, Birmingham, factor. B. FIELDHOUSE, Kinfare, Staffordshire, innkeeper. F. HALLILEY, Leeds, cloth-merchant.

Dec. 9.—G. BOYER, Leadenhall-market, leather-factor. W. B. STUART, Mount-str., Grosvenor-square, tailor. J. KINGSLEY, Holme, Bedfordshire, sheep-jobber. J. HUMPHREYS, Newgate-street, victualler. J. D. SMITH, Norwood, Surrey, stable-keeper. A. RICHTER, Soho-square, bookseller. W. POOLE and V. THOMSON, Surrey Theatre Coffee-house, Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars-road. J. BERRY, Tabernacle-walk, Hoxton, draper. W. BLOXAM, Warnford-court,

Throgmorton-street, stock-broker. C. M. PAYNE and J. JONES, Garratt-lane, Wandsworth, silk-printers. T. COLEMAN, Darlaston, Staffordshire, nail-master. T. ALDERSON, Rufford, Lancashire, innkeeper. B. FIELDHOUSE, Kinfare, Staffordshire, innkeeper. T. DONE, Audley, Staffordshire, farmer. W. LARKE, Bungay, liquor-merchant.

Dec. 12.—J. VOLLANS, jun., Leeds, Yorkshire, woollen cloth manufacturer. D. BOWEN, Swansea, Glamorganshire, linen-draper. R. and G. SHARPLEY, Oxford-street, stationers. W. BROADY, Leeds, wool-dealer. R. KENOR, New-street, Bishopsgate-street, grocer. G. SUOBRIDGES, Skinner-street, City, tailor and draper. S. DANFORD, Battersea-fields, money-scriver. D. HATCH, Linthwaite, and J. HAIGH, Slaithwaite, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturers. H. CLARK, Bridgewater, Somersetshire, linen-draper. B. CHALLINOR, Derby, colour manufacturer. S. and J. PHILLIPS, Liverpool, merchants. F. F. BINGLEY, Wakefield, printer. T. M. MYERS, Liverpool, split-broker. W. POPE and A. CAMBRIDGE, Liverpool, ship-builders. J. E. DREVEY, Hutton Mill, Kildermminster, miller. J. GRANT-M, Netland, Westmoreland, seed-dealer.

Dec. 16.—T. WILKINSON and E. DOWN, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, bill-brokers. J. S. HUTCHINSON, Montagu close, Southwark, leather-seller. E. COCKER, Wood-street, Cheapside, hardwareman. C. F. OPPENHEIM, East India Chambers, Leadenhall-str, merchant. C. ABERCROMBIE, Liverpool, merchant. J. GLOVER, May's-buildings, St. Martin's-lane, watch-maker. T. WELLS, Bingham, Norfolk, farmer. S. THORPE, Nottingham, wharfinger. J. WREKAT, Portsmouth, tavern-keeper.

Dec. 19.—J. C. CLARK, High-street, Shadwell, grocer. J. KENDRICK, Sidney-alley, print and bookseller. G. B. BROWN, E. R. DAYSON, and C. DUNCAN, New Broad-street, City, merchants. W. CASEY, Cow-cross-st, victualler. T. JOHNSON, Petworth, Sussex, surgeon. J. WHITTEN, Liverpool, merchant. J. CROSER, G. WALKER, and J. C. WALKER, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship and insurance brokers. S. TOMLINSON, Liverpool, corn-merchant. S. JONES, New Sarum, bookseller. E. OAKLEY, Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, linen-draper. T. LANK, Hereford, seedsman.

Dec. 23.—B. MORRISON, New Gloucester street, Hoxton New-town, and Wilson-street, Finsbury-square, carpenter and builder. R. ELFORD, jun., Twickenham-common, veterinary-surgeon and farrier. R. FRASER, Middle Queen's-buildings, Brompton, wine-merchant. T. DRIVER, Pemell's-terrace, Peckham, merchant and master-marine. E. G. WOOD, Liverpool, common brewer. W. CHAPMAN, Allensmore, Herefordshire, timber merchant. T. PYKE, Liverpool, corn-merchant. J. RAYTER, Lougham, Norfolk, bulider and carpenter. W. KADWELL, Weston, Somersetshire, victualler.

## COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

SOME degree of inactivity is always observable in our principal manufactures at this season of the year; but the stagnation at the present time is more complete than is generally the case. Two or three causes may be supposed to have concurred in producing this effect; the most powerful, doubtless, is the reaction, which, to a greater or less extent, is ever the attendant upon a high degree of activity in any particular branch of trade or manufacture. For some considerable time past, the principal products of our manufacturing industry have been required and supplied to an extent that has called into full employment the various artisans in Cotton, Wool, and Silk; yet as the supply is never accurately adjusted to the demand, but, on the contrary, is always certain in the long run to go much beyond it, and at this state of things necessarily implies such a consumption of the raw material as tends greatly to enhance its price, it is impossible but that the rapid march of industry should be occasionally retarded to allow the demand to press again upon the supply, and to enable the increasing quantity of raw produce to operate as a check upon its price. Among secondary causes of the present depression, may be classed the prospect of an impending general election, which always interferes with the operations of trade, and, in so far as the business of Mercers and Drapers is concerned, the present Court and general mourning.

The Market for Colonial Produce has been languid for some time past; all transactions are now suspended on account of the holidays. The quotations of British Plantation Sugars are, for Jamaica brown, 52s. to 54s.; middling, 54s. to 57s.; good to fine, 58s. to 61s.; Barbadoes, 57s. to 63s. For Foreign Sugars there is some Continental demand, and orders have been received here to a considerable extent; the limitation of price has, however, in almost every case, prevented the execution of them. The Market for Refined Sugars is firm; sales are made of fine crushed, at 32s.

In British Plantation Coffee, the purchases of late have chiefly been confined to the demands for home consumption; the present quotations are, for Jamaica, triage, 59s. to 66s.; ordinary, to good ordinary, 68s. to 82s.; fine ordinary, 84s. to 94s.; middling, to good middling,

96s. to 114s.; fine middling, 118s. to 124s.; Dominica, fine ordinary, 82s. to 87s.; middling, 92s. to 96s.

In Spices, Pepper is in good demand, a parcel of Sumatra lately brought by public sale 4*d.* to 4½*d.* per lb.; Nutmegs are quoted 6*d.* lower, good quality bringing 6s. 9*d.* to 7s.; Mace and Cloves are without alteration.

Cotton, Silk, and Wool, manifest the effects of the present inactive state of the manufactories; the transactions are very limited at reduced prices.

Business on the Corn-Market is, as is usually the case at this season, extremely dull; Wheat is with difficulty maintained at the present prices, although the recent arrivals have not been large; very considerable quantities of Barley from Scotland and Ireland, and of Oats from the former place, have lately arrived, and have rendered sales in them very heavy. In Bonded Grain scarcely any business is doing in any description.

The English Stock Market has presented very slight variations during the past month: with occasional complaints of the scarcity of money the Market has been but little affected. Some very important alterations have, however, occurred in the Foreign Market, and particularly in Spanish Bonds, where the alterations of opinion as to the course likely to be pursued by the Committee of the Stock Exchange have led to considerable fluctuations. That opinion is now understood to be favourable to the reception of the Certificates of the new loan, and under that impression the Cortes Bonds have now acquired a degree of stability to which they have long been strangers.

The following are the highest and lowest prices at which business has been done in the principal securities during the month, and the closing quotations on the 27th.

## ENGLISH FUNDS.

	Prices.		
	Low- est.	High- est.	Closing.
Bank Stock . . .	221½	223½	222½ 3
India Stock, for Ac. .	265½	268	
3 per cent. Consols, { for opening . . . }	91½	92½	91½ 2
3 per cent. Red. . .	90½	91½	90½ 1
3½ per cent. Red. . .	98½	99½	98½ 9
3½ per cent. (New), { for opening . . . }	100½	100½	
Long Annuities . .	16½	17½	16½ 5 17
Exchequer Bills, prem.	34	41	37 8
India Bonds . . .	17	23	17 19



FOREIGN FUNDS.					SHARES.		
Belgian	97½	99½	97½	8½	Anglo-Mexican	7	8
Brazilian	77½	79½	78½	9	Bolanos	130	5
Chilian	33½	34½	33½	4½	Brazilian, Imperial	26	7
Colombian	30½	32½	32	½	Colombian	11½	12½
Danish	74½	76½	76	½	Del Monte	29	30
Dutch, 2½ per cent.	53½	55½	54½	½	United Mexican	4½	½
Doitto, 5 per cent.	98½	100	99½	½	British Iron	32	3
Mexican	41	42½	41½	2	Canada Company	44	5
Portuguese (New)	82½	86½	85½	6	Provincial Bank of Ireland	41½	2½
Russian	103½	107½	107	½	Greenwich Railway	11½	½
Spanish	51½	56	53½	½			

## MONTHLY DIGEST.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

The following is a list of the new Administration:—

Sir R. Peel	First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Mr. Goulburn	Secretary of State for the Home Department.
Duke of Wellington	Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.
Lord Aberdeen	Colonial Department.
Lord Lyndhurst	Lord Chancellor.
Earl of Rosslyn	President of the Council.
Lord Wharncliffe	Lord Privy Seal.
Mr. A. Baring	President of the Board of Trade.
Sir G. Murray	Master-General of the Ordnance.
Sir E. Knatchbull	Paymaster of the Forces.
Earl de Grey	First Lord of the Admiralty.
Lord Ellenborough	President of the Board of Control.
Mr. Herries	Secretary-at-War.
Sir Henry Hardinge	Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant.
C. W. W. Wynne	Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Sir E. Sugden	Lord Chancellor of Ireland.
Lord Granville Somerset	Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests.
Lord Jersey	Lord Chamberlain.
Earl of Haddington	Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.
Sir George Clark, Bart.	} Joint Secretaries to the Treasury.
Sir T. Fremantle, Bart.	
Lord Mahon	Under Foreign Secretary.
Right Hon. G. R. Dawson	Secretary of the Admiralty.
Mr. Bonham	Storekeeper of the Ordnance.
Sir J. Scarlett	Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.
Sir F. Pollock	Attorney-General.
Sir W. Follett	Solicitor-General.
Sir William Rae, Bart.	Lord Advocate for Scotland.
Lord Edward Somerset	Surveyor-General of the Ordnance.
Colonel Perceval	Treasurer of Ordnance.
Sir John Beckett, Bart.	Judge-Advocate-General.
Mr. Winthrop Praed	Secretary to the Board of Control.

### Commissioners for India—

First Commissioner	Lord Ellenborough.
Second	Right Hon. J. Sullivan.
Third	Sir Alex. C. Grant.
Fourth	Mr. Planta.

The additional Irish appointments are —

Mr. Sergeant Pennefather	Attorney-General.
Mr. Devonsher Jackson	Solicitor-General.
Sir William Gossett	likely to continue Under Secretary.

## THE COLONIES.

## WEST INDIES.

*Jamaica*.—The House of Assembly met on the 7th October. The governor said he had called them early to insure their return to their homes before the holidays, to call their attention to the establishment of new assize courts, and ask for power to issue special commissions for the improvement of the militia. He also stated that he considered it quite impossible to carry on the new system of apprenticeship with the present number of magistrates, and that he had sent home strong remonstrances on the subject. The last part of the governor's speech is no less satisfactory than important: it is—

"When last I took my leave of you, I expressed my confidence that the gloomy anticipations of violence expected to be attendant on the late great change in the state of the labouring population were unfounded; so great a change as that which has lately taken place the annals of history do not recount. And, enabled as I am with truth to state that it has not been accompanied by the loss of one drop of blood, have we not cause, as I predicted, for mutual congratulations? That some inconveniences and irregularities have arisen from various causes it is impossible to deny, but I am glad to find they have in every instance, save one, been of minor importance."

On an answer to the address being moved in the House of Assembly, a long debate ensued, in which it was contended that a greater number of magistrates would only increase the difficulties and impede the working of the system. The result of the debate, however, is not given. A committee was, however, appointed to inquire into the causes of the general discontent among the apprentices, and forty summonses had already been made out. An almost universal determination on the part of the apprentices not to work for wages during their own hours is said to have been entered into.

From Demerara we learn that the Superior Court of Criminal Justice had concluded the trials of the negroes implicated in the disturbance at Essequibo, and the Governor had issued a proclamation approving of the sentences passed as follows:—Damon, of plantation Richmond, to be executed; Frederick, of plantation Devonshire Castle, to be transported for life to New South Wales, and kept to hard labour. Fothergil, of plantation Belle Alliance; Bob, of plantation Lima; and William, are all to be transported for fourteen years to New South Wales. Thirty-two other apprenticed labourers, sentenced to imprisonment and to be publicly flogged, the Governor had granted a free pardon to, in the hope that the fate of the above-mentioned five misguided men would be sufficient to uphold the supremacy of the law. Damon was executed on the morning of the 13th of October.

At St. Kitt's, the proclamation of the Governor had been misunderstood and riots succeeded, all the men-of-war on the station being obliged to go there.

- At Tortola, two men had been arrested for the murder of one of their associates; and in the Danish colony of St. Thomas two were under sentence of death for setting fire to the theatre.

- From Grenada, we learn that several men of colour had been exciting the negroes there to attack the white population, and had publicly insulted some of the magistrates.

## EAST INDIES.

- The provisions of the new charter, empowering all natural-born subjects

of his Majesty to hold lands, had been acted upon, a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Agra having applied to the Commissioners to hold lands in his own name, to which request the Government had acceded. The injurious prohibition of Europeans holding lands would thus no longer oppose an obstacle to the improvement of the country.

## CANADA.

Recent accounts state that a very serious run had been made upon the Montreal bank for a period of four days: it had, however, ceased; but not until the bank had disbursed specie to the extent of 20,000*l.*, and the parties connected with the bank had been kept in a state of activity during that period.—The fisheries in the Gulf of St. Lawrence had generally failed during the past season, which was the case with all fishery ground, except that part of the coast of Labrador in the vicinity of Belle Isle.—The House of Assembly of Prince Edward's Island had been dissolved, and the writs for the new election were returnable for the 29th of December.

## FOREIGN STATES.

## FRANCE.

THE great subject of interest in the French papers is the debate in the Chamber of Deputies on the late double changes in the Government.

The debate terminated in the adoption, by a considerable majority, of the *ordre du jour motivé*, by which its vote for passing to the order of the day is coupled with an expression of satisfaction with the ministerial explanations of the policy of the government, as finding nothing in that policy otherwise than conformable to the principles contained in its address.

Another resolution was moved by M. Sauzet, the Deputy from Lyons, whose name is remarkable for his eloquent defence of the Polignac ministry, as well as recently for its insertion in the list of the three days' Cabinet, though, like M. Bresson, his distance from the capital prevented him from taking any part in its Councils—that the Chamber should pass simply to the order of the day. This was, of course, lost by the adoption of the first resolution. The numbers were, 184 to 117. Majority for Ministers, 67.

## PORTUGAL.

The marriage of Donna Maria to the Duke of Leuchtenberg by proxy took place on the 1st ult. at the Cathedral, Lisbon. The Patriarch, assisted by the Archbishop of Lacedemonia, performed the ceremony. The Royal cortege left the Palace of the Necessidades at half-past 11 o'clock. The streets were lined with troops, and her Majesty was attended by all her Ministers, Council of State, Officers of the Household, all the Judges, and by Deputations from the Chambers of the Peers and Deputies. The Duke of Terceira was proxy for the Duke of Leuchtenberg. The crowds of people present amounted to upwards of 60,000; and all the balconies along the Carrera were filled with females, both on her way to the church and from the church. The Queen was exceedingly well received by the people. It was about four o'clock when her Majesty reached the Palace, after which she stood at one of the windows whilst the troops and National Guards passed in review before her. The town was illuminated in the evening. Baron Bernardo de Sa da Bandeira left Lisbon on the 29th Nov. in the Don Pedro brig-of-war. Count Ficalho left also in the Soho steamer. These noblemen are to meet in London and proceed together to Ostend, to meet the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and accompany him to Lisbon. The *Extraordinary Gazette* of December 1st announces the various titles and

honours conferred by the Queen. Every one of the Ministers has received the grand cross of one order or other, the Duke of Palmella that of the Tower and Sword. Several gentlemen have received the title of Honorary Councillors. Don Francisco de Almeida, who was until lately Portuguese Minister in Paris, M. Abreue Lima, who was in London, the Duke of Palmella's son, and others, have had the titles of Count and Marquis conferred on them. Count Ficalho has been made a Marquis. Barons Sa da Bandeira and Pico de Coleiro have been raised to the dignity of Viscounts. M. Silva Carvalho has laid his budget before the Portuguese Chamber. It shows a somewhat large deficit, but there is every reason to expect that a sum will very shortly come in part payment of the debt due by the Brazils, which would reduce the deficit to something very inconsiderable. "Things, generally speaking," says the *Times*' correspondent, "look well; the people at large have great confidence in the good management of the finances by M. Silva Carvalho, as well as his well-known ultra-reform principles."

## BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

### THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

HIS Royal Highness William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester, was in his fifty-eighth year, being born in January, 1776, at Rome, whither his father went shortly after his private marriage, on the 6th of September, 1766, with Maria, the Countess-Dowager of Waldegrave—a match which so highly incensed his brother, George the Third, that he refused to receive the bride at Court, and was also the cause of bringing in and passing the Royal Marriage Act. Their union was not generally known until 1772, when, in consequence of the Bill just named, the Duke thought proper publicly to acknowledge the Duchess as his wife, and in 1776 returned to England, when, soon afterwards, a reconciliation took place between his Royal Highness and the King, and his children by the Duchess were acknowledged as his legal heirs. Of these but two survived—the late Duke, and his sister, the Princess Sophia of Gloucester.

The Duke completed his education at Cambridge, under Dr. Beadon; and had scarcely quitted college before he entered the army.

In 1805, on the death of his father, he succeeded to the title; and, on the motion of Lord Henry Petty, (the present Lord Lansdowne,) who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, his allowance was increased to 11,000*l.* a year; and, greatly to his credit, his Royal Highness has always kept within the bounds of his income.

In politics, until within these few years, the Duke generally voted with the Whigs; and while the Bill of Pains and Penalties against Queen Caroline was pending, he uniformly acted in her Majesty's favour.

In 1816, the Duke married his first cousin, the Princess Mary, the fourth daughter of George the Third, and is said to have stipulated that it should by no means be expected to influence his political conduct.

Besides being a Knight of the Garter and a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, his Royal Highness was Ranger of Bagshot Park, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

The military career of the Duke was as follows:—The first commission of his Royal Highness was that of Captain in the First Foot Guards, with the rank of Colonel, and dated 11th of March, 1789. In March, 1794, his Royal Highness, then Prince William, went to Flanders to join his company in the first battalion, and on the 16th of April was appointed to the

command of a brigade, consisting of the 14th, 37th, and 53d regiments. On the 17th, he was employed in the column under Sir W. Erskine, who ordered his Royal Highness to attack the village of Vremont, in which he succeeded, and received the General's thanks in the field. His Royal Highness was immediately afterwards appointed to the command of the 115th regiment, (3d of May, 1794,) and had a letter of service as Colonel on the Staff, and to do the duty of a General Officer in the army, in which capacity he served the whole of the campaign. On February 16, 1795, his Royal Highness received the rank of Major-General. November 8, same year, he was appointed Colonel of the 6th regiment of foot. While Major-General, he was appointed (1799) to the command of a brigade comprising two battalions of the 5th and two of the 35th, forming a part of the Duke of York's army. On the 19th, this brigade was attached to the column commanded by Lieutenant-General Dundas. In the course of the morning, the whole of it was, by degrees, detached, excepting the first battalion of the 35th, with which, only 600 strong, his Royal Highness was called on to support the Russians. Finding that Lieutenant-General Hermann was made prisoner, and Lieutenant-General Geripsdorf killed, and that the command had devolved upon himself, the Duke determined to attack the village of Schorel, from which he found Major-General Manners' brigade was retreating, closely pursued by the enemy in great force. Prince William, covering the Major-General's retreat, ordered him to form in his rear, and with this reinforcement his Royal Highness advanced to the attack, carried the village and the wood skirting it, and, pursuing the enemy up the sand-hills, drove him back upon Bergen. His Royal Highness, on the 4th of October, made a rapid advance to Schermerhorn, Daendels having retired to Viemerut with the main Dutch army, 8000 strong, abandoning three guns, which were consequently taken by his Royal Highness's brigade. On the 6th of October, the Duke received orders to retreat, and falling back, took up his former position, in which he was attacked by General Daendels, with a force of 6000 men. General Dumonceau supporting General Bonhomme, was repulsed by six companies of the 35th, under Colonel Massey, directed by his Royal Highness. At this moment, Daendels, with 5000 men, advanced upon the left towards a small work which had been cut across to the depth of nine feet. His Royal Highness had scarcely 600 men to oppose to this corps; and being ordered to retire, effected his retreat without the loss of a single man, carrying off his guns, baggage, &c.

November 13, 1799, his Royal Highness received the rank of Lieutenant-General; April 25, 1808, that of General; May 26, 1809, appointed to the Colonelcy of the 3d Guards, now the Scots Fusiliers. In 1816, his late Majesty, by special warrant, conferred on the Duke the title of Prince of the Blood Royal, on the occasion of the marriage of his Royal Highness with his cousin, the Princess Mary. He died on the 30th of November.

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#### JAMES HEATH, ESQ.

James Heath, Esq., a Member of the Royal Academy, and for more than half a century one of the most eminent engravers in Europe, died at his house in Coram-street, aged seventy-eight years. He had long retired from the profession. Mr. Heath was the early associate and friend of Stothard, the artist: they may be said to have commenced their career of popularity and distinction at the same time. The old "Novelist's Magazine," published by Harrison, is adorned by the delicately-finished engravings of James Heath, from the imperishable drawings of Thomas Stothard. These two celebrated men were also employed by that munificent patron of the fine arts, the late Mr. John Bell, of the Strand, to furnish the exquisite embellishments to his splendid editions of the British Poets; indeed, it may be said that Mr. Bell was the first publisher who gave employment

to those two eminent artists. The "Death of Major Pearson," from a painting by West, and, as a companion to it, the "Death of Nelson," from a painting by the same artist; the "Dead Soldier," from a picture by Wright, of Derby; a whole-length of General Washington, engraved from American Stuart's well-known portrait in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne; and the portrait of Pitt, from the statue at Cambridge University, are a very few of the many lasting specimens of Heath's graphic excellence. In private life, Heath was esteemed and loved by the large circle in which he was known. He was a delightful companion, abounding with entertaining anecdotes and stories, relating to the eminent persons with whom he had associated. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, West, Stothard, F. Reynolds, Morton, John Kemble, Miles Peter Andrews, Wroughton the actor, and, to the end of his life, Jack Bannister, (who, we rejoice to say, survives him in excellent health,) were his attached friends. Although his engravings were highly prized in all the principal cities of Europe, we question if his visit to the Continent extended beyond Calais, on an occasion when Jack Bannister was his companion, and who often tells a humorous story of an occurrence that happened to them at Dessein's Hotel. Heath was a widower when he died. He has left behind him three children,—George, serjeant-at-law; Charles, the eminent engraver; and Mrs. Hamilton, who is understood to be almost equal to her brother as a professor of the graphic art. Godefroy, of Paris, who engraved the celebrated "Battle of Austerlitz," from the splendid painting by Gerard, was a pupil of Mr. Heath.

## THOMAS PRINGLE.

[We extract from the "Athenæum" the following brief obituary of this estimable and amiable man; adding our own testimony to that of our contemporaries, as to the moral worth, kindly manners, and high talents of Mr. Pringle.] •

Mr. Pringle was born in Tiviotdale, a romantic pastoral district in the south of Scotland, of which he has left some pleasing remembrances, in the poetry which from time to time he gave to the public. Mr. Pringle applied himself early in life to literature, as a profession; and was concerned in the establishment and early management of *Blackwood's Magazine*; shortly after, however, he chose to follow the fortunes of his family, who became settlers in South Africa. There, after a time, Mr. Pringle entered into some literary speculations in Cape Town, which, however, he was speedily forced to relinquish by the government, at a pecuniary loss of little less than 1000*l*. Upon the failure of these speculations, Mr. Pringle returned to England; and his services were soon after engaged by the Anti-Slavery Society, as secretary to that body, a situation which he continued to hold until within these few months, when the object of the society was accomplished: and the duties of which responsible office he discharged, not merely as one expected to labour for hire, but as one whose heart was in the cause of humanity and justice.

Mr. Pringle is also favourably known to the public as a sweet and graceful poet. His "Ephemerides" abound in graphic pictures of African scenery; and are rich in evidences of the kind and Christian spirit which accompanied the writer, in all that he did or wrote. As the Editor of "Friendship's Offering," too, Mr. Pringle brought to his task a sound judgment and a refined taste. The last work in which he was engaged, and which he finished only a month or two ago, was the revision of his volume, entitled "African Sketches," with a view to a second edition, which, we believe, will soon appear.

Early last summer, the rupture of a blood-vessel confined Mr. Pringle to a sick bed, and greatly reduced the energies of a naturally strong constitution; and towards the autumn it became apparent, that, for the preser-

vation of life, a removal to a warmer climate was indispensable. Mr. Pringle's circumstances not permitting a trial of the south of Europe, he again turned his thoughts towards the Cape; the necessary preparations were hastily completed; the passage-money paid; and it wanted but three days of the time appointed for sailing, when a diarrhœa began to show itself, under which the powers of nature, already enfeebled by confinement, speedily sank, and on Friday morning, the 5th inst., he died peacefully, and without a struggle; exhibiting to the end that moral courage for which he had ever been remarkable, and supported by the recollection of a well-spent life, and by the hopes that spring from religion. Few men were richer in friends than Mr. Pringle; among their number we might enumerate most of the literary men of the day, and very many of those public men, who have made philanthropy the beacon of their political career; and although Mr. Pringle discharged during many years, with a fearless and honest zeal, the duties of an office which exposed him to the bitterness of party spirit, no man perhaps ever had fewer enemies, or descended into the grave with fewer animosities.

#### THOMAS SAY.

We learn from the *National Gazette* (U. S.), that this distinguished American naturalist died on the 10th of October last, at New Harmony, State of Indiana, in the forty-seventh year of his age. We copy from that paper the following particulars of his literary and scientific labours:—"To his native genius, supported by untiring zeal and indefatigable research, the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia is indebted for its opening reputation. Mr. S. was among the earliest members, if not one of the founders of this institution. His original communications to the society alone, in the most abstruse and laborious departments of zoology, crustacea, testacea, insecta, &c., of the U. S., occupy more than 800 printed pages of their journal. His essays published in the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, the *Annals of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York*, in *Silliman's Journal*, &c., are equally respectable, perhaps equally numerous. His contributions to the *American Encyclopedia*, though highly valuable, are not so generally known. His separate work on *American Entomology* and another on *Conchology* have met with the approbation of the learned. With the brilliant results of his laborious exertions as naturalist to the two celebrated expeditions by the authority of the U. S. government, under command of Major, now Lieutenant-Colonel S. H. Long, the reading public is already familiar. Some years previously, he accompanied Mr. McClure and other kindred spirits on a scientific excursion to the Floridas. The pages of the *Academy's Journal* were subsequently enriched by the fruits of this undertaking. These expeditions, with occasional excursions, made with similar views, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, constitute the only interruption to a laborious course of studies, steadily and unostentatiously pursued in his native city, in which many departments of natural science were successfully cultivated and extensively enriched by his observations and discoveries. Our lamented friend had recently devoted much of his time to the publication of his work on *American Conchology*, elucidated by expensive plates. He might have continued thus usefully employed for many years, had not the climate on the Wabash proved injurious to his health; he repeatedly suffered from attacks of fever and dysenteric affections, by which a constitution originally robust and inured to hardships materially suffered. A letter announcing the sad catastrophe, which deprived society of one of its worthiest members, and science of one of its brightest ornaments, informs us that Mr. S. suffered another attack of a disorder similar to that by which his constitution had already been shattered, about the 1st of October: on the 8th, the hopes of his friends were

flattered by a deceitful calm; on the day following, these hopes were chilled, he appeared sinking under debility, when on the 10th death came over him like a summer cloud. He died intestate and without issue, but left with his wife verbal directions relative to the final dispositions of his library and Cabinet of Natural History."

## N. G. DUFIEF, ESQ.

Nicolas Gouin Dufief was born at Nantes, and it is supposed in the year 1776. He was the son of the Count and Countess Dufief, the latter of whom acted so conspicuous a part in defence of the Royal Family at the commencement of the French Revolution.\* M. Dufief, though then only about fifteen years old, served under the same standard, and received certificates of his zeal and fidelity. The ill success of the Royal cause ruined the hopes and resources of his family, and rendered his personal exertions necessary for his support. He proceeded to the West Indies, probably with no very definite views as to his future course, and from thence to Philadelphia. While preparing to commence the study of the English language, under a tutor, the sudden appearance of the yellow fever scattered the population of Philadelphia, and M. Dufief sought a retreat from contagion at Princeton, in New Jersey. Here he again turned his mind to the study of the English language, but a preliminary difficulty presented itself. In the urgency of his flight he had left his grammars behind him: to recover them was impossible, for all communication with Philadelphia was cut off, and none were to be had in Princeton. After spending several days in listlessness and vain regret, he determined, with characteristic energy, to attempt the acquisition of English through the medium of the books in his possession. Princeton possessed a seminary of some eminence, but none of the teachers were sufficient masters of French to be of any service to M. Dufief in his studies. In a few months, though entirely unassisted, he had made considerable progress, and, animated by his success, he persevered until he finally attained a mastery of our tongue, by a method essentially the same as that which he afterwards propagated with so much zeal and success. After extensively diffusing his system in the United States, he came to this country, in which he resided until his death, which took place at his house at Pentonville, on the 12th of April last.

The principal works he produced were, "Nature displayed, in her Mode of teaching the French Language," in 2 vols., 8vo., of which the 12th edition was lately published; a work for the study of the Spanish language, on the same principles: and his invaluable "French Dictionary." He also published, in America, an "Essay on the Philosophy of Language;" and a powerfully written pamphlet in reply to an attack made upon him by an American. During the latter period of his life, he had been preparing two or three other important works, by which it is understood he expected to effect no inconsiderable improvement in the present principle of tuition, but we have not heard what progress he had made.

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\* She was in more than one hundred battles fought by her relative, General Charette; and though often at the head of the columns of the Royal army, never received a wound. Her interposition tended to save the lives of many, who, by the law of retaliation, would have been sacrificed. She was obliged ultimately to seek refuge in the Island of Jersey, with the two brothers of the subject of this memoir. On the return of the Bourbons to Paris, this lady was invited to Court, and invested with the riband of the order of St. Louis; being the only female on whom it was ever conferred.



## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

*Married.*—At St. George's, Lord Ernest Bruce, youngest son of the Marquis of Ailesbury, to the Hon Miss Georgiana Beresford, eldest daughter of Viscount Decies. The Duke of Wellington gave away the bride.

The Rev. H. Hutton, LL.D., and grandson of the late Charles Hutton, LL.D. and F.R.S., to Ann Rachel, youngest daughter of the Rev. R. Cantley, Rector of Moulsoe, Bucks, and Whatcote, Warwickshire.

At Upton, Bucks, Sir William Cootes Seton, Bart., of Pitmedden, to Eliza Henrietta, second daughter of the late John Lumsden, Esq. of Cushny, and relict of the late Capt. J. P. Wilson, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

At Stepney, George, fourth son of the late J. Harkness, Esq., of Ratcliff, to Agnes Jane, youngest daughter of the late G. Buchanan, Esq., of Sherborne, Dorsetshire.

At Chulthorne Damer, Somersetshire, the Rev. John Carlyon, of St. Merin, Cornwall, to Eliza Jesse Mary, youngest daughter of the late G. Kingdon, Esq., of Frome Selwood, Somersetshire.

In London, George Manning, Esq., eldest son of Henry Manning, Esq., of Wouford House, to Emma Jane, daughter of the late Wm. Fowler Jones, Esq., of Ashurst Park, Kent.

At Meerutt, in the East Indies, John Rose Holden Rose, Esq., Lieutenant in the 11th Light Dragoons, and youngest son of H. L. Rose, Esq., of Bath, to Emily Hall, eldest daughter of Major J. N. Jackson, C.B., and Deputy Quartermaster-General.

Sir Alexander Malet, Bart., to Miss Spalding, daughter of Lady Brougham and Vaux.

*Died*—In the 57th year of his age, Charles Parbury, Esq. of Leadenhall street, and Seymour-place, Euston-square.

G. Martin Leuke, Esq., Chester Herald of the College of Arms.

At Thames Ditton, Surrey, Mr. L. B. Seeley, of Fleet-street, in his 69th year.

At Dublin, Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Fitzgerald, formerly M.P. for Clare.

At an advanced age, John Woods, Esq., of Chilgrove, an old and respected magistrate for Sussex.

At Dominica, in the 31st year of his age, in consequence of injuries received in the late hurricane, Edmund Plunkett Burke, Esq., First Puisne Judge of the Island of St. Lucia, and late of the Inner Temple, London, and Caius College, Cambridge.

The Hon. and Rev. Pierce Meade, in his 58th year.

At Trinidad, of over fatigue in discharge of his duty, Capt. Lewis James Hay, youngest son of the late Lewis Hay, Esq., of Edinburgh, and Chief Magistrate of the port of Spain.

In South-street, Park-lane, the Right Hon. Elizabeth, Lady Kilmalme.

At Humeceppore, East Indies, Richard Milbanke Tilghman, Esq., Commissioner of Revenue and Circuit, and Agent to the Governor-General in Bundelcund.

The Countess Maria Theresa Macnamara, Canoness of the Royal Chapter of St. Anne of Bavaria, daughter of James Macnamara, Esq., and niece of General Harold, late in the Bavarian service.

R. J. Powell, Esq., of Hinton, Herefordshire, Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the county, and Deputy Steward of the city.

At Norwich, W. Simpson, Esq., a magistrate, and many years Treasurer of the county of Norfolk, and Clerk of the Peace of the city of Norwich.

At Bryanston-square, T. Pringle, Esq., for several years Secretary to the London Anti-Slavery Society, aged 46.

At Peterborough-house, Fulham, Sir C. E. Kent, of Ponton-house, near Grantham, and of Fomham, in Suffolk, Bart., in the 50th year of his age.

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

## IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

## LONDON.

The Bank of England's liabilities and assets on the average of the quarter from the 26th of August to the 18th of November, were as follows:—

Liabilities.		Assets.	
£.		£.	
Circulation, 18,694,000		Securities, 27,138,000	
Deposits, 12,669,000		Bullion, 7,781,000	
£31,363,000		£33,919,000	

*Royal Musical Festival.*—Mr. Parry has published an official account of the

splendid musical festival held in Westminster Abbey, dedicated by special permission to their Majesties. After giving the various preparatory arrangements, a copious description of the Abbey is inserted, together with a detailed account of the performances, the names of all the vocal and instrumental performers, stewards, &c., together with the words of the vocal pieces, and a variety of other matter connected with the festival. The number of persons present

at the rehearsal and performances were—

First rehearsal . . .	1,400
Second do. . . . .	2,500
Third do. . . . .	2,800
Fourth do. . . . .	2,770
First performance . . .	2,409
Second do. . . . .	2,581
Third do. . . . .	2,577
Fourth do. . . . .	2,669

Besides their Majesties and suite, the dignitaries of the Church, the directors, public press, &c.

The receipts were—

	£	s.	d.
His Majesty's donation . . .	525	0	0
Received at the four rehearsals	4,972	5	0
Ditto at the four performances	16,516	10	0
	22,013	15	0

The expenses were—

Erecting boxes, galleries, platforms, seats, orchestra, staircases, organ front, music-stands, retiring rooms, external barriers, covered ways, &c.; also the decorations, including materials	5,704	6	1
Principal vocal performers, semi-chorus and chorus . . .	3,786	4	6
Instrumental performers . . .	2,217	13	6
Erecting the organ, printing, copying and hiring music, porters, &c.	611	17	6
Printing books, bills, circulars, tickets, advertisements, door-keepers, ticket-takers, messengers, postage, stationery, gratuities, &c. . . . .	613	13	2

Total, deducting 498*l.* for books sold . . . . . 12,933 14 9

Leaving a surplus of more than 9000*l.*, which was divided among the Royal Society of Musicians, the new Musical and Choral Funds, and the Royal Academy of Music.

*Enlargement of the Smithfield Market.*—At a Court of Common Council, Mr. Warren Hall presented the Report of the Committee of City Lands regarding Smithfield Market. He read many extracts from it, from which it appeared that the Committee recommended the enlargement of Smithfield, on its northern side—that the expenses would be 70,000*l.* and 20,000*l.*, and that it was expedient that the enlargement should be adopted forthwith. He urged the amendment as a most requisite enlargement and improvement. He concluded with moving that the Court do agree with the report. It was resolved that the report, as far as regarded the expense, should be adopted, but that the site of the alteration should be reconsidered.

DEVON.

*Plymouth Breakwater.*—Our readers

are probably aware that in consequence of a disagreement between the Government officers and the contractors for the Plymouth Breakwater, the progress of this important national work has been suspended for the last two years. We understand, however, that, under the recommendation of the law officers of the Crown, the points in dispute have recently been referred to the arbitration of Lieut.-Col. Fanshawe, of the Royal Engineers; and we therefore hope that the work will be resumed with as little delay as possible.—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

HAMPSHIRE.

A meeting of the London and Southampton Railway Company took place for the purpose of receiving the first report. The report having been read, it appeared that the receipts had been 30,145*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* of which 30,031*l.* has been received as deposits on shares, and the remaining 114*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* as interest on Exchequer Bills. The payments, including 10,466*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* for Parliamentary and law expenses; 4930*l.* for engineering and on account of works in progress; and 4236*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.* for salaries and other expenses, amount to 20,730*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.* The balance in hand consists of 426*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* in the hands of various bankers; 5160*l.* 15*s.* in Exchequer bills; and 11*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.* in cash. The claims unliquidated are 8000*l.* for law costs; 1280*l.* to the engineer, and 3000*l.* in various other ways. From that part of the report addressed by the engineer of the directors, it appears that the works are proceeding in a satisfactory manner. In order, however, to prosecute them with vigour and effect during the winter, it is proposed to make a further call of 3*l.* per share.

WALES.

*Newly Discovered Copper Mine.*—We are happy to learn from an intelligent correspondent, that there has lately been discovered on the property of Lord Dinorben, in the parish of Llanwenllwyfo, Anglesey, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Parys and Mona mines, a very rich vein of copper. It is in many parts almost in a pure state; and much purer than even the copper used in the coinage of 1799; consequently a question will arise for the consideration of geologists and others who feel pleasure in investigating these matters, whether the secondary stratum in which it is found, must not, at some remote period, have been acted upon by great and

powerful heat, so as to dislodge the ore from the stone, and run it in a state of fusion into the form in which it is now found. This discovery is very seasonable, as the Parys and Mona mines, which have so long been a source of immense wealth to their proprietors, and of profitable employment to many hundreds of poor families, were become nearly exhausted; at least so far as they had been explored. We trust, however, that this discovery will be not only of advantage to the proprietors, but also to the labouring population. "

#### WARWICKSHIRE.

It appears that the imports of cotton into the port of Liverpool during the month of October amounted to 20,758 bales, of which 10,758 were from the United States. The quantity taken out of the market during the last month was 56,050 bales, and the stock remaining on the 31st Oct. was 149,000. This was considerably under the stock remaining on the 31st of October last year, which was 237,500. The imports into Liverpool during the first ten months of the present year, ending the 31st Oct., were 771,611. The imports during the same period of 1833 were 734,021, and the total imports during the year, 843,879. The total sales at Liverpool, during the last month, were 118,000, of which 37,000 were American, and 12,000 American had been burnt. Of Surats, 4500 had been taken on speculation. During the first three weeks of the last month business to a considerable extent was done, at an advance of  $\frac{3}{4}d.$  to  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  per lb., but during the last ten days of the month the demand had been very limited, and the market was an eighth per lb. lower than the above quotation.

The report of the fifth half-yearly meeting of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company has been published, from which it appears, that compared with the corresponding six months of the previous year, the increase in merchandize conveyed along the line has been 7727 tons, and in passengers, 20,255 persons; and that a profit on the half-year's business has accrued of 34,691*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.*, which enables the Company to declare a dividend, for that period, of 4*l.* 10*s.* per 100*l.* share, leaving a reserved fund of upwards of 4000*l.*, to meet contingencies.—The total expenditure on the construction of the railway and works is stated at 1,132,075*l.*, and the net profit between July, 1833,

and July, 1834, at 75,575*l.*, being at the rate of 6*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* per cent. per annum.

#### YORK.

*Hull and Selby Railway*.—We are glad to learn that the subscribers to the projected Hull and Selby Railway continue to increase, shares being taken to the amount of upwards of 127,000*l.*, including fifty shares subscribed for by the Corporation of the Trinity-house, and thirty shares by R. Bethell, Esq., M.P. Nearly 5000*l.* was obtained at Beverley a few days ago. It is exceedingly desirable that all friends to a measure so highly calculated to promote the prosperity of the town, should come forward to take shares without delay. The plans, &c., have been deposited with the respective Clerks of the Peace, as required by law.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

*Ancient Coins*.—As one of the workmen employed by Mr. Farrar, of Grove House, Padsey, was removing the rubbish out of the interior of a house he is rebuilding, he found a piece of money of Queen Elizabeth's coinage; in consequence, Mr. F. was induced to institute a further search, when, on removing a little earth adjoining the very small part (about three yards and a half in length) of the old building, which he had not thought it necessary to take down to the foundation, he found a quantity of ancient coins; and, perceiving a small aperture in the wall close by, he was also induced to remove a part of that wall, when he found a considerable quantity more, making altogether about 360 pieces. As far as he has been able to ascertain the dates, they are, with very few exceptions, and those certainly not more recent, of the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and the early part of Charles I. They are in a very good state of preservation, and are twenty of them half-crowns, the rest shillings and sixpences.

The "Advocate and Herald" states that the number of members of the Temperance Society in England and Wales is 101,448; of which there are in Lancashire 27,546, in Yorkshire 10,633, in Cornwall 10,539, in Middlesex 7,053. The next in point of number is Gloucestershire, 4,075. The counties highest in numbers from that downward to where they do not exceed 1,000 are Durham, Somersetshire, Cumberland, Cheshire, Devon, Warwick, Wilts, Sur-

rey, Kent, Northumberland, Essex, Derby, Berkshire, Stafford, Worcester, and Bucks. In Wales there are 1,795, and in Jersey 1,025 members. The increase reported during November last is 2,628, and within the same period nine new associations.

*Election Statistics.*—The report of the Committee on Election Expenses, under the above head, shows the following results :—

	Registered Electors.	Membs. ret'd.
In England, 40 counties have	344,564	144
And 185 cities, boroughs, and towns have	274,649	327
Total number for England	619,213	471
In Wales, 12 counties have	25,815	15
And 14 districts of boroughs have	11,309	14
Total number for Wales	37,124	29
In Scotland, 30 counties have	33,115	30
And 76 cities, boroughs, &c. have	31,332	23
Total number for Scotland	64,447	53
In Ireland, 32 counties have	60,607	64
And 34 cities and towns have	31,515	41
Total number for Ireland	92,152	105

Giving in England and Wales, 656,337, and in the United Kingdom, 812,936, registered electors, in 1832; and taking the total number of representatives at 658, the proportion will be, on the aver-

age of Great Britain, 1,303, and in the United Kingdom, 1,235 electors to one representative.

Taking the gross population of the forty counties in England (exclusive of the population of the cities, boroughs, towns, and universities which are represented) at 8,336,263, and the number of electors 344,564, there will be one elector in every 24 of the population; whilst the gross population in the 185 cities, boroughs, and towns, being 4,754,742 and the number of electors 274,649, there will be one elector in every 17 of the population.

In Wales, the county population is 609,871, and the electors are 25,815, so that there is one elector in every 23 persons; whilst in the fourteen districts of burghs, the population being 196,311, and the electors 11,309, the proportion is one in seventeen.

In Scotland, the county population is 1,500,107, and the number of electors 33,115, which will give one elector in every 45 persons; whilst in the burghs, the population being 865,007, and the electors 31,332, the proportion is one in every 27 persons.

In Ireland, the population of the 32 counties is 7,027,509, the number of electors 60,607, and the proportion is one elector in every 115 of the population; whilst the 34 cities and boroughs with 31,545 electors, and a population of 739,892, give a proportion of one elector in every 22 persons.

## NOMINATION OF SHERIFFS FOR 1835.

Bedfordshire—Charles James Metcalf, of Roxton; Richard Longuet Orlebar, of Hinwick; and William Astell, of Everton, Esqrs.

Berkshire—Charles Archer Moulton, of Welford Park; Bartholomew Wroughton, of Wooley Park; and Philip Pusey, of Pusey, Esqrs.

Bucks—Sir William Lawrance Young, of Prince's Risborough, Bart.; the Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, of Hall Barn, Bart.; and Thomas Tyrwhitt Drake, of Shardoes, Esq.

Cambridge and Huntingdon—John Fryer, of Chatteris, John Bates, of Benwick; and Henry Haynes, of Whittlesea, Esqrs.

Cheshire—William Astley, of Duckenfield; Thomas Swettenham, of Swettenham; and Joseph Leigh, of Belmont, Esqrs.

Cornwall—Charles Prideaux Brune, of Place Padstow; John Buller, of Morval; and Thos. James Agar Roberts, of Landhydrock, Esqrs.

Cumberland—Sir Francis Fletcher Vane, of Hutton Hall, Bart.; Richard Fergusson, of

Harker Lodge; and Thomas Irwin, of Calder Abbey, Esqrs.

Derbyshire—Ashton Nicholas Every Moseley, of Congreve Hall; William Bache Thornhill, of Stanton; and William Tarbut, of Oyston Hall, Esqrs.

Devonshire—Samuel Trehawke Kekewich, of Peamore; Henry George Cary, of Tor Abbey; and George Acland Barber, of Freminston, Esqrs.

Dorsetshire—John Samuel Wanly Sawbridge Erle Drax, of Charborough, Esq.; Sir Henry Digby, of Minton Magna, Knt.; and Joseph Weld, of Lulworth, Esq.

Essex—Thos. Wm Bramston, of Skreens; Geo. W. Gent, of Moyns Park, Steeple Bumpstead; and William Whittaker Maitland, of Loughton, Esqrs.

Gloucestershire—Sir Michael Hicks Hicks Beach, of Williamstrip, Bart.; Henry Newman Newman of Thornbury Park; and Saml. Gist Gist, of Dixon House, Esqrs.

Hertfordshire—John Blake Lye, of Hereford; Richard Webb, of Donnington Hall; and David Ricardo, of Brinsop Court, Esqrs.

Hertfordshire—William Robert Baker, of Bayfordbury; William Franks, of Woodside; and William Blake, of Denesbury, Esqrs.

Kent—John Ward, of Holwood, Esq.; Sir Edward Cholmley Deering, of Surenden, Bt.; and William Wells, of Redleaf, Esqrs.

Leicestershire—Charles Neville, of Holt; Thomas Frewen Turner, of Cold Overton; and William Herrick, of Beaumanor, Esqrs.

Lincolnshire—Thomas Earle Welby, of Alington Hall; Charles Chaplin, of Blankney, Esqrs.; and Sir Montague Cholmeley, of Easton, Bart.

Monmouthshire—George Rooke, of Llan-dogo; Charles Marriott, of Dixton, Esqrs.; and Sir Samuel Fluyder, of Trustrey, Bart.

Norfolk—Anthony Hammond, of Westacre, Hindon Gurney, of Keswick; and Robert Fellows, of Shottisham, Esqrs.

Northamptonshire—Lewis Loyd, of Overstone, Esq.; William Harris, of Wootton House, Esq.; and William Willes, of Astrop, Esq.

Northumberland—Bertram Midford, of Midford Castle; Thomas Riddle, of Felton Park; and William J. Charlton, of Hasleyside, Esqrs.

Nottinghamshire—Henry Saville Foljambe, of East Retford; George Walker, of Eastwood; and Christopher Neville, of Thorney, Esqrs.

Oxfordshire—John Fane, of Wormsley, Thomas Stoner, of Stoner; and Joseph Warner Henley, of Waterperry, Esqrs.

Rutland—Godfrey Kemp, of Belton; S. Stokes, of Caldecott; and Richard Wade, of Uppingham, Esqrs.

Shropshire—Sir Ferdinand Richard Acton, of Aldenham, Bart.; Thomas Beale, of Heath House, Esq.; and Sir Baldwin Leighton, of Linton, Bart.

Somersetshire—William Manning Dodding-ton, of Horsington; Thomas Leir, of Weston, and James Bennett, of North Cadbury, Esqrs.

Staffordshire—Thomas Howe Parker, of Park Hall; Edward Monkton, of Somerford; and Thomas Huggens Burne, of Loynton Hall, Esqrs.

County of Southampton—James Barlow Hoy, of Midenbury; Henry Weyland Powell, of Lyndhurst; and Wm. Hughes Hughes, of Bellevue, Ryde, Isle of Wight, Esqrs.

Suffolk—Richard Sayer, of Sibton; Thomas Halifax the elder, of Shimpling; and John Gibson, of Ipswich, Esqrs.

Surrey—James Broadwood, of Lyne House; Charles Barclay, of Bury Hill; and William Henry Cooper, of Paine's Hill, Esqrs.

Sussex—Charles Dixon, of Stanstead Park; John Davis Gilbert, of Eastbourne; and John James King, of Coates, Esqrs.

Warwickshire—Samuel Tertius Galton, of Leamington Priors, Esq.; the Hon. Charles Bertie Percy, of Guy's Cliff; and John Ward Boughten Leigh, of Brownover Hall, Esq.<sup>1</sup>

Wiltshire—Henry Seymour, of Knoyle; Walter Long, of Chalcott House, Esqrs.; and Sir Frederick Hutchinson Harvey Bathurst, of Clarendon Park, Bart.

Worcestershire—Sir Edward Blount, of Moiley Hall, Bart.; Sir Offley Penbury Wake-man, of Perdiswell, Bart.; and the Hon. William James Coventry, of Earls' Croomer.

Yorkshire—Richard Henry Roundell, of Gledstone, Esq.; Sir Thomas Aston Clifford Constable, of Burton Constable, Bart.; and William Rookes Crompton Stansfield, of Eshalt Hall, Esq.

#### WALES.

Anglesey—Norris Matt. Goddard, of Tyny Pwll, Esq.; Wm. Hughes, of Plas Llandyfydog, Esq.; Robert Jones Hughes, of Plas Llangoed, Esq.

Breconshire—Sir Edw. Hamilton, of Tre-bisshun, Bart.; John Lloyd, of Dinas, Esq.; Joseph Bailey, of Glanusk Park, Esq.

Cardiganshire—Thomas Davies, of Nant-gallan, Esq.; Francis Thomas Gibb, of Hordrefelin, Esq.; John Lloyd, of Alltyrodyn, Esq.

Carmarthenshire—Edward Rose Tunno, of Llangeineck Park, Esq.; Jos. Price Gwynne Holford, of Kilgwyn, Esq.; John Wm. Lloyd, of Wanyralit, Esq.

Carnarvonshire—John Morgan, of Welg, Esq.; Wm. Watkin Edward Wynm, of Blaen-yewn, Esq.; Robert Morris, of Perthwydion, Esq.

Denbighshire—J. Heaton, of Plas Heaton, Esq.; Sir Robt. Cunliffe, of Acton Park, Bart.; Samuel Sanbath, of Hafodunos, Esq.

Flintshire—Sir Edward Mostyn, of Talacre, Bart.; the Hon. Lloyd Kenyon, of Gredington; Charles Blaney Trevor Roper, of Plasteg, Esq.

Glamorganshire—Charles Morgan Robinson Morgan, of Rupera, Esq.; Wyndham Lewis, of Greenmeadow, Esq.; Daniel Jones, of Bupert, Esq.

Merionethshire—Richard Garnons, of Hendie-Manor, Esq.; Wilson Jones, of Dolbiog, Esq.; Sir Wm. Wynn, of Hendre-gwllhan, Knight.

Montgomeryshire—Hugh Davis Griffiths, of Llechwead Garth, Esq.; Robert Peel, of Llandrinio, Esq.; Sir Offley Penbury Wake-man, of Hem, Bart.

Pembrokeshire—Nicholas Roch, of Coches-ton, Esq.; William Bowen, of Milton, Esq.; Richard Llewellyn, of Tregynnt, Esq.

Radnorshire—Thomas Williams, of Cross-foot, in the parish of Clifow, Esq.; William Pugh, of Llanbadarn Vynad, Esq.; Edward Rogers, of Stanneg Park, Esq.

# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## NOTES OF A MUSICAL STUDENT.

### PROGRESS OF ENGLISH MUSIC IN THE PAST YEAR.

THAT "the English are not a musical people," is a saying which by frequent repetition has become a proverb. It is surprising how long a fallacy keeps its ground after it has been fully manifested; especially when no individual or body of men is interested in exposing it. It has answered the purpose of foreigners (whose acknowledged superiority should have taught them better) to arrogate a contempt for John Bull's musical taste, while they pocketed the guineas that he freely paid for its indulgence. It suited also the indolent prejudice of our native professors, who not only kept the market for their own compositions free from foreign competitors, but also saved themselves the necessity of becoming acquainted with the works of the great continental composers, whose gigantic genius cast an awful shadow over their insignificance. The sentence thus summarily passed upon our want of musical science as a nation has not, however, been unsupported by plausible evidence, though that evidence has not been subjected to the ordeal of a rigorous cross-examination. In proof of the assertion that the English are not a musical people, it has been said that we have no national melodies; and airs known as Scotch, Irish, and Welsh (many of which, by the by, are of continental origin), are collected and published because of their paucity as well as their beauty, but none that are peculiarly English; as if the Tweed and the Severn, and the Irish Channel were the prescribed boundaries of the musical genius as well as the soil of England. If our madrigals were instanced, these were said to be the effect of the introduction of foreign music, as if all the arts of civilized life were not thus propagated in every country. The church-music of Purcell, Gibbons, Croft, and others, was benevolently referred to the same source. The universal admiration of Handel was ascribed to religious feeling and kingly patronage. The fondness for the music of cathedral services was charitably attributed to the desire for any relief to the dulness of the church ritual. The oratorios, when successful, were said to be encouraged because no theatres were open in Lent; and when they became neglected, as of late, instead of the real cause (their absurd mismanagement and imperfect performances) being assigned, that which was in itself a proof of a better taste and more enlightened judgment, was instanced as an evidence of the public disregard of music. It has been a pet piece of cant among even musical professors, to say, that the Italian Opera was only supported by the world of fashion, as a splendid lounge; and when the German company came over, and drew

crowded houses, not of fashionables merely, but of the middle and even humbler classes, "novelty" was the cause assigned for their success; and the failure of the last German company, on account of their inferiority, was, by the same persons, attributed to the lack of novelty. The Ancient Concerts were said to be upheld by kingly and noble patronage, which certainly has prolonged their existence beyond the term that their mismanagement would have assigned to them; and the Philharmonic Concerts to have maintained their ground, because of their exclusiveness, and the number of professors interested in their welfare. The Benefit Concerts are now instanced as flagrant proofs of the bad taste of the fashionable music-loving multitude. As to the theatres, "nothing but trashy ballads and showy bravuras are applauded there." "Der Freischütz" succeeded only on account of the devilry; "Oberon" was not profitable; "Azor and Zemira" was not appreciated; the spectacle of "Masaniello" was mainly the cause of its great success; and the attraction of Malibran the principal recommendation of "La Sonnambula." Paganini drew crowds, like Saqui, by performing wonders "on a single string;"—in short, the English, not being a musical people, went to hear music for any other reason but because they liked it.

These notions, though now falling into desuetude, are not yet entirely discarded; and their prevalence has tended (such is the force of prejudice) to deter many from the study of music, if not from the actual enjoyment of it. Our countrymen have been told until they believe it, that they are not musical; and they acquiesce in spite of the evidence of their own senses. When we fancy we do not like a thing, the next step is to hate or despise it, and feel a contempt for those who do—an affectation which, as regards music, prevails to a very considerable extent among our beloved countrymen. The truth is, that an ignorant, because uneducated liking for music has been mistaken for incapacity for its genuine enjoyment, just as the circumstance of there being, until lately, no modern English operas, was taken as a proof that native composers did not possess the ability to produce them. While periodical musical festivals were got up on a grand scale in the principal cities of England, the circumstance of there being none in London, the focus of musical talent, has been actually strained into an inference that the festivals arose less out of the popular love for music, than the exertions of professors and the managers of charities to draw crowds by a series of grand entertainments, whose splendour and rarity should attract the country people, always eager for excitement, whether in the shape of an assize, an election, or a musical festival. They have enough amusement in London argued these buzzard reasoners, therefore they do not want a

- musical festival there.

The musical events of the past year, however, have given a quietus to this gratuitous assumption, that "the English are not a musical people." The year 1834 must be considered an epoch in the musical history of this country; for, notwithstanding the prevalence of political excitement of no ordinary intensity, and that the public mind has been occupied with points of momentous interest, an unparalleled progress has been made in the most delightful of the peaceful arts. More has been done in the past year to evidence the capabilities of our native musicians to write, of native performers to execute, and of the English public to enjoy, and

even appreciate fine music, than in any preceding year; nay, we might almost say than in twenty years before.

Three complete English operas have been produced by British composers, performed by British singers, and received by the British public with a degree of enthusiasm and indulgence that proved how eager they were to welcome and foster native talent. A musical festival has been held in Westminster Abbey, consisting of four public rehearsals, and as many finished performances, which has driven from men's minds the recollection of the famous "Commemoration of Handel," and which would have been attended by double the number of persons had there been room for so many—tickets being unattainable even at an extravagant premium, in consequence of the capricious refusal of the Dean to allow the performances to be repeated. Another festival was subsequently got up on a scale of nearly equal grandeur, in Exeter Hall, with an orchestra of 700 performers, the greater portion amateurs! (The English are not a musical people!) It was attended by crowds, and one of the performances was repeated for the gratification of numbers who were unable to obtain admission previously. The prices of admission, be it observed, were such as to exclude the poorer classes from the enjoyment; but had there been a shilling or half-crown gallery, we are certain that it would have been filled night after night for a month instead of a week. The professors were as much astonished as the public were gratified; Sir George Smart publicly expressed himself "perfectly delighted." Yet in answer to a letter that appeared in the "Spectator," whose musical criticisms are amongst the few emanating from the newspaper press that display sound judgment and enlightened taste, it was said that one of the great difficulties in the way of the establishment of a musical festival in London was the want of a sufficient number of well-trained choristers.

The most important event of all, however, is the founding of the Society of British Musicians, which should become the nucleus to concentrate the vast body of native musical talent that exists in the country, though scattered and unknown. We say *should* become, because it must depend upon its constitution and management whether it merits the confidence and co-operation of the musical profession, and obtains the support of the public—who, maugre their unmusical tastes, have been, and always must be, the source of encouragement and reward to talent, whether native or foreign. We might instance other and minor evidences of the extraordinary advance in musical feeling; amongst which the publication of complete editions of the great works of the principal composers, and selections of their lesser productions for popular use, and the performance of English operas at the minor theatres: all which, coming together at one time,—though of course this circumstance is to be attributed in a degree to the influence of example,—constitute the events of the past year a mass of evidence of the increasing taste among all classes for music.

Having thus, we hope satisfactorily, disposed of this defunct dogma, by heaping upon it a load of facts from which no sophistical resurrectionist will, we think, be able to disinter it, let us now make the concession which, in fairness, is due to those who conscientiously believed in its existence, and who were imposed upon by its semblance to reality. No reasonable person will dispute that we are far behind our continental



neighbours in the cultivation of music, in comparison with the gigantic strides that we have made in the mechanical arts and the spirit of commercial enterprise. We have accumulated wealth, which has enabled us to buy taste ready-made and at second-hand, but has prevented us from cultivating its growth, as we otherwise should, had the acquisition of wealth, and the rage for fighting the battles of all the world at our own cost, left us leisure and inclination to pursue those peaceful arts which contribute to our stock of true happiness. John Bull has been content with relishing as well as he could such intellectual food as was brought to his stall, and neither thought of seeking his own provender, nor of questioning its degree of excellence. He liked Dibdin's ballads, and Arne's simple airs, and Handel's choruses, showing a faith in good things, though not a cultivated taste. The very strength of his liking for what he was used to made him prejudiced against novelties. He was afraid that by listening to new he should lose his relish for his old favourites. Taste is liking supported by reason. To reason upon a matter it is necessary to understand it; to understand, it is necessary to be taught. John Bull has not been taught at all, or, what is worse, been badly taught how to enjoy music. But to argue from this that he has no relish for music is to theorize in opposition to facts. 'Music as a science is appreciated in its results in proportion to the degree of knowledge of the means by which they are produced. Melody appeals to the mind through the senses; but in proportion as the sense of the hearer is sharpened by exercise, and enlightened by knowledge and reflection, is the sensual delight refined. As well may it be argued that a savage nation has no taste for poetry, because they do not speak metrically, as that an unaccustomed ear is not susceptible of the enjoyment of elaborate harmony, which relishes only simple melody or overwhelming masses of sound. A manifestation of enjoyment of the simplest yet the most fascinating shape that any succession of musical sounds can take—namely, a complete melody, is surely evidence of a taste for music, rude and unenlightened though it be. This produces a desire to hear others of the same kind. A learned and elaborate harmony is played; the melody is missed, because it is interwoven in the mass, not brought out from it; and the uninstructed ear finds a musical noise which does not captivate because it is not understood, and the will being piqued it is disliked. The more we like a person or thing the more violently we resent defects; and qualities that we cannot appreciate, our self-love counts as defects. The English have wanted better examples, and more enlightened instructors, both among the musical profession and the public press. The signs of the times which we have noted are the good effects of that vast improvement that has been gradually taking place, (within the last twenty years especially,) and which has become year by year more evident. Let us cast a retrospective glance at the state of the sources whence the British public could alone derive their acquaintance with the works of composers and the technical knowledge requisite to appreciate and fully enjoy them.

So late as the commencement of the present century, the acquaintance of British musicians with the great composers whose fame was filling the Continent, and whose works were enrapturing the other civilized nations of Europe, was, to say least, very imperfect. The public at large knew nothing of them. The musical professors of the

day, as a body, formed a barrier of ignorance and prejudice to keep out the knowledge of the great works of foreign composers. For instance, the elder Cramer, father of the present veteran, who led the old Abbey Festival, is said to have spoken of Mozart's marvellously-beautiful quartetts as "very good exercises," but "extravagant and unfit for performance;" and Bartleman repeatedly refused to sing in the Messiah, when it was to be performed with Mozart's accompaniments: not merely out of a blind reverence for Handel, but because he could not, or would not, appreciate Mozart. He was one of that fast-fading race of pedantic and narrow-minded professors who preferred the laboured and comparatively dry and Gothic organ concertos of Handel, to such sublime and spontaneous effusions as "Deeper, and deeper still." The musicians of that day, who were worshippers of the musical creed and ritual of Handel (so to speak), were incapable of entering into the divine spirit of his finest works, and with many of which—even his "Israel in Egypt"—they were only enough acquainted to prove their incapacity to appreciate his mighty genius; and even at the present day there are to be found musicians who share in this bigoted pedantry. The operas most generally known at that time in this country were those of Arne, Shield, and Storace; which, without decrying or depreciating the charming airs that they contain—melodies ever grateful to the learned as well as the un instructed ear—are, in comparison with the operas of the Italian and German composers, scarcely worthy the name of dramatic music. Indeed, it is only now that the works of Beethoven and Spohr are beginning to be listened to and appreciated. But who were to blame for this? The public? No; they could only listen to what was played to them, and understand what was taught them. It was the musicians themselves who have suffered the unsophisticated melodies of our own Purcell to sleep on the shelves, and who closed the doors of their concert-rooms against the foreigner. The national prejudices against foreigners that were fostered for political purposes, and the long Continental war, may, however, be charitably urged as an excuse for the dominion of these narrow-minded feelings, and the duration of such antiquated prejudices.

It is a remarkable fact that the first performance of an opera of Mozart in this country was by a party of amateurs, aided by professional singers, which took place at the Crown and Anchor Tavern about twenty years ago. It was not till afterwards that Mozart's operas were brought on the stage of our Italian Opera: so far did the taste and enlightened zeal of a portion of the public outstrip those of the professors. Indeed it is a stigma that attaches not only to theatrical caterers for public amusement, but to those who come forward as directors of the public taste in music, that they have followed, rather than led amateurs. They assume the vulgarity of the taste of the multitude, and pander to its indulgence, instead of opening higher sources of enjoyment. There is this excuse for them, however, that they do it for profit; and this may be taken as a pretty fair criterion by which to distinguish those who labour for the love of their art, from those who seek only pelf, that the latter produce music of the kind accounted popular, and write down to the level of the public taste; the former only strive to lead and direct it to the perception of better things.

The formation of the Philharmonic Society has been the means of

making not only the professors and the musical world, but the public at large, acquainted with the stores of fine music with which the Continent was supplied. This Society is entitled to the distinguished merit of having formed the taste of the rising generation of musical students, and improved that of the last—by bringing forward judicious selections from the best foreign music, principally instrumental, and performing them on a grand scale, and in the finest and most masterly manner. The Philharmonic band is famed throughout Europe. But while justice has been done to the instrumental works of Continental composers, their vocal compositions have been very inadequately represented, and English vocal writing entirely neglected. Indeed, vocal performances were introduced at the Philharmonic concerts rather to afford a relief to the instrumental performances, than as a material part of their scheme. The singers have been selected, as they are at benefit concerts, for the attraction of their names, and, in consequence, the choice of pieces has been mostly left to them. It has happened but rarely that particular vocal compositions, brought forward on the strength of their intrinsic merits, determined the selection of the singers best qualified to do them justice—a system which ought to be the rule of every scientific concert, distinguishing it from those got up *ad captandum vulgus*. Moreover, the Philharmonic Society not having been formed with this view, had no chorus at command to develop the grand effects of choral harmonies. In short, there was no field for the introduction of the finest vocal writing on a scale of magnitude, and with that high degree of completeness and finish, which distinguished the instrumental performances of the Philharmonic. Hence the formation of the Vocal Society, whose concerts have met with the success they merit, but which has not fully realized the expectations formed of it; nor, as regards modern English compositions, has it fulfilled its promise. The vocal concerts have only in part supplied the want of a choral union for the performance of vocal music; but in justice it must be said that, during the short time the Society has existed, it has done nearly as much for vocal music, as the Philharmonic did, in a similar period, for instrumental. They have drawn upon the rich stores of the continental composers; and have brought out the treasures of our native wealth, by the performance of glees, madrigals, and anthems, “things new and old:” showing, however, a decided partiality for the “old:” *c.r. gr.* in the course of their first season, only a single composition of one of the most eminent of our living vocal writers, and that one of his slighter efforts, was sung—Horley’s “Mine be a cot.” The Vocal Society has brought forward no new composer; and their novelties have been almost entirely the production of its own members, who are all vocalists: in fact, it is a society of singers, and so far most excellent and useful. Still, however, the British composer was left without any fair, free, and adequate means of addressing the public ear: to publish was almost useless. A song, glee, or concerted piece that is not sung at concerts or the theatres by some popular singers has no charms for the publishers; and the author who rashly ventures upon the experiment of appealing to the public at large on his own account, finds to his cost that he reckons without his host. In the case of instrumental performances this experiment is still more disastrous. We cannot blame the public: they must receive the only intelligent evidence of the merits

of music through the ear. Nay more, few composers can perfectly judge of their own effects without hearing them performed. As a means of improvement for the composer, therefore, a musical tribunal to which he can submit his productions for trial, and be sure of "a clear stage and no favour," and an impartial verdict, was wanting. This has been supplied by the formation of the "Society of British Musicians," which arose out of a strong feeling of its necessity, and was therefore eagerly welcomed by composers. The list of members was instantly filled, and ample materials for performance were immediately produced. The value of such a society to British musicians, and its importance in a national point of view, as forming a school of vocal and instrumental writing for composers, are too obvious to need proof or argument. This Society has united in one body, and for one grand object, a number of composers, some of whose names have been known to the musical world for years, but by far the greatest portion of whom never could have otherwise found a sphere for the display of their talents, many of them having been buried in obscurity for the want of such a society. A great number of compositions, some of the highest excellence, which might have slumbered to eternity in the desks of their composers, now awoke to a glad and triumphant resurrection.

In proportion to the utility of this Society, is it important that it should be so constituted as to endure, and deserve the support of those for whose benefit it has been formed, and consequently public encouragement. It can only be permanently established on the broad basis of justice and liberality; and it is with a view to aid in ensuring its stability that we point out two radical defects in its formation, which render it obnoxious to the censure of the musical profession as well as the public, and not only narrow its field of usefulness, but endanger its vitality. These are the limitation of the number of members, and the utter exclusion of foreigners. Both are as easily remedied as they are injurious. The first mistake, the limitation of members, seems to have been fallen into through the founders of the Society not calculating on the degree of success that has attended its formation, and thus making it a point to have the list of members pretty full at first in order to give proof of its prospect of success. If so, this cause being removed, no pretence exists for continuing the limitation. Indeed, the principle has already been violated by the number being extended from 300 to 350, and a further extension will, it is generally understood, take place. This extension was made for the express purpose of including one of the most accomplished and popular of English singers,—a striking illustration of the absurdity and impolicy of the regulation. The utter absence of selection in the first list of members renders further necessary the abrogation of this principle of limitation of numbers. Of the 350 members certainly not more than 200 are able to contribute in any way to maintain the character of the Society; the rest being made up for the most part of blind organists and mere music teachers, with a large proportion of the old school of professors, (which is composed, with a few exceptions, of the most bigoted set of men that ever obstructed the advance of an art,)—in short, of persons who can neither write, sing, nor play. We would offer no objection to these members, though they are merely so many subscribers at 5s. per annum, by virtue of their belonging to the musical profession—or rather the profession of music,—

but that they are at present the means of keeping abler men out of the Society. Better that hundreds of persons who would do the Society the best service by quietly listening or by keeping away altogether should creep in, than that one composer of talent should be excluded. No truly great man would feel his dignity hurt by being numbered with the humblest teacher of the science that his genius exalts and enriches. A society of professors should be a republic, not of talent and genius only, but of love for their art. A decent competence of technical knowledge might then be a sufficient passport. Merit will always be a sufficient distinction. What shall we say, then, when such men as Moscheles, Crevelli, and F. Cramer are, for example, ineligible to become members of this Society, merely because they happened to be born in a foreign land, though they have lived for years in this country, and have become identified with the British school of Musicians?

Unquestionably a line of demarcation must be drawn to keep up the nationality of the Society; but surely this rigid exclusiveness, by which men like Clementi would have been shut out, is sacrificing the spirit of the institution to the letter of its laws. If it were only out of compliment to the foreign professors resident in this country, it should be open to them to join the Society as honorary members, if their professional assistance might not be rendered available. Some plan, however, might easily be devised to include the names of eminent foreigners, whether naturalized by residence or only visitors. The gratitude of the British school is nationally due to those professors of other countries resident amongst them, to whom it owes so much—without whom, indeed, this Society might not have existed for a century to come. These laws must be rescinded or materially modified; and we feel convinced that they will be. To elect Spohr, Rossini, or Auber, would be incompatible with the essential feature of the scheme—its nationality; but to fraternize with distinguished foreigners who visit us, by enrolling their names as fellow-labourers in the cause, inviting them to listen, nay, even to perform, would be worthy of the professors of a science whose language is universal.

Let us see what this Society has accomplished during the few months it has existed, labouring under all the disadvantages of these objectionable features, which not only narrow its scope by their direct operation, but tend to foment party-spirit, and to give liberal minds, both in and out of the profession, a distaste for the plan. Its orchestra numbers several members of the Philharmonic Band, and a considerable proportion of instrumental performers of rising talent, including some of the most promising pupils of the Royal Academy. Among the composers it has to boast of are names of established fame sufficient to ensure public attention, and to guarantee the right of the Society to assume its national title; others, of mature skill and talent, but not publicly known; and many more young and untried, but who give the most promising indications of future excellence. It would be out of place in this general outline to enter into a detailed criticism of the various compositions brought forward by this Society: we will briefly advert to the most prominent features. Macfarren's symphony, with which the first concert opened, is of the highest order of instrumental writing, and distinguished for invention, vigour of style, knowledge of orchestral effect, and of the capabilities of individual instruments as well as the power of combining them. It was listened to with breathless attention, and received with a

burst of applause from an audience composed of some of the most eminent professors and amateurs. Yet this masterly and powerful composition had been twice rejected, and in rather an ungracious manner, by the Philharmonic Society, by whom also Calkin's admirable symphony had been declined. A concerto for the pianoforte, by W. Bennett, a young pupil of the Academy, who is a graceful and finished performer of the Cramer school, formed a principal feature of the second concert. Unlike the great mass of concertos, which are mere complications of instrumental difficulties for displaying the performer's dexterity, it is beautiful as a whole, the orchestral possessing equal interest with the solo parts. Nor should an overture by Tutton, one of the founders of the Society, be overlooked; affording, as it does, a remarkable evidence of the beneficial effect of practice in instrumental writing. Mr. Tutton is accustomed to scoring for military bands; and the masterly way in which the brass instruments are introduced strikingly evinces his perfect knowledge of their peculiar value in orchestral effects. In the third concert a symphony by Lucas, a pupil of the Academy, and, as a performer, second only to Lindley on the violoncello, was distinguished for fire and originality, verging on eccentricity, but entirely free from the reproach of affectation.

The prevailing character of these concerts has been a preponderance of merit in instrumental over vocal compositions, both in the writing and performance. The instrumental part has been splendid throughout, but a want of good singers, and original vocal pieces, has been sensibly felt. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the members were not so likely to have had vocal music by them, while the acknowledged want of good singers, in sufficient number, may have postponed the production of some vocal pieces. One great cause of the deficiency of vocalists, however, is the existence of an erroneous feeling on the part of some members of the Vocal Society, that this is a rival institution under a more attractive name; and, consequently, very few of that body are numbered amongst the Society of British Musicians. It is much to be regretted that party feeling should interfere, to the prejudice of the advancement of science; but it has hitherto been the case, and though we are optimists enough to hope that it will not always be so, it will take time to convince the members of a profession that what is for the good of all must benefit individuals. The Society of British Musicians, by throwing open their doors to the profession at large, will be doing all they can to remove objections. With increased numbers, a better system of management must arise. The Committee, as at present constituted, is badly chosen. As an instance, Mr. Pyne, who is only known as a supernumerary vocalist of third-rate pretensions, is preferred to John Barnett. As it is the duty of the Committee to select compositions for performance at the concerts, after the weekly trial rehearsals, the importance of its being composed of men of approved judgment is evident: not only that the best productions may be selected, but that the profession may place confidence in the acts of the committee by whom the Society is governed.

The establishment of a *bonâ fide* English Opera House, contemporaneously with the formation of a Society of British Musicians, is a remarkable event in the past year. It would seem that the musical genius of England had burst into life spontaneously at the first cheering beam of encouragement. What a change has one year effected. Up to 1834

it was said that there was no Englishman capable of composing a grand opera. The English opera was instanced as a *lucus à non lucendo* proof of the fact. To have a theatre named English Opera, in which none but foreign operas were performed, was a practical satire upon the want of musical talent and genius in our countrymen. The ephemeral and flimsy trifles that ever and anon appeared by English composers, only served as seeming proofs of their incompetency to write anything better. Mr. Rodwell's project of an English Opera was ridiculed by some, and looked upon as a castle in the air by all. If the English composer had the genius to produce an opera, it was said, there were plenty of theatres where it might be brought out. The ignorance of managers, the partiality and jobbing of some of the so-called "musical directors" of the stage, the caprices of the singers—all these drawbacks were disregarded. Nay, it was even said that an English opera would not be listened to; and all those arguments, whose hollowness we have before exposed, were brought forward to prove that the English public could not appreciate nor enjoy, any more than English composers could produce, an opera. Yet no sooner was it understood that Mr. Arnold intended to give the experiment of English opera a fair trial, than composers set to work, and the result was the production, in one short season, of three grand operas, with various degrees of success, the lowest being far removed from failure. Mr. Arnold has entitled himself to the gratitude of every lover of music, as well as every composer, for the spirit with which he essayed an experiment that was generally looked upon as hopeless. Nor should Mr. Rodwell's zeal be left without its due share of praise; for his advocacy of the cause of the English composer, and his agitation of the subject of a national opera, unquestionably had its share in producing the change in public opinion on this subject, if it did not directly lead to Mr. Arnold's determination to give English operas a fair trial. Until the last year, indeed, Arne's "Artaxerxes," Storace's "Siege of Belgrade," Shield's "Castle of Andalusia," Brahmi's "Devil's Bridge," and two or three other similar vocalized dramas, composed our whole stock of operas. In that combination of voices and instruments which is essential to opera, they are remarkably deficient. The melodies, too, commonly want dramatic character; and being composed apparently without reference to any fixed plan, neither assist in developing the passion of the story, nor unite in forming one complete whole. As musical compositions, they are utterly destitute of design. A want of consecutiveness, completeness, and symmetry of design, is one great defect of Loder's "Nourjahad," the first and least meritorious of the three operas brought forward by Mr. Arnold. Moreover, its melodies are neither so original nor so dramatically characteristic as is desirable; and, as a young writer, the author proved himself inexperienced by the uncertainty of his orchestral effects: still it is a work of great merit and promise for an unknown composer. From Barnett more was expected, especially in the way of melody; but he agreeably surprised the musical world by showing a power of combination in orchestral writing that renders the melodies almost secondary, though they are admirable for appropriate character. The composition, as a whole, evinces a judicious management of the general design, so as to develop the sentiment and incidents of the story, with reference both to dramatic effect and musical completeness. The concerted piece

in E (the fortune-telling scene in the first act) shows an extraordinary power of choral writing. The subjects of these two operas were neither of them happily chosen. Both were familiar to audiences, the first as a drama, the latter as a ballet; and the want of sympathy which the audience had for the principal characters must have been shared in a measure by the composers. But the drama of the third and last was still worse than either of the former, besides lacking novelty; for "Hermann" is only another version of "Dark Diamond." The composer, Mr. Thomson, of Edinburgh—an amateur!—was partially known only as the author of some pretty ballads; yet his opera was remarkable for sound and scientific orchestral writing, and rich and elaborate harmonics, as well as for original and characteristic melodies. His style of writing, however, is not only solid but heavy; and his music, "married" to any thing but immortal verse, was, to say the least, most imperfectly performed. Some of the solos, as well as the concerted pieces, were execrably sung, and a beautiful comic trio was murdered by three persons, neither of whom were singers. It is not surprising, therefore, that it failed of that success which its great merits entitled it to. Had it not been so hastily brought out, the excellence of the music would, we think, have carried off the dead weight of the drama.

From such a beginning, what may we not expect? Barnett is now engaged on a new opera; Rodwell has produced one at the Surrey; at the Victoria, too, an opera is announced; and even at the great theatres, where shows and foreign novelties are all the rage, native genius may before long find a home. There is only one obstacle to surmount, and a formidable one it is—the want of English singers capable of doing justice to good music.

But here we are entering upon a wide and fruitful theme, which will properly form the subject of a separate paper. "English Singing and Singers" will be the subject of the next selection from the notes of

A MUSICAL STUDENT.

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## THE LOVE OF OTHER DAYS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

"Tis past! We've learn'd to live apart;  
And with a faint and gradual ray  
All hope hath faded from my heart,  
Like sunset on an autumn day.  
Forgetful of these hours of pain,  
They tell me I shall love again!

Perhaps I may! We laugh at jests  
Some buried friend at random made:  
Peace steals within our grieving breasts,  
As sunbeams pierce the forest shade:  
We learn to fling *all* mourning by—  
Even that which clothed our memory!



*The Love of Other Days.*

Therefore I do believe this woe,  
 Like other things, will fade and pass ;  
 And my crush'd heart spring up and blow,  
 Like flowers among the trodden grass :  
 But ere I *love*, it must be long—  
 The habits of the heart are strong.

Ere my accusom'd eye can seek,  
 In some new, unfamiliar face,  
 The smile that glow'd upon thy cheek,  
 And lent thine eye a softer grace,  
 When in the crowd I turn'd to thee,  
 Proud of thy certain sympathy :

Ere my poor ear, that hath been used  
 To live upon thy angel voice ;  
 Its daily sustenance refused,  
 And forced to wander for a choice,  
 Can listen to some other tone,  
 And deem it welcome as thine own :

Ere the true heart thou could'st deceive  
 Can hope, and dream, and trust once more,  
 And from another's lips believe  
 All that thy lips so falsely swore,  
 And hear those vows of other years  
 Without a burst of bitter tears :

Ere I have half my mind explain'd  
 To one who shares my thoughts too late ;  
 With weary tongue, and spirit pain'd,  
 And heart that still feels desolate,  
 Have travell'd thro' those by-gone days,  
 Which made life barren to my gaze :

What years must pass ! In this world's strife  
 How small will be my portion then :  
 The fainting energies of life  
 Will scarcely serve to love again.  
 Love ! To the pale uncertain flame  
 The fervent God denies his name.

No ! Let no wrong'd heart look to mine :  
 Such fate the wanderer hath in store  
 Who worships at a ruin'd shrine,  
 Where altar fires can burn no more ;  
 Vain is the incense—vain the prayer—  
 No deity is lingering there !

Oh ! never more shall *trust* return,  
 Trust,—by which love alone can live :  
 Even while I woo, my heart shall yearn  
 For answers *thou* wert wont to give,  
 And my faint sighs shall echoes be  
 Of those I breathed long since to thee !

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## LOVE IN THE LIBRARY.

' Oh yes—for you're in love with me !  
 (I'm very glad of it, I'm sure ;) )  
 But then you are not rich, you see,  
 And I—you know *I'm very poor* !  
 'Tis true that I can drive a tandem—  
 'Tis true that I can turn a sonnet—  
 'Tis true I leave the law at random,  
 When I *should* study—plague upon it !  
 But this is not—excuse me !—m—y !  
 (A thing they give for house and land ; )  
 And we must eat in matrimony—  
 And love is neither bread nor honey—  
 And so—you understand ? ”

*Poems by Philip Slingsby.*

“ Thou art spotless as the snow, lady mine, lady mine !  
 Thou art spotless as the snow, lady mine !  
 But the noon will have its ray,  
 And snow-wreaths melt away—  
 And hearts—why should not they ?—  
 Why not thine ? ”

It began to snow. The air softened ; the pattering of the horses' hoofs was muffled with the impeded vibration ; she sleigh glided on with a duller sound ; the large loose flakes fell soft and fast, and the low and just audible murmur, like the tread of a fairy host, melted on the ear with a drowsy influence, as if it were a descent of palpable sleep upon the earth. You may talk of falling water—of the running of a brook—of the humming song of an old crone on a sick vigil—or of the *levi susurro* of the bees of Hybla,—but there is nothing like the falling of the snow for soft and soothing music. You hear it ~~on~~ not as you will, but it melts into your soul unware. If you have ever a heart-ache, or feel the need of “ poppy or mandragora,” or, like myself, grow sometimes a-weary of the stale repetitions of this unvaried world, seek me out in Massachusetts, when the wind softens and veers south, after a frost—say in January. There shall have been a long-lying snow on the ground, well-trodden. The road shall be as smooth as the paths to our first sins—of a seeming perpetual declivity, as it were—and never a jolt or jar between us and the edge of the horizon ; but all onward and down apparently, with an insensible ease. You sit beside me in my spring-sleigh, hung with the lightness of a cobweb cradle for a fairy's child in the trees. One horse is in the harness, of a swift and even pace, and around his neck is a string of fine, small bells, that ring to his measured step in a kind of muffled music, softer and softer as the snow-flakes thicken in the air. Your seat is of the shape of the *fauteuil* in your library, cushioned and deep, and with a backward and gentle slope, and you are enveloped to the eye-lids in warm furs. You settle down, with every muscle in repose, the visor of your ermine cap just shedding the snow from your forehead, and, with a word, the groom stands back and the horse speeds on, steady, but beautifully fast. The bells, which you hear loudly at first, begin to deaden, and the low hum of the alighting flakes steals gradually on your ear ; and soon the hoof-strokes are as silent as if

the steed were shod with wool; and away you flee through the white air, like birds asleep upon the wing diving through the feathery fleeces of the noon. Your eye-lids fall—forgetfulness steals upon the senses—a delicious torpor takes possession of the uneasy blood—and brain and thought yield to an intoxicating and trance-like slumber. It were perhaps too much to ask that any human bosom may go scathless to the grave; but in my own unworthy petitions I usually supplicate that my heart may be broken about Christmas. I know an anodyne o' that season.

Fred Fleming and I occupied one of the seven long seats in a stage-sleigh, flying at this time twelve miles in the hour, (yet not fast enough for our impatience,) westward from the University gates. The sleighing had been perfect for a week, and the cold keen air had softened for the first time that morning, and assumed the warm and woolly complexion that foretokened snow. Though not very cheerful in its aspect, this is an atmosphere particularly pleasant to breathe, and Fred, who was making his first move after a six weeks' fever, sat with the furs away from his mouth, nostrils expanded, lips parted, and the countenance altogether of a man in a high state of physical enjoyment. I had nursed him through his illness, by the way, in my own rooms, and hence our position as fellow-travellers. A pressing invitation from his father to come home with him to Skeneatoles, for the holidays, had diverted me from my usual winter journey to the north; and for the first time in my life, I was going upon a long visit to a strange roof. My imagination had never more business upon its hands.

Fred had described to me over and over again every person I was to meet, brothers, sisters, aunts, cousins, and friends—a household of thirty people, guests included; but there was one person among them of whom his descriptions, amplified as they were, were very unsatisfactory.

"Is she so *very* plain?" I asked for the twentieth time.

"Abominably!"

"And immense black eyes?"

"Saucers!"

"And large mouth?"

"Huge!"

"And very dark?"

"Like a squaw!"

"And skinny hands, did you say?"

"Lean, long, and pokerish!"

"And so *very* clever?"

"Knows every thing, Phil!"

"But a sweet voice?"

"Um! every body says so."

"And high temper?"

"She's the devil, Phil! don't ask any more questions about her."

"You don't like her, then?"

"She never condescends to speak to me; how should I?"

And thereupon I put my head out of the sleigh, and employed myself with catching the snow-flakes on my nose, and thinking whether Edith Linsey would like me or no; for through all Fred's derogatory descriptions, it was clearly evident that she was the ruling spirit of the hospitable household of the Flemings.

As we got farther on, the new snow became deeper, and we found that the last storm had been heavier here than in the country from which we had come. The occasional farm-houses were almost wholly buried, the black chimney alone appearing above the ridgy drifts, while the tops of the doors and windows lay below the level of the trodden road, from which a descending passage was cut to the threshold, like the entrance to a cave in the earth. The fences were quite invisible. The fruit-trees looked diminished to shrubberies of snow-flowers, their trunks buried under the visible surface, and their branches loaded with the still falling flakes, till they bent beneath the burden. Nothing was abroad, for nothing could stir out of the road without danger of being lost, and we dreaded to meet even a single sleigh, lest in turning out, the horses should "slump" beyond their depth, in the untrodden drifts. The poor animals began to labour severely, and sunk at every step over their knees in the clogging and wool-like substance; and the long and cumbersome sleigh rose and fell in the deep pits like a boat in a heavy sea. It seemed impossible to get on. Twice we brought up with a terrible plunge and stood suddenly still, for the runners had struck in too deep for the strength of the horses; and with the snow-shovels, which formed a part of the furniture of the vehicle, we dug them from their concrete beds. Our progress at last was reduced to scarce a mile in the hour, and we began to have apprehensions that our team would give out between the post-houses. Fortunately it was still warm, for the numbness of cold would have paralyzed our already flagging exertions.

We had reached the summit of a long hill with the greatest difficulty. The poor beasts stood panting and reeking with sweat; the runners of the sleigh were clogged with hard cakes of snow, and the air was close and dispiriting. We came to a stand-still, with the vehicle lying over almost on its side, and I stepped out to speak to the driver and look forward. It was a discouraging prospect; a long deep valley lay before us, closed at the distance of a couple of miles by another steep hill, through a cleft in the top of which lay our way. We could not even distinguish the line of the road between. Our disheartened animals stood at this moment buried to their breasts, and to get forward without rearing at every step seemed impossible. The driver sat on his box looking uneasily down into the valley. It was one undulating ocean of snow, not a sign of a human habitation to be seen, and even the trees indistinguishable from the general mass, by their whitened and overlaiden branches. The storm had ceased, but the usual sharp cold that succeeds a warm fall of snow had not yet lightened the clamminess of the new-fallen flakes, and they clung around the foot like clay, rendering every step a toil.

"Your leaders are quite blown," I said to the driver, as he slid off his uncomfortable seat.

"Pretty nearly, Sir."

"And your wheelers are not much better?"

"Scarcely."

"And what do you think of the weather?"

"It'll be darnation cold in an hour." As he spoke he looked up to the sky, which was already peeling off its clouds in long stripes, like the skin of an orange, and looked as hard and cold as marble between the widening rifts. A sudden gust of a more chilling temperature followed

immediately upon his prediction, and the long cloth curtains of the sleigh flew clear of their slight pillars, and shook off their fringes of icicles.

"Could you shovel a little, Mister?" said the driver, handing me one of the broad wooden utensils from his foot-board, and commencing himself, after having thrown off his box coat, by heaving up a solid cake of the moist snow at the side of the road.

"It's just to make a place to rub down them creturs," said he, as I looked at him, quite puzzled to know what he was going to do.

Fred was too weak to assist us, and having righted the vehicle a little, and tied down the flapping curtains, he wrapped himself in his cloak, and I set heartily to work with my shovel. In a few minutes, taking advantage of the hollow of a drift, we had cleared a small area of frozen ground, and releasing the tired animals from their harness, we rubbed them well down with the straw from the bottom of the sleigh. The persevering driver then cleared the runners of their iced and clinging masses, and a half hour having elapsed he produced two bottles of rum from his box, and, giving each of the horses a dose, put them again to their traces.

We heaved out of the pit into which the sleigh had settled, and for the first mile it was down hill, and we got on with comparative ease. The sky was by this time almost bare, a dark, slaty mass of clouds alone settling on the horizon in the quarter of the wind, while the sun, as powerless as moonlight, poured with dazzling splendour on the snow, and the gusts came keen and bitter across the sparkling waste, rimming the nostrils as if with bands of steel, and penetrating to the innermost nerve, with their pungent iciness. No protection seemed of any avail. The whole surface of the body ached as if it were laid against a slab of ice. The throat closed instinctively, and contracted its unpleasant respiration—the body and limbs drew irresistibly together, to economise, like a hedge-hog, the exposed surface—the hands and feet felt transmuted to lead—and across the forehead, below the pressure of the cap, there was a binding and oppressive ache, as if a bar of frosty iron had been let into the skull. The mind, meantime, seemed freezing up—unwillingness to stir, and inability to think of anything but the cold, becoming every instant more decided.

From the bend of the valley our difficulties became more serious. The drifts often lay across the road like a wall, some feet above the heads of the horses, and we had dug through one or two, and had been once upset, and often fear it, before we came to the steepest part of the ascent. The horses had by this time begun to feel the excitement of the rum, and bounded on through the snow with continual leaps, jerking the sleigh after them with a violence that threatened momentarily to break the traces. The steam from their bodies froze instantly, and covered them with a coat like hoar-frost, and spite of their heat, and the unnatural and violent exertions they were making, it was evident by the pricking of their ears, and the sudden crouch of the body when a stronger blast swept over, that the cold struck through even their hot and intoxicated blood.

We toiled up, leap after leap, and it seemed miraculous to me that the now infuriated animals did not burst a blood-vessel or crack a sinew with every one of those terrible springs. The sleigh plunged on after them, stopping dead and short at every other moment, and reeling over the heavy drifts, like a boat in a surging sea. A finer crystallization had

meantime taken place upon the surface of the moist snow, and the powdered particles flew almost insensibly on the blasts of wind, filling the eyes and hair, and cutting the skin with a sensation like the touch of needle-points. The driver and his maddened but almost exhausted team were blinded by the glittering and whirling eddies, the cold grew intenser every moment, the forward motion gradually less and less, and when, with the very last effort apparently, we reached a spot on the summit of the hill, which, from its exposed situation, had been kept bare by the wind, the patient and persevering whip brought his horses to a stand, and despaired for the first time of his prospects of getting on. I crept out of the sleigh, the iron-bound runners of which now grated on the bare ground, but found it impossible to stand upright.

"If you can use your hands," said the driver, turning his back to the wind which stung the face like the lash of a whip, "I'll trouble you to untackle them horses."

I set about it, while he buried his hands and face in the snow to relieve them for a moment from the agony of cold. The poor animals staggered stiffly as I pushed them aside, and every vein stood out from their bodies like ropes under the skin.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, as he joined me again, and taking off the harness of one of the leaders flung it into the snow.

"Ride for life!" was his ominous answer.

"Good God! and what is to become of my sick friend?"

"The Almighty knows—if he can't ride to the tavern!"

I sprang instantly to poor Fred, who was lying in the bottom of the sleigh almost frozen to death, informed him of the driver's decision, and asked him if he thought he could ride one of the horses. He was beginning to grow drowsy, the first symptom of death by cold, and could with difficulty be roused. With the driver's assistance, however, I lifted him out of the sleigh, shook him soundly, and making stirrups of the traces, set him upon one of the horses, and started him off before us. The poor beasts seemed to have a presentiment of the necessity of exertion, and though stiff and sluggish, entered willingly upon the deep drift which blocked up the way, and toiled exhaustedly on. The cold in our exposed position was agonizing. Every small fibre in the skin of my own face felt splitting and cracked, and my eyelids seemed made of ice. Our limbs soon lost all sensation. I could only press with my knees to the horse's side, and the whole collected energy of my frame seemed expended in the exertion. Fred held on wonderfully. The driver had still the use of his arm, and rode behind, flogging the poor animals on, whose every step seemed to be the last summons of energy. The sun set, and it was rather a relief, for the glitter upon the snow was exceedingly painful to the sight, and there was no warmth in its beams. I could see my poor friend drooping gradually to the neck of his horse, but until he should drop off it was impossible to assist him, and his faithful animal still waded on. I felt my own strength fast ebbing away. If I had been alone I should certainly have lain down, with the almost irresistible inclination to sleep, but the thought of my friend, and the shouting of the energetic driver, served me from time to time, and with hands hanging helplessly down, and elbows fastened convulsively to my side, we plunged and struggled painfully forward. I but remember being taken afterwards to a fire, and shrinking from it with a

shriek—the suffering of reviving consciousness was so intolerable. We had reached the tavern literally frozen upon our horses.

## II.

I was balancing my spoon on the edge of a cup at the breakfast-table, the morning after our arrival, when Fred stopped in the middle of a eulogium on my virtues as a nurse, and a lady entering at the same moment, he said simply in parenthesis, "My cousin Edith, Mr. Slingsby," and went on with his story. I rose and bowed, and as Fred had the *parole*, I had time to collect my courage, and take a look at the enemy's camp—for, of that considerable household, I felt my star to be in conjunction or opposition with hers only who was at that moment my *vis-à-vis* across a dish of stewed oysters.

In about five minutes of rapid mental portrait painting, I had taken a likeness of Edith Linsey, which I see at this moment (I have carried it about the world for ten years), as distinctly as the incipient lines of age in this thin-wearing hand. My feelings changed in that time from dread or admiration, or something between these, to pity; she was so unscrupulously and hopelessly plain—so wretchedly ill and suffering in her aspect—so spiritless and unhappy in every motion and look. "I'll win her heart," thought I, "by being kind to her. Poor thing! it will be something new to her, I dare say!" Oh, Philip Slingsby! what a doomed donkey thou wert for that silly soliloquy.

And yet, even as she sat there, leaning over her untasted breakfast, listless, ill, and melancholy—with her large mouth, her protruding eyes, her dead and sallow complexion, and not one redeeming feature—there was something in her face which produced a phantom of beauty in my mind—a glimpse, a shadowing of a countenance that Beatrice Cenci might have worn at her last innocent orison—a loveliness moulded and exalted by superhuman and overpowering mind—instinct through all its sweetness with energy and fire. So strong was this phantom portrait, that in all my thoughts of her as an angel in heaven (for I supposed her dying for many a month, and a future existence was her own most frequent theme), she always rose to my fancy with a face half Niobe, half Psyche, radiantly lovely. And this, too, with a face of her own, a *bonâ fide* physiognomy, that must have made a mirror an unpleasant article of furniture in her chamber.

I have no suspicion in my own mind, whether Time was drunk or sober during the succeeding week of those Christmas holidays. The second Saturday had come round, and I just remember that Fred was very much out of humour with me for having appeared to his friends to be everything he had said I was *not*, and nothing he had said I *was*. He had described me as the most uproarious, noisy, good-humoured, and agreeable dog in the world. And I was not that at all—particularly the last. The old judge told him he had not improved in his penetration at the University.

A week! and what a life had been clasped within its brief calendar, for me! Edith Linsey was two years older than I, and I was considered a boy. She was thought to be dying slowly, but irretrievably, of consumption; and it was little matter whom she loved, or how. They would only have been pleased, if, by a new affection, she could beguile the preying melancholy of illness; for by that gentle name they called,

in their kindness, a caprice and a bitterness of character that, had she been less a sufferer, would not have been endured for a day. But she was not capricious, or bitter to *me*! Oh no! And from the very extreme of her impatience with others—from her rudeness, her violence, her sarcasm—she came to me with a heart softer than a child's, and wept upon my hands, and weighed every word that might give me offence, and watched to anticipate my lightest wish, and was humble, and generous, and passionately loving and dependant. Her heart sprang to me with a rebound. She gave herself up to me with an utter and desperate abandonment, that owed something to her peculiar character, but more to her own solemn conviction that she was dying—that her best hope of life was not worth a week's purchase.

We had begun with books, and upon them her past enthusiasm had hitherto been released. She loved her favourite authors with a passion. They had relieved her heart; and there was nothing of poetry or philosophy that was deep or beautiful, in which she had not steeped her very soul. How well I remember her repeating to me from Shelley, those glorious lines to the soaring swan,

"Thou hast a home,  
Beautiful bird! Thou voyagest to thine home,—  
Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck  
With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes  
Bright with the lustre of their own fond joy!  
And what am I, that I should linger here,  
With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,  
Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned  
To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers  
To the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven  
That echoes not my thoughts!"

There was a long room in the southern wing of the house, fitted up as a library. It was a heavily-curtained, dim old place, with deep-embayed windows, and so many nooks, and so much furniture, that there was that hushed air, that absence of echo within it, which is the great charm of a haunt for study or thought. It was Edith's kingdom. She might lock the door, if she pleased, or shut or open the windows; in short, when she was there, no one thought of disturbing her, and she was like a "spirit in its cell," invisible and inviolate. And here I drank into my very life and soul the outpourings of a bosom that had been locked till (as we both thought) the last hour of its life,—a flow of mingled intellect and passion that overran my heart like lava, sweeping everything into its resistless fire, and (may God forgive her!) leaving it scorched and desolate when its mocking brightness had gone out.

I remember that "*Elia*"—Charles Lamb's *Elia*—was the favourite of favourites among her books; and partly that the late death of this most-to-be-loved author reminded me to look it up, and partly to have time to draw back my indifference over a subject that it something stirs me to recall, you shall read an imitation (or continuation, if you will,) that I did for Edith's eye of his "*Essay on Books and Reading*." I sat with her dry and fleshless hand in mine while I read it to her, and the fingers of *Psyche* were never fairer to Canova than they to me.

"It is a little singular," I began (looking into her eyes as long as I could remember what I had written), "that, among all the elegancies



of sentiment for which the age is remarkable, no one should ever have thought of writing a book upon 'Reading.' The refinements of the true epicure in books are surely as various as those of the gastronome and the opium-eater; and I can conceive of no reason why a topic of such natural occurrence should have been so long neglected, unless it is that the taste itself, being rather a growth of indolence, has never numbered among its votaries one of the busy craft of writers.

"The great proportion of men read, as they eat, for hunger. I do not consider them readers. The true secret of the thing is no more adapted to their comprehension, than the sublimations of Louis Eustache Ude for the taste of a day-labourer. The refined reading taste, like the palate of *gourmanderie*, must have got beyond appetite—gross appetite. It shall be that of a man who, having fed through childhood and youth on simple knowledge, values now only, as it were, the apotheosis of learning—the spiritual *narc*. There are, it is true, instances of a keen natural relish: a boy, as you will sometimes find one, of a premature thoughtfulness, will carry a favourite author in his bosom, and feast greedily on it in his stolen hours. Elia tells the exquisite story:—

" 'I saw a boy, with eager eye,  
Open a book upon a stall,  
And read as he'd devour it all;  
Which, when the stall-man did espy,  
Soon to the boy I heard him call,  
"You Sir, you never buy a book,  
Therefore in one you shall not look!"  
The boy pass'd slowly on, and, with a sigh,  
He wish'd he never had been taught to read,

"Then of the old 'churl's books he should have had no need."

"The pleasure as well as the profit of reading depends as much upon time and manner, as upon the book. The mind is an opal—changing its colour with every shifting shade. Ease of position is especially necessary. A muscle strained, a nerve unpoised, an admitted sunbeam caught upon a mirror, are slight circumstances; but a feather may tickle the dreamer from paradise to earth. 'Many a froward axiom,' says a refined writer, 'many an inhumane thought, hath arisen from sitting uncomfortably, or from a want of symmetry in your chamber.' Who has not felt, at times, an unaccountable disrelish for a favourite author? Who has not, by a sudden noise in the street, been startled from a reading dream, and found, afterwards, that the broken spell was not to be re-wound? An ill-tied cravat may unlink the rich harmonies of Taylor. You would not think Barry Cornwall the delicious heart he is, reading him on a tottering chair.

"There is much in the mood with which you come to a book. If you have been vexed out of doors, the good humour of an author seems unnatural. I think I should scarce relish the 'gentle spiriting' of Ariel with a pulse of ninety in the minute. Or if I had been touched by the unkindness of a friend, Jack Falstaff would not move me to laughter as easily as he is wont. There are tones of the mind, however, to which a book will vibrate with a harmony than which there is nothing more exquisite in Nature. To go abroad at sunrise in June, and admit all the holy influences of the hour—stillness, and purity and balm—to a mind subdued and dignified, as the mind will be by the sacred tranquillity of sleep,—and then to come in with bathed and refreshed senses,

and a temper of as clear joyfulness as the soaring lark's, and sit down to Milton, or Spenser, or, almost loftier still, the divine 'Prometheus' of Shelley, has seemed to me a harmony of delight almost too heavenly to be human. The great secret of such pleasure is sympathy. You must climb to the eagle poet's eyrie. You must have senses, like his, for the music that is only audible to the fine ear of thought, and the beauty that is visible only to the spirit-eye of a clear and, for the time, unpolluted fancy. The stamp and pressure of the magician's own time and season must be upon you. You would not read Ossian, for example, in a bath, or sitting under a tree in a sultry noon; but after rushing into the eye of the wind with a fleet horse, with all his gallant pride and glorious strength and fire obedient to your rein, and so mingling, as it will, with his rider's consciousness, that you feel as if you were gifted in your own body with the swiftness and energy of an angel;—after this, to sit down to Ossian, is to read him with a magnificence of delusion, to my mind scarce less than reality. I never envied Napoleon till I heard it was his habit, after a battle, to read Ossian.

"You cannot often read to music. But I love, when the voluntary is pealing in church,—every breath in the congregation suppressed, and the deep-volumed notes pouring through the arches of the roof with the sublime and almost articulate praise of the organ,—to read, from the pew Bible, the book of Ecclesiastes. The solemn stateliness of its periods is fitted to music like a hymn. It is to me a spring of the most thrilling devotion,—though I shame to confess that the richness of its Eastern imagery, and, above all, the inimitable beauty of its philosophy, stand out somewhat definitely in the reminiscences of the hour.

"A taste for reading comes comparatively late. 'Robinson Crusoe' will turn a boy's head at ten. The 'Arabian Nights' are taken to bed with us at twelve. At fourteen, a forward boy will read the 'Lady of the Lake,' 'Tom Jones,' and 'Peregrine Pickle;' and at seventeen (not before) he is ready for Shakspeare, and, if he is of a thoughtful turn, Milton. Most men do not read these last with a true relish till after this period. The hidden beauties of standard authors break upon the mind by surprise. It is like discovering a secret spring in an old jewel. You take up the book in an idle moment, as you have done a thousand times before, perhaps wondering, as you turn over the leaves, what the world finds in it to admire, when suddenly, as you read, your fingers press close upon the covers, your frame thrills, and the passage you have chanced upon chains you like a spell,—it is so vividly true and beautiful. Milton's 'Comus' flashed upon me in this way. I never could read the 'Rape of the Lock' till a friend quoted some passages from it during a walk. I know no more exquisite sensation than this warming of the heart to an old author; and it seems to me that the most delicious portion of intellectual existence is the brief period in which, one by one, the great minds of old are admitted with all their time-mellowed worth to the affections. With what delight I read, for the first time, the 'kind-hearted plays' of Beaumont and Fletcher! How I doated on Burton! What treasures to me were the 'Fairy Queen' and the Lyrics of Milton!

"I used to think, when studying the Greek and Latin poets in my boyhood, that to be made a school-author was a fair offset against immor-

talities.' I would as lief, it seemed to me, have my verses handed down by the town-crier. But latterly, after an interval of a few years, I have taken up my classics (the identical school copies with the hard places all thumb'd and pencilled) and have read them with no little pleasure. It is not to be believed with what a satisfaction the riper eye glides smoothly over the once difficult line,—finding the golden cadence of poetry beneath what once seemed only a tangled chaos of inversion. The associations of hard study, instead of reviving the old distaste, added wonderfully to the interest of a re-perusal. I could see now what brightened the sunken eye of the pale and sickly master, as he took up the hesitating passage, and read on, forgetful of the delinquent, to the end. I could enjoy now, what was a dead letter to me then, the heightened fulness of Herodotus, and the strong-woven style of Thucydides, and the magnificent invention of Eschylus. I took an aversion to Homer from hearing a classmate in the next room scan it perpetually through his nose. 'There is no music for me in the *Iliad*.' But, spite of the recollections scored alike upon my palm and the margin, I owe to an Augustan relish for the smooth melody of Virgil, and freely forgive the sometimes troublesome ferule,—enjoying by its aid the raciness of Horace and Juvenal, and the lofty philosophy of Lucretius. It will be a dear friend to whom I put down in my will that shelf of defaced classics.

"There are some books that bear reading pleasantly once a year. '*Tristram Shandy*' is an annual with me. I read him regularly about Christmas. Jeremy Taylor (not to mingle things holy and profane) is a good table-book, to be 'used when you would collect your thoughts and be serious awhile. A man of taste need never want for Sunday reading while he can find the Sermons of Taylor, and South, and Fuller—writers of good theological repute—though, between ourselves, I think one likelier to be delighted with the poetry and quaint fancifulness of their style, than edified by the piety it covers. I like to have a quarto edition of Sir Thomas Brown on a near shelf, or Milton's *Prose Works*, or Bacon. There are healthful moods of the mind when lighter nutriment is distasteful."

"I am growing fastidious in poetry, and confine myself more and more to the old writers. Castaly of late runs shallow. Shelley's (peace to his passionate heart!) was a deep draught, and Wordsworth and Wilson sit near the well, and Keats and Barry Cornwall have been to the fountain's lip, feeding their imaginations (the latter his *heart* as well), but they have brought back little for the world. The 'small silver stream' will, I fear, soon cease to flow down to us, and as it dries back to its source, we shall close nearer and nearer upon the 'pure English undefiled.' The dabblers in muddy waters (tributarics to Lethe) will have Parnassus to themselves.

"The finest pleasures of reading come unbidden. You cannot, with your choicest appliances for the body, always command the many-toned mind. In the twilight alcove of a library, with a time-mellowed chair yielding luxuriously to your pressure, a June wind laden with idleness and balm floating in at the window, and in your hand some Russia-bound rambling old author, as Izaak Walton, good-humoured and quaint, one would think the spirit could scarce fail to be conjured. Yet often, after spending a morning hour restlessly thus, I have risen with my mind

unhinged, and strolled off with a book in my pocket to the woods; and, as I live, the mood has descended upon me under some chance tree, with a crooked root under my head, and I have lain there, reading and sleeping by turns, till the letters were blurred in the dimness of twilight. It is the evil of refinement that it breeds caprice. You will sometimes stand unfatigued for hours on the steps of a library; or in a shop, the eye will be arrested, and all the jostling of customers and the looks of the jealous shopman will not divert you till you have read out the chapter.

"I do not often indulge in the supernatural, for I am an unwilling believer in ghosts, and the topic excites me. But, for its connection with the subject upon which I am writing, I must conclude these rambling observations with a late mysterious visitation of my own.

"I had, during the last year, given up the early summer tea-parties common in the town in which the University stands; and having, of course, three or four more hours than usual on my hands, I took to an afternoon habit of imaginative reading. Shakspeare came first, naturally; and I feasted for the hundredth time upon what I think his (and the world's) most delicate creation—the 'Tempest.' The twilight of the first day overtook me at the third Act, where the banquet is brought in with solemn music by the fairy troop of Prospero, and set before the shipwrecked king and his followers. I closed the book, and, leaving back in my chair, abandoned myself to the crowd of images which throng always upon the traces of Shakspeare. The *fancy* music was still in my mind, when an apparently *real* strain of the most solemn melody came to my ear, dying, it seemed to me, as it reached it, the tones were so expiringly faint and low. I was not startled, but lay quietly, holding my breath, and more fearing when the strain would be broken, than curious whence it came. The twilight deepened, till it was dark, and it still played on, changing the tune at intervals, but always of the same melancholy sweetness; till, by-and-by, I lost all curiosity, and, giving in to the charm, the scenes I had been reading began to form again in my mind, and Ariel, with his delicate ministers, and Prospero, and Miranda, and Caliban, came moving before me to the measure, as bright and vivid as the reality. I was disturbed in the midst of it by Alfonse, who came in at the usual hour with my tea; and, on starting to my feet, I listened in vain for the continuance of the music. I sat thinking of it awhile, but dismissed it at last, and went out to enjoy, in a solitary walk, the loveliness of the summer night. The next day I resumed my book, with a smile at my previous credulity, and had read through the last scenes of the 'Tempest,' when the light failed me. I again closed the book, and presently again, as if the sympathy was instantaneous, the strain broke in, playing the same low and solemn melodies, and falling with the same dying cadence upon the ear. I listened to it, as before, with breathless attention; abandoned myself once more to its irresistible spell; and, half-waking, half-sleeping, fell again into a vivid dream, brilliant as fairy-land, and creating itself to the measures of the still audible music. I could not now shake off my belief in its reality; but I was so rapt with its strange sweetness, and the beauty of my dream, that I cared not whether it came from earth or air. My indifference, singularly enough, continued for several days; and, regularly at twilight, I threw aside my book, and listened with

dreamy wakefulness for the music. It never failed me, and its results were as constant as its coming. Whatever I had read,—sometimes a canto of Spenser, sometimes an act of a play, or a chapter of romance,—the scene rose before me with the stately reality of a pageant. At last I began to think of it more seriously; and it was a relief to me one evening when Alfonse came in earlier than usual with a message. I told him to stand perfectly still; and after a minute's pause, during which I heard distinctly an entire passage of a funeral hymn, I asked him if he heard any music? He said he did not. My blood chilled at his positive reply, and I bade him listen once more. Still he heard nothing. I could endure it no longer. It was to me as distinct and audible as my own voice; and I rushed from my room as he left me, shuddering to be left alone.

“The next day I thought of nothing but death. Warnings by knells in the air, by apparitions, by mysterious voices, were things I had believed in speculatively for years, and now their truth came upon me like conviction. I felt a dull, leaden presentiment about my heart, growing heavier and heavier with every passing hour. Evening came at last, and with it, like a summons from the grave, a ‘dead march’ swelled clearly on the air. I felt faint and sick at heart. This could not be fancy; and why was it, as I thought I had proved, audible to my ear alone? I threw open the window, and the first rush of the cool north wind refreshed me; but, as if to mock my attempts at relief, the dirge-like sounds rose, at the instant, with treble distinctness. I seized my hat and rushed into the street, but, to my dismay, every step seemed to bring me nearer to the knell. Still I hurried on, the dismal sounds growing distractingly louder, till, on turning a corner that leads to the lovely burying-ground of New Haven, I came suddenly upon—a bell-foundry! In the rear had lately been hung, for trial, the chiming bells just completed for the New Trinity Church, and the master of the establishment informed me that one of his journeymen was a fine player, and every day after his work, he was in the habit of amusing himself with the ‘Dead March’ in Saul, the ‘Marsellois Hymn,’ and other melancholy and easy tunes, muffling the hammers that he might not disturb the neighbours.”

I have had my reward for these speculations, dear reader—a smile that is lying at this instant, *perdu*, in the innermost recess of memory—and I care not much (without offence) whether you like it or no. *She* thanked me—*she* thought it well done—*she* laid her head on my bosom while I read it in the old library of the Flemings, and every word has been “paid for in fairy gold.”

I have taken up a thread that lengthens as I unravel it, and I cannot well see how I shall come to the end this month, without trespassing on your time. We will cut it here, if you like, and resume it another day; but before I close, I must give you a little instance of how love makes the dullest earth poetical. Edith had given me a *portfeuille* crammed with all kinds of embossed and curious note-paper, all quite too pretty for use, and what I would show you are my verses on the occasion. For a hand unpractised, then, in aught save the “*Gradus ad Parnassum*,” I must own I have fished them out of that same old *portfeuille* (faded now from its glory, and worn with travel—but oh how cherished!) with a pleasant feeling of paternity:—

Thanks for thy gift ! But heard'st thou ever

A story of a wandering fay,  
Who, tired of playing sylph for ever,  
Came romping to the earth one day ;  
And, flirting like a little love  
With everything that flew and flirted,  
Made capture of a sober dove,  
Whose pinions, (so the tale asserted,)  
Though neither very fresh nor fair,  
Were well enough for common wear.

The dove, though plain, was gentle bred,  
And cooed agreeably, though low ;  
But still the fairy shook her head,  
And, patting with her foot, said " No !"  
'Twas true that he was rather fat ;  
But that was living in an abbey ;—  
And solemn—but it was not that.  
" What then ? " " *Why, Sir, your wings are shabby.*"

The dove was dumb : he droop'd, and sidled  
In shame along the abbey-wall ;  
And then the haughty fay unbridled,  
And blew her snail-shell trumpet-call ;  
And summoning her waiting-sprite,  
Who bore her wardrobe on his back,  
She took the wings she wore at night,  
(Silvery stars on plumes of black,)  
And, smiling, begg'd that he would take  
And wear them for his lady's sake.

He took them ; but he could not fly !  
A fay-wing was too fine for him ;  
And when she pouted, by-and-by,  
And left him for some other whim,  
He laid them softly in his nest,  
And did his flying with his own,  
And they were soft upon his breast,  
When many a night he slept alone ;  
And many a thought those wings would stir,  
And many a dream of love and her.

SINGSBY.

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## ON GIANTS, OGRES, AND CYCLOPS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

IT would be difficult to find an early national history without a giant in it. Anything great in its effects, and supposed not to be very tender-hearted, was a giant. A violent set of neighbours were giants. An opposer of the gods was a giant, and threw mountains at them, instead of sceptical essays. Evil genii were gigantic. The same Persian word came to signify a giant, a devil, and a magician. An older word, in the Persian language, meaning a giant, gave its name to the ancient dynasty of the Caianides. Kings, in ancient times, when physical more than moral dignity was in request, were sometimes chosen on account of their stature. Agamemnon is represented as taller by the head and shoulders than any man in his army; and probably it was as much on account of his height as his other supremacy that he was called *Anar-Andron*, King of Men. An etymologist would even see in the word *Anar* a resemblance to the Anakites of Scripture. It is remarkable that Virgil, in his Elysium, has given the old poet Musæus a similar superiority over his brethren; as if every kind of power in the early ages was associated with that of body. Moral enormity was naturally typified by physical. "It may be observed," says Mr. Hole, "that a giant, in Arabic or Persian fables, is commonly a negro or infidel Indian, as he is in our old romances a Saracen Paynim, a votary of Mahound and Termagaunt." "Were the negroes authors," he pleasantly adds, "they would probably characterise their giants by whiskers and turbans; or by hats, wigs, and a pale complexion!"\*

In like manner, if the English wrote allegorical story-books now-a-days, the oppressive lord or magistrate would be a giant. Fierce upholders of the old game-laws would be monsters of the woods, that devoured a man if he dared to touch one of their rabbits. "In books of chivalry," says Bishop Hurd, "the giants were oppressive feudal lords; and every lord was to be met with, like the giant, in his stronghold or castle. Their dependants of the lower form, who imitated the violence of their superiors, and had not their castles, but their lurking-places, were the savages of romance. The greater lord was called a giant, for his power; the less, a savage, for his brutality. All this is shadowed out of the Gothic tales, and sometimes expressed in plain words. The objects of the knight's vengeance go indeed by the various names of giants, paynims, Saracens and savages. But of what family they all are, is clearly seen from the poet's description:—

'What, mister wight, quoth he, and how far hence  
Is he, that doth to travellers such harmes?  
He is, said he, a man of great defence,  
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;  
And more emboldened by the wicked charmes  
With which his daughter doth him still support:  
Having great lordships got and goodly farmes  
Through strong oppression of his powre extort;  
By which he still them holds, and keeps with strong effort.

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\* Remarks on the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, p. 80.

And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth more,  
 For never wight he lets to pass that waye  
 Over his bridge, albee he rich or poore,  
 But he him makes his passage-penny paye ;  
 Else he doth hold him backe or beate awaye.  
 Thereto he hath a groom of evil guise,  
 Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewraye,  
 Which pils and pils the poore in piteous wise,  
 But he himself upon the rich doth tyrannise.

" Here," says the Bishop, " we have the great oppressive baron very graphically set forth. And the *groom of evil guise* is as plainly the baron's vassal. The romancers, we see, took no great liberty with these respectable personages, when they called the one a giant, and the other a savage."\*

That men of gigantic stature have existed here and there, we have had testimony in our own days. Some of them, probably not the tallest, have been strong. The others are weak and ill-formed, like children that have outgrown their strength. Whether giants ever existed as a body is still a question. The Patagonians of Commodore Byron have come down to a reasonable stature ; and the bones that used to be exhibited as proofs undeniable of enormous men, turn out to be those of the mammoth and the elephant. But this is the prose of gigantology. In poetry they are still alive and stalking.

The earliest giants were monstrous as well as huge. Those that warred with the gods, and heaped Ossa upon Pelion, had a multitude of heads and arms, with serpents instead of legs. Typhon, the evil principle, the dreadful wind (still known in the East under the same name, the Tifoon), had dragons' instead of human heads ; and out of each of them threw the shriek of a different animal. Enceladus was thrust under Mount Etna, from which he still vomits fire and smoke ; and when he turns his side, there is an earthquake. Otus and Ephialtes grew nine inches a month, and at nine years old made their campaign against the gods. Now and then a giant undertook to be more courtly and pious. When Juno, Neptune, and Minerva conspired to dethrone Jupiter, Briareus went up into Heaven, and seating himself on his right hand, looked so very shocking, that the deities were fain to desist.

There is a confusion of the giants with the Titans ; but their wars were different. Those of the Titans were against Coelus and Saturn ; the giants warred against Jupiter. They were also of a different nature, the Titans being of proper celestial origin, whereas the birth of the giants was as monstrous as their shapes. As to the great stature of the Titans, all the gods were gigantic. It was only in their visits to earth that they accommodated themselves to human size, and then not in their wars. One of the noblest uses ever made of this association of bodily size with divine power is in " Paradise Lost," where Milton, in one of those passages in which his theology is as weak and perplexed as his verse is powerful, makes Abdiel say to the leader of the infernal armies,—

" Fool ! not to think how vain  
 Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms ;  
 Who out of smallest things could, without end,  
 Have raised incessant armies to defeat

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\* Todd's Spenser, vol. vi. p. 7.



Thy folly ; or with *solitary hand*  
*Reaching beyond all limit*, at one blow,  
 Unaided, could have *finished* thee, and whelm'd  
 Thy legions under darkness."

"Solitary hand," says Bishop Newton, "means his single hand." Oh no ! it is much finer than that. It means his hand, visibly alone,—with nothing round about it,—solitary in the great space of existence. It stretches out into the ether, dashing, at one blow, a great host into nothing ; then draws back into Heaven, and there is a silence as if existence itself were annihilated.

The Cyclops is a variety of the giant monstrous. He has one eye, and is a man-eater. Mr. Bryant, who, in his "Elements of Ancient Mythology," amidst a heap of wild and gratuitous assumptions, has some ingenious conjectures, is of opinion that a Cyclops was a watch-tower, with a round window in it, showing a light ; and that by the natural progress of fable, the tower became a man. If the light, however, was for good purposes, the charge of man-eating is against the opinion. The Cyclopes, a real people, who left the old massy specimens of architecture called after their name, are said to have been in the habit of carrying shields with an eye painted on them, or wore visors with a hole to see through. But these conjectures are not necessary to our treatise. The proper, huge, cannibal giant, the Fee-faw-fum of antiquity, is our monster. Homer, who wandered about the world, and took marvels as they came, has painted him in all his cruelty. Theocritus, writing pastorals at the court of Ptolemy, and more of a "sweet Signior," found out a refinement for him, which, to say the truth, is superior to jesting, and has touched a chord which the inventor of the character of Hector would have admired. He made Polyphemus in love ; and we are sorry for the monster, and wish Galatea, to treat him with as much tenderness as is compatible with her terrors.\* His discovery of his forlorn condition, his fear that his senses are forsaking him, and his eagerness to suppose that he is not altogether alien to humanity, because the village girls, when he speaks to them from his mountain at night-time, *laugh at him*, render him no longer a monstrosity odious, but a difference pitiable.†

There is a Polyphemus in the story of "Sindbad" so like Homer's, that the ingenious author of the "Remarks on the Arabian Nights' Entertainments" pronounces it to be copied from him. Homer, however, might have copied it from the Orientals. He might have heard it from Eastern traders, granting it was unknown to the Greeks before. The wanderings of Ulysses imply a compilation of wonders from all parts of the world. The Greeks, except in this instance, appear to have had

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\* Those who wish to know how music can express a giant's misery, contrasted with the happiness of two innocent lovers, should hear the serenata of "Acis and Galatea," by Handel, the giant of the orchestra.

("Where giant Handel stands,  
 Arm'd, like Briareus, with his hundred hands."—POPE.)

The terrible intonations of Polyphemus in his despair, with those lovely unweeting strains of the happy pair immediately issuing out upon them, "Ere I forsake my love," &c., offer perhaps the finest direct piece of contrast in the whole circle of music.

† Theocritus, Idyll. XI., v. 72.

no idea of a nation of giants. Even Polyphemus they mixed up with their mythology, making him a son of Neptune. On the other hand, the grandiosity of the Orientals supplied them with giants in abundance, and Sir John Mandeville had no need, as Mr. Hole imagines, to go to Virgil and Ovid for his descriptions of huge monsters, eating men as they go, "all raw and all quicke."

Ariosto, in the seventeenth book of his great poem, has a Polyphemus with two projecting bones, instead of eyes, of the colour of fungus. This is very ghastly. He calls him an *orco*, that is to say, an *ogre*. Ogre, whether derived from the Latin *orcus*, or from Oigour (a tribe of Tartars), or Hongrois, or Hungarian\*, is a man-eater; and *orco* appears to be the same, though not confined to the man-monster. The same poet, in his *rifacimento* of the story of Andromeda (canto 10), calls the fish an *orc*; and the word is used in a like sense in our own elder poetry. Ariosto's Polyphemus (for he gives him a cavern, sheep, &c., exactly like those of the old Cyclops) has no sight at all with those horrible goggles of his. An exquisite sense of smelling supplies the want of it; and he comes running upon his prey, dipping his nose towards the ground.

"Mentre aspettiamo, in gran piacer sedendo,  
Che da caccia ritorni il signor nostro,  
Vedemmo l'orco a noi venir correndo  
Lungo il lito del mar, terribil mostro.  
Dio vi guardi, signor, che 'l viso orrendo  
De l'orco a gli occhi mai vi sia dimostro.  
Meglio e per fama aver notizia d'esso,  
Ch' andargli, sì che lo veggiate, appresso.

"Non si puo compartir quant' sia lungo,  
Sì smisuratamente è tutto grosso.  
In luogo d' occhi, di color di fungo  
Sotto la fronte ha due coccole d'osso.  
Verso noi vien, come vi dico, lungo  
Il lito: e par ch'un monticel sia mosso.  
Mostra le zanne fuor, come fa il porco:  
Ha lungo il naso, e'l sen bavoso e sporcio.

"Correndo vienc, e'l muso a guisa porta  
Che'l braccio suol, quando entra in su la traccia.  
Tutti che lo veggiam, con faccia smorta  
In fugo andiamo ove il timor ne caccia.  
Poco il veder lui cieco ne conforta;  
Quando fiutando sol par che più faccia,  
Ch' altri non fa ch' abbia odorato e lume:  
E bisogno al fuggire eran le piume."

While thus we sat, prepared for mirth and glee,  
Waiting the king's appearance from the chase,  
Suddenly, to our horror, by the sea,  
We saw the ogre coming towards the place.  
God keep you, Sir, in his benignity,  
From setting eyes on such a dreadful face!  
Better, by far, of such things to be told,  
Than see a sight to make a man turn old.

I cannot tell you his immeasured size,  
 So huge he was, and of a bulk throughout.  
 Upon his horrid front, instead of eyes,  
 Two bony roundels, fungus-hued, stuck out.  
 Thus, like the only thing 'twixt earth and skies,  
 He came along; and under his brute snout  
 Tusks he put forth, bared like the boar's in wrath;  
 And his huge breast was filthy with a froth.  
 Running he comes, projecting towards the ground  
 His loathly muzzle, dog-like, on the scent.  
 With ashy faces we arise, and bound,  
 Fast as we can, before the dire intent.  
 Small comfort to us was his blindness found;  
 Since with his smelling only as he bent,  
 More sure he seem'd than creatures that have sight;  
 And wings alone could match him for a flight.

The poverty-stricken propriety of Mr. Hoole regarded these circumstances as "puerilities." He ventured to turn Ariosto's wine into water, and then judged him in his unhappy sobriety. Mr. Hoole was not man enough to play the child with a great southern genius. Ariosto's poem is a microcosm, which sees fair play to all the circles of imagination, at least to all such as are common to men in their ordinary state; and he did not omit those that include childhood, and that, in some measure, are never forgotten by us. This, literally construed, is in high epic taste, as much so as the homely similes of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. We should be thankful, for our parts, to an epic poet who could manage to introduce the big-headed and bushy-haired ogres of our own story-books, with the little ogres, their children, all with crowns on their heads. We sympathise with the hand of the diminutive "giganticide,"\* who felt them as they lay in their grim slumber, all in a row. Was this, by the way, a satire on royalty? It is an involuntary one. The giant Gargantua, in Rabelais, who ate three men in a salad, was a king.

Several of Spenser's allegorical personages are giants. The allegory is incidental, and helps to vary the individual character; but otherwise the bodily pictures are complete specimens of the giants of chivalry. One of them is Disdain,—

"Who did disdain

To be so called, and whoso did him call."

Of another giant, of the same name; he tells us that

"His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eyes,  
 Like two great beacons, glared bright and wide,  
 Glauncing askew, as if his enemies  
 He scorned in his overweening pryde;  
 And stalking stately, like a crane, did stryde  
 At every step upon the tiptoes hie;  
 And all the way he went, on every syde  
 He gaz'd about, and stared horrible,  
 As if he with his looks would all men terrifie.

"He wore no armour, ne for none did care,  
 As no whit dreading any living wight;  
 But in a jacket, quilted richly rare  
 Upon checklaton\*, he was strangely dight,

\* Checklatoun (Fr. *ciclatoun*) is supposed to be intended by Spenser for cloth of gold.

And on his head a roll of linnen plight,  
 Like to the Moors of Malaber, he wore,  
 With which his lockes, as black as pitchy night,  
 Were bound about and voided from before;  
 And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

*Faerie Queene, Book VI., Canto vii.*

A third great giant is Orgoglio (or Pride), a good swallowing name.  
 A knight is enjoying himself with his mistress, when suddenly he hears

“A dreadful sownd,  
 Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,  
 That all the earth for terror seemed to shake,  
 And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astound,  
 Upstartd lightly from his looser make,  
 And his unsteady weapons gan in hand to take.  
 “But ere he could his armour on him dight  
 Or get his shield, his monstrous enemye  
 With sturdie step came stalking in his sight,  
 An hideous giant, horrible and hye;  
 The grownd all groned under him for dread.”

Orgoglio has a

“Dreadful club  
 All arm'd with ragged snubs and knottic grain.”  
 With this, in a battle with Prince Arthur, he aims a terrible blow,  
 which, missing him—

“Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway,  
 So deeply dented in the driven clay,  
 That three yards deep a furrow up did throw.  
 The sad earth, wounded with so sore essay,  
 Did groan full grievous underneath the blow,  
 And trembling with strange fears, did like an earthquake show.”

Then follows one of the noblest similes ever produced. Upton says  
 that Longinus would have written a whole chapter upon it:—

“As when Almighty Jove, in wrathful mood,  
 To wreake the guilt of mortal sins is bent,  
 Hurles forth his thund'ring dart with deadly food,  
 Enroll'd in flames and smouldering dreriment,  
 Through riven clouds and molten firmament:  
 The fierce three-forked engine, making way,  
 Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,  
 And all that might his angry passage stay;  
 And, shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of clay.”

*Book I., Canto viii., st. 9.*

Spenser writes the word variously—giant, gyaunt, and geaunt; for no man had a stronger sense of words as the expressions of things, nor delighted more to call in every aid to the emphasis and conscious enjoyment of what he was writing. His very rhymes are often spelt in an arbitrary manner, to enforce the sound; and he tells a dreadful story with all the shuddering epithets, and lingering, fearful fondness of a child.

Take another of his giants—one Corflambo, whose eyes are very new and terrible:—

“At length they spied, where towards them with speed  
 A squire came galloping, as he would fle,  
 Bearing a little dwarf before his steed,

That all the waie full loud for'aide did crie,  
 That seem'd his shrieks would rend the brazen skie,  
 Whom after did a mightie man pursue,  
 Riding upon a dromedarie on hie,  
 Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,  
 That would have mazed a man his dredfulle face to view;—

For from his fearfulle eies *two fierie beames,*  
*More sharpe than points of needles,* did proceede,  
 Shooting forth farre awaye two flaming streames  
 Full of *sad powre,* that poysnous bale did breede  
 To all that on him lookt without good heede,  
 And secretly his enemies did slaye:  
 Like as the basilisk, of serpent's seede,  
 From powrefulle eies *close venim* doth conveye  
 Into the looker's heart, and *killeth farre awaye.*"

Book IV., Canto viii., st. 38.

This Corflambo is another good name. The names of the giants in the beautiful romance of "Amadis of Gaul"—(superior, undoubtedly, to "Palmerin of England," though the latter also is delightful for its bits of colour, and its green and flowery places)—are very bulky, and "talk big." There is Gandalac and Albadanger; and Madanfabil, of the Vermilion Tower; and Gromadaga, the Giantess of the Boiling Lake; and Ardan Canileo, the Dreadful; and, above all, the mighty and most mouthy *Famongomadan*, who seems to inform his enemies that he means to *flame and gobble 'em*. Gandalac makes the least oral pretensions; and "he was not so wicked as other giants, but of a good and gentle demeanour, except when he was enraged, and then would he do great cruelties\*." But he was very terrible. He was "so large and mismode, that never man saw him without affright;" and when he makes his appearance, in Chapter IV., "the women ran, some among the trees, and others fell down, and shut their eyes, that they might not see him."

By degrees, as men found out that a gigantic stature did not always imply strength, or even courage, they began to change their fear into contempt, and to laugh, like children, at the great bugbear that had amazed them. At length they discovered that a giant could even be good-natured; and then the more philosophical romancers thought it necessary to do them justice. Hence the pleasant, mock-heroical giant of Pulci, and the amiable one (Dramuziando) of "Palmerin of England." Being no longer formidable, however, they were for the most part found to be dull and awkward, probably not without some ground in nature. It is observed, says Fuller, (or in some such language,) that, for the most part, those who exceed their fellows in a reasonable measure of height "are but indifferently furnished in the cockloft." The little knights have as much advantage over them in battle, as the light brigantines had against the overgrown Spanish Armada. Our nursery acquaintance, Jack the Giant-Killer, (if he be not a burlesque of Thor himself,) is an incarnation of the superior strength of wit over bulkiness. He has a cousin, a monstrous giant, having three heads, and who would beat five hundred men in armour. On one occasion, Jack comes to a large house in a lonesome place, and knocking at the gate,

\* See the excellent version of Mr. Southey, vol. i., p. 37.

there issues forth a giant with two heads, who, nevertheless, "did not seem so fiery as the former giant; for," says the Saxon author, "he was a Welsh giant."

In the opening book of the "*Morgante Maggiore*" of Pulci, the father of modern banter and burlesque, (though a genius, at the same time, capable of great seriousness and pathos,) there is a remarkable scene, in which Orlando comes upon a set of monks in a desert, who are pestered by three giants, their neighbours. The giants, who are of course infidels, or Mahometans, are in the habit of throwing great stones at the abbey, so that the monks cannot go out for provisions. Orlando, in his errantry, comes to the abbey door, and knocks for some time in vain. At length he is let in, and the abbot apologizes, by stating the blockade in which they are kept. The holy father then proceeds to make some very singular comments, in a stanza that seems to contain the first germs of the style of Voltaire.

"Gli antichi padri nostri nel deserto,  
Se le lor opre sante erano e giuste,  
Del ben servir da Dio n'avean buon merto;  
Ne creder sol *viversin di locuste*:  
Piovea dal ciel la manna, *questo e certo*:  
Ma qui convien, che spesso *assugi e gusti*  
*Sassi*, che piovon di sopra quel monte,  
Che gettano Alabastro e Passamonte.

"E'l terzo ch'è Morgante più fiero,  
Isvegli e pini, e faggi, e cerri, e gli oppi,  
E gettagli infin qui: questo e pur vero:  
Non posso far che d'ira non iscoppi.  
Mentre che parlan così in cimitero,  
Un sasso par che Rondel quasi sgroppi;  
Che da giganti giù venne da alto  
Tanto, ch'è prese sotto il tetto un salto.

"Tirati dentro, cavalier, per Dio,  
Disse l'abate, *che la manna casca*.  
Rispose Orlando: caro abate mio,  
Costui non vuol che 'l mio caval più pasca:  
Veggio che lo guarebbe del restio:  
Quel sasso par che di buon braccio nasca.  
Rispose il santo padre; io non t'inganno,  
*Credo che 'l monte un giorno gitteranno.*"

"The Eremites of old, if just and true,  
And righteous in their works, had blessed cheer;  
God's servants in those days no hunger knew,  
Nor lived on *those same locusts* all the year.  
Doubt not, they had the rain of manna too:  
But as for us, *our pretty dishes here*  
*Are stones*; which Passamont and Alabaster  
Rain down upon our heads, by way of taster.

"And yet those two are nothing to the third.  
He tears me up whole trees, whole horrid oaken  
Trunks by the root; he does upon my word;  
Our heads infallibly will all be broken." •  
While thus, as if he could be overheard,  
The monk stood talking low, there came a token  
So close upon the house, it seem'd all over  
With the poor devil, who leap'd under cover.

"For God's sake, come indoors, Sir!" cried the priest;  
 "The manna's falling." "Tis indeed," said t'other:  
 "They seem to grudge his feed to the poor beast;  
 They'd cure his restiveness." Well, such another  
 Stunn'er as this proves no weak arm at least,  
 No son, dear abbot, of a feeble mother."  
 "The Lord," exclaimed the monk, "look down upon us!  
 Some day, I think, they'll cast the mountain on us."

Orlando proposes to go and settle the giant; which the monk, after in vain endeavouring to dissuade him, permits.

"Disse l'abate cōl segnarlo in fronte,—  
 Va, che da Dio e me sia benedetto.  
 Orlando, poi che salito ebbe il monte  
 Si dirizzò, come l'abate detto  
 Gli avea, dove sta quel Passamonte;  
 Il quale Orlando veggendo soletto  
 Molto lo squadra di dietro e davante;  
 Poi domandò, se star volea per fante.

"E' promettava di farlo godere.  
 Orlando disse; pazzo Saracino,  
 Io vengo a te, com'è di Dio volere,  
 Per dar ti morte, e non per ragazzino.  
 A' monaci suoi fatto ha dispiacere:  
 Non puo più comportarti, can mastino.  
 Questo gigante armar si corse a furia,  
 Quando sentì ch'egli diceva ingiuria."

He cross'd the forehead of the knight, and said,  
 "Go then, of God, and of our prayers befriended."  
 Orlando went, and keeping in his head  
 The monk's directions, hastily ascended  
 The height, and struck for Passamonte's shed,  
 Who seeing him thus coming unattended,  
 Perused him well, then cried, "I like his plan!  
 What, my new footboy? eh, my little man?"

And then he promised him his board and pallet.  
 "You stupid Saracen!" Orlando cried,  
 "I come to be your death, and not your valet;  
 Think of these saints here, whom you keep inside  
 Their abbey: 'tisn't to be borne, nor shall it,  
 You hound, you; so prepare your stupid hide."  
 The giant, hearing him pour forth such evil,  
 Ran in to arm him, like a very devil.

The hero kills Alabaster and Passamonte, and converts Morgante, who was prepared for him by a dream. The giant becomes a faithful servant, both of the knight and the church, and after many enormous achievements, dies of the bite of a crab;—an edifying moral. His conversation, in the course of his studies in divinity, is no less instructive; but we are at a loss how to quote it, from the reverential feelings we have for certain names, whose misuse he helps to expose. We would fain see them kept sacred against better days. There is another giant, Margutte, who speaks still more plainly, and is the prototype of a worldly philosophy, the natural offspring of a profaner superstition. "Margutte," says Ugo Foscolo, "is a very infidel giant, ready to confess his failings, and full of drollery. He sets all a-laughing, readers,

giants, devils, and heroes, and he finishes his career by laughing till he bursts\*.”

We do not choose, however, to leave off speaking of our old friends with a burlesque; and, therefore, we shall conclude the present chapter with a few right-earnest giants out of the “History of Prince Arthur.” A jest cracked by that hero upon one of them is no joke infidel. It is only, as the poet says, “the ornament of his gravity.” Arthur, in a battle with the Emperor of Rome, smites off by the knees the legs of a giant of the name of Galapar. “Now,” quoth he, “art thou better of a size to deal with, than thou wert.” The Emperor of Rome had got together fifty giants, who were “born of fiends,” to break the front of the warriors’ battle. But a chapter in that once popular compilation will present the reader with the complete giant of the old story-books. The style of the work is incorrect. The compiler pieces out the fine things of the old romances with a poverty of language that is a poor substitute for their simplicity; but the present extract is “a favourable specimen;” and the repetitions, and other gossiping fervours, have the proper child-like effect. We ascend the giant’s mountain by due degrees. The picture of him, “baking his broad limbs by the fire,” is in sturdy epic taste; and “the weltering and wallowing” of the fighters does not mince the matter. There is a Cornish hug in the battle.

*“How a Man of the Country told him of a marvellous Giant, and how he fought and conquered him.*

“Then came to him a husbandman of the country, and told him how there was, in the country of Constantine, beside Britain, a great giant, which had slain, murdered, and devoured much people of the country, and had been sustained seven years with the children of the commons of that land, insomuch that all the children be all slain and destroyed. And now late he hath taken the Duchess of Brittany, as she rode with her men, and had led her to his lodging, which is in a mountain: and many people followed her, more than five hundred; but all they might not rescue her, but they left her shrieking and crying lamentably; wherefore, I suppose that he hath slain her in fulfilling his foul lust. She was wife unto your cousin, Sir Howel, the which was full nigh of your blood. Now, as ye are a rightful king, have pity on this lady, and revenge us all as ye are a valiant conqueror.”

“Alas! said King Arthur, ‘this is a great mischief; I had rather than the best realm that I have that I had been a furlong before him, for to have rescued that lady. Now fellow,’ said King Arthur, ‘canst thou bring me there whereas this giant haunteth?’

“Yea, Sir,” said the good man; ‘lo, yonder whereas ye see the two great fires, there shall ye not fail to find him, and more treasure, as I suppose, than is in all the realm of France.’

“When King Arthur had understood this piteous case, he returned into his tent, and called unto him Sir Kaye and Sir Bedivere, and commanded them secretly to make ready horse and harness for himself, and for them twain; for after evensong he would ride on pilgrimage, with them two only, unto Saint Mighel’s Mount. And then anon they made them ready, and armed them at all points, and took their horses and their shields; and so they three departed thence, and rode forth as fast as they might, till they came unto the furlong of that mount, and there they alighted, and the

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\* See a masterly criticism in the *Quarterly Review* (we have mislaid the reference), said to be translated from a contribution of this gentleman, and entitled ‘Narrative and Romantic Poems of the Italians.’



King commanded them to tarry there, and said he would himself go up to that mount.

"And so he ascended up the mount till he came to a great fire, and there found he a careful widow wringing her hands and making great sorrow, sitting by a grave new made. And then King Arthur saluted her, and demanded her wherefore she made such lamentation. Unto whom she answered and said, 'Sir Knight, speak soft, for yonder is a devil; if he hear thee speak, he will come and destroy thee. I hold thee unhappy: what dost thou here in this mountain? for if ye were such fifty as ye be, ye were not able to make resistance against this devil: here lieth a duchess dead, which was the fairest lady of the world, wife unto Sir Howel of Britain.'

"'Dame,' said the King, 'I come from the great conqueror, King Arthur, for to treat with that tyrant for his liege people.'

"'Pie upon such treaties,' said the widow; 'he setteth nought by the King, nor by no man else; but and if thou hath brought King Arthur's wife, Dame Guenever, he shall be gladder than if thou hadst given him half France. Beware; approach him not too nigh; for he hath overcome and vanquished fifteen kings, and hath made him a coat full of precious stones, embroidered with their beards, which they sent him to have his love for salvation of their people this last Christmas, and if thou wilt speak with him at yonder great fire, he is at supper.'

"'Well,' said King Arthur, 'I will accomplish my message for all your fearful words,' and went forth by the crest of that hill, and saw where he sat at supper gnawing on a limb of a man, baking his broad limbs by the fire, and breechless, and three damsels turning three broaches, whereon was broached twelve young children, late born, like young birds.

"When King Arthur beheld that piteous sight, he had great compassion on them, so that his heart bled for sorrow, and hailed him, saying in this wise:—'He that all the world wieldeth give thee short life and shameful death, and the devil have thy soul! Why hast thou murdered these young innocent children, and this duchess? Therefore arise and dress thee, thou glutton, for this day shalt thou die of my hands.'

"Then anon the giant start up, and took a great club in his hand, and smote at the King that his coronal fell to the earth. And King Arthur hit him again, that he carved his belly, and that his entrails fell down to the ground. Then the giant with great anguish threw away his club of iron, and caught the King in his arms, that he crushed his ribs. Then the three damsels kneeled down, and called unto our Lord Jesus Christ, for help and comfort of the noble King Arthur. And then King Arthur weltered and wrung, that he was one while under, and another while above; and so weltering and wallowing, they rolled down the hill, till they came to the sea-mark; and as they so tumbled and weltered, King Arthur smote him with his dagger, and it fortuned they came unto the place whereas the two knights were that kept King Arthur's horse. Then when they saw the King fast in the giant's arms, they came and loosed him; and then King Arthur commanded Sir Kaye to smite off the giant's head, and to set it upon a truncheon of a spear, and bear it to Sir Howel, and tell him 'that his enemy is slain: and after let his head be bound to a barbican, that all the people may see and behold it; and go ye two to the mountain, and fetch me my shield, and my sword, and also the great club of iron; and as for the treasure, take it to you, for ye shall find there goods without number; so that I have his kirtle and the club, I desire no more.' This was the fiercest giant that ever I met with, save one in the mount of Araby, which I overcame; but this was greater and fiercer."

## I CAN'T DECIDE.

I CAN'T decide, I can't decide!  
 And know not what to do;  
 I'm so perplex'd, and teased, and tried,  
 Between my suitors two.  
 The charms of each I fairly scan,  
 I weigh their merits well;  
 But which must be the happy man  
 Is more than I can tell.

I ponder on't, but cannot see  
 Which way the odds incline;  
 Sir William, he is twenty-three,  
 Sir Paul is sixty-nine.  
 'Tis three to one in point of age,  
 And that's a difference wide;  
 But hear me out, and I'll engage  
 You'll say I can't decide.

I've thought it o'er from week to week;  
 The odds may thus be told—  
 Sir William has a blooming cheek,  
 Sir Paul has bags of gold;  
 Sir William's fair, well-shaped and tall,  
 He has my heart, 'tis clear;  
 But there's pin-money with Sir Paul,  
 Three thousand pounds a year.

My choice unfix'd between them floats;  
 With equal claims they stand;  
*This* has a hand at tender notes,  
*That* tenders notes of hand.  
 On either side they rise to view,  
 'Tis quite perplexing still;  
*Here* I see many a *billet-doux*,  
*There* dues on many a bill.

Sir William is a charming youth—  
 So well he plays and sings;  
 And then he vows eternal truth,  
 And says such tender things.  
 Sir Paul's a dull old stupid bore—  
 The truth can't be denied—  
 But who'd refuse a coach and four?  
 Indeed I can't decide.

I can't decide—but hark! I hear  
 Sir Paul, as I'm alive!  
*"I said three thousand pounds a year,  
 But now I'll make it five."*  
 Five thousand pounds! my stars! the due  
 Is cast, and I'm your bride!  
 Fate has ordain'd it; so I'll cry  
 No more "I can't decide!"

Q. Q.

## GILBERT GURNEY.

[It has been suggested to us that if the portions of these papers, under the denomination of chapters, were given in more regular and consecutive order, it would be gratifying to our readers, who, we are happy to say, are beginning to get interested about the respectable gentleman to whose career in life they refer.

Desirous of meeting the wishes of our friends, we have resolved to "try back" (as the sportsmen say), in order to fill up certain interstices which at present disconnect the narrative; and therefore bring the reader to that point of the history at which Mr. Daly, in the character of assistant-clerk to the deputy-surveyor of the Paddington Canal Company, aided by his consenting friend, Mr. Gurney, invaded the peaceful villa of Sir Timothy Dod, at Twickenham, and having done all the mischief they could, retreated in their boat to Teddington, at which place Mr. Gilbert Gurney was put ashore, and took leave of his facetious acquaintance.—ED.]

## CHAPTER IV.

THE voyager long pent up within the "wooden walls" of a ship feels a sensation upon once again walking the "lean earth," which cannot be adequately described to one who has not experienced it. I confess, although the nature of the effect produced upon me when I stepped from Mr. Daly's "funny" was of course perfectly different in its character, as far as the relief afforded me, it was almost equally pleasurable. It seemed to me that I had escaped from some incarnate fiend, whose whole existence was devoted to what he called fun, but which I could not but consider absolute and unqualified mischief; and as I walked onwards to my mother's villa, I seriously revolved the events of the day in my mind, at the same time forming a resolution never again to subject myself to the domination of a practical joker, although my new friend had given me a pressing invitation to visit him at Hampton Court, of which sedate and aristocratic neighbourhood he must soon become, even by his own showing, the terror and affright.

It was a beautiful evening when I reached the gate of Mrs. Gurney's cottage, the mere sight of which recalled all the misfortunes of the previous night to my recollection. The striking contrast afforded by the quiet aspect of the villa, the well-mown lawn, the gently waving trees, and the gay beds of flowers, to that of the house in which I had been but twenty-four hours before eternally disgraced as a dramatist, went to my heart—and the parterre, full of roses, and pinks, and geraniums, gently bowing, and sweetly smelling, exhibited so refreshing a "reverse" to the parterre of the Haymarket, with its "greasy citizens," and yelling apprentices, that all my regrets burst upon me in a flood of remorse and sorrow, and found utterance in one exclamation of "How *could* I be such a fool!"

It was however necessary that I should summon all my resolution to bear the reproaches with which I knew I was destined to be assailed, if the news of my exposure had preceded me. I again I hoped that my respectable parent might not have seen a newspaper, for I recollected that my servant, although not entirely informed of my share in the entertainment of the preceding evening, had made himself master of so

much of my secret as would serve to enlighten Mrs. Sadler, my mother's maid, of whose disposition to find out whatever he was unable to explain, I had no doubt; once the cue given, and the train lighted, the explosion was a matter of certainty.

Full of contending feelings, somewhat excited by the rapid consumption of Sir Timothy's claret and sherry, I entered the cottage, and found, as I had anticipated, my excellent parent seated at tea, opposite to her never-failing friend and companion, Crab.

"Dear child," said my excellent parent,—and she would have called me child had she lived till I was forty,—“what on earth has kept you at Richmond so late? Have you dined? or——”

“Dined? hours ago,” replied I, rather too hastily, considering it to have been my intention not to confess the company in which I had passed the day.

“Theatricals again, Gilbert!” said my mother, with a sigh.

How the deuce did she know that?

“You were coming *here* to pass the day, but the fascination of those syrens of the stage was irresistible—we waited dinner nearly an hour for you.”

“More, Ma'am,” said Miss Crab; “the lamb was stone cold, and the fish boiled to pieces.”

“I am extremely sorry,” said I, “but I told William that I should not be here until the evening.”

“He misunderstood you then,” said my mother; “not that I should have waited at all if I had known who were your associates. I am quite aware of the attractions of such society.”

My mother was evidently vexed, and knowing as little of the qualities or accomplishments of my fair friends then at Richmond, as she did of the syrens to whom she likened them, really imagined them to be something quite as extraordinary as the well-fledged daughters of Achelous, and no doubt transformed the aye opposite Mrs. Forty's house at Richmond into the little Sicilian island which the classical leash of ornithological beauties occupied in other times. If I could have explained the real cause of my late arrival it would have all been extremely well, but I would not for the world have ventured to confess to my most exemplary parent, more especially in the presence of the fair vinaigrette “she loved so much,” the adventure at Twickenham. I therefore resolved upon bowing my head to the coming storm, and without attempting to vindicate the character or qualities of my merry-hearted companions at the castle, endeavouring to soothe the ladies with an humble apology.

As for my mother, with great shrewdness and knowledge of the world, she blended a remarkably sweet temper, but her constant association with Miss Crab appeared to me latterly to have somewhat acidulated her character. This officious aide-de-camp was always ready to throw in the sours; and from having arrived at the unmentionable age of fifty-six, without having changed her state of single-unblessedness, all the kindness of her nature had curdled, and, as people say, everything went wrong with her—*couleur de rose* was a tint unknown to her eyes—everything was jaundiced—she was full of jealousy, without one grain of love to compensate for her failing; and to *her* influence, more than anything else, I attributed my mother's apparent ill-humour upon the present occasion.

"Will you have some coffee, Gilbert?" said my mother.

"None, I thank you," said I.

"Some tea?"

"None."

"Oh dear, no," said Miss Crab, "dissipated people never drink such weak liquors as tea or coffee."

"You seem," said I, "to have formed a very unfavourable and somewhat erroneous opinion of *my* character, Miss Crab; I am not conscious of having deserved to be called dissipated, nor do I know that I have either denounced tea or renounced coffee."

"I am sure I don't know," said the lady, "but this I do know, that actors, and actresses too, are invariably drunkards, profaners, and Sabbath-breakers. When I was few years younger, and secretary to a very well-conducted Vice-suppression Society at Peckham, we actually ascertained that a man of the name of Pluggs, the husband of an exemplary and ill-treated laundress of the place, was known to have gone on the evening of the Sabbath to Covent-garden playhouse to which he belonged, and put on feather trowsers and a wooden nose, to rehearse the part of a goose which he had to act in a pantomime the next night."

"Well," said I, "at all events he had the excuse of his poverty for making himself a goose, which the coterie who criticised him had *not*."

"Oh," said my mother, "there is no defending the thing, and joking with serious subjects is extremely offensive."

I found the odds were against me. I therefore made no reply, satisfied at all events that the intelligence of my defeat as a dramatist had not yet reached Teddington.

"I hope," said my mother, "that you are come to stay with us for two or three days?"

"Not *he*, Ma'am," said Miss Crab.

I could almost have found it in my heart to declare my intention of stopping a fortnight, merely to vex her.

"I have no engagement in town," said I.

"Well then, Miss Crab," said my mother, "I think we may let him into our scheme."

"Probably."

"What," said I, "a plot against me?"

"A plot for your happiness," said my mother. "If you will but attend to us—"

"I have no hope of *that*," said Miss Crab.

"What is it?" said I; "a voyage to India, or a fresh touch at the law?"

"Neither, Gilbert," said my mother; "but much more agreeable than either. Miss Crab and I *have* seen—haven't we, Miss Crab?"

"I think we have," replied Miss Crab.

"Such a charming girl," said my mother.

"Two," cried her friend.

"Yes, but the younger one is *my* favourite," said Mrs. Gurney; "so gentle, so mild, so amiable, so pretty, and so good!"

"Well," said I, "and what then?"

"Oh, Ma'am," said Miss Crab, "it is all of no use talking to Gilbert about such sort of people. A young gentleman who spends his time with actresses has no taste—can have no taste for the gentler attributes of

women, nor appreciate the qualities which, in well-regulated society, render their influence so powerful and beneficent."

"I don't know," said my mother; "I don't think he is yet irredeemable, and I am quite sure if any thing could draw him back into the right path, and that which I wish him to pursue, the charms of our dear Fanny——"

"Oh!" said I, "a pretty girl is what you prescribe as a sedative."

"An alternative, Mr. Gilbert," said Miss Crab.

"But you don't seriously mean," said I, "that I should turn Benedict before I have arrived at years of discretion?"

"I am an advocate of early marriage," said my mother.

"So am I," said Miss Crab (*et al.* 56), drawing a sigh as long as the thread with which she was working.

"And who is this paragon of perfection?" said I.

"A neighbour of ours," replied my mother; "there are two sisters, both delightful persons; but Fanny—is to me quite charming."

"We must not say too much about them," said Miss Crab, "or Gilbert will be disappointed; nor will we tell him which is Fanny, and which her sister—he shall judge for himself. All we have to observe," continued Miss Crab, "is that they have fifty thousand pounds apiece."

"Equal then in *that* respect," said I; "and when shall I see these fair creatures?"

"They are coming to me, to-morrow," said my mother; "so that you will not have long to wait before you may gratify your curiosity."

"And what may their name be?" I inquired.

"The name is not euphonic," answered my mother.

"The stronger the reason for changing it," said I.

"Try that scheme," said my anxious parent; "at present they rejoice in the monosyllabic patronymic of Dod."

"Dod!" exclaimed I.

"Dod," said my mother.

"Dod," said Miss Crab.

"What," said I, "daughter of Sir Timothy Dod, of Twickenham?"

"The same," said Mrs. Gurney; "do you know them?"

What was I to say? I did know them, and I did not know them—I had sat between them an hour before—shaken hands with them—drank wine with them—but under what circumstances? I felt justified in saying "No." It was truth to a certain extent, and if I had attempted to give the whole truth, it would have involved me in the confession of an adventure, of which, although I had escaped with a whole skin, I was by no means proud.

"They live," said my mother, "in that large house on the banks of the river, with the fine conservatory."

Yes, thought I, *that* conservatory which was to come down, to make room for a branch of the Paddington Canal.

"Lady Dod is a great botanist," continued my dear unconscious mother; "and Fanny——"

"Is a great beauty," interrupted Miss Crab; "a *leetel* on one side I think, but that's not to be wondered at; I remember hearing Sir Everard Home say that nine women out of ten were more or less so."

"Well," said my mother, "let Gilbert judge for himself; Fanny seems to me to be the most likeable and lovable person I ever saw."

"Is Fanny the one with the beautiful hair?" said I, like a fool.

"Yes," said my mother.

"Why, la," said Miss Crab, laying down her work; "how do you know anything about her beautiful hair, if you know nothing of the girls?"

"Me!" said I; "why you talked about her beautiful hair yourself;" not that she did, but she believed she did, and was for the moment satisfied.

To me this affair was in the highest degree perplexing. The girls were charming—the opportunity of making their acquaintance favourable and inviting. Had they been penniless, their society would have made the shades of Teddington Elysium; but they were rich as well as beautiful; and here was I, driven by the rash imprudence of my slight acquaintance, Daly, to fly them, to shun them, and to decamp on their approach, not only to the detriment of my own happiness, but to the vexation of my anxious parent, whose whole heart was ardently set upon making a *partie*, and who would attribute my flight from the maternal roof to a distaste for the pleasing calm of retirement, or to an addiction to grosser pleasures and less refined pursuits; and yet, what was to be done? the moment they saw me they would of course recognize in the son of their much-respected neighbour the obsequious Higgins, measuring clerk to the deputy-assistant surveyor of the Paddington Canal Company. The *dénouement* was not to be risked, and therefore I contented myself by affecting to anticipate the delight I should enjoy in making the acquaintance.

If our expedition and invasion of Sir Timothy's lawn and house had ended civilly, I should have had little scruple in admitting the joke, deprecating the anger of the young ladies, and trusting to their love of fun for pardon; but as the catastrophe was anything but agreeable to their venerable papa, and as that worthy gentleman had fallen under the lash of Mr. Daly's practical satire, I did not see the possibility of patching up anything like peace. I consequently said nothing, but listened patiently to the praises of the young ladies, resolved to be up with the lark, and in London before breakfast.

In those days of ingenuousness, I was not able, even though I might have wished it, to conceal the real feelings by which I was affected, although, as in this instance, their workings might be frequently misinterpreted. My mother exchanged a look with Miss Crab which I perfectly understood: it conveyed to me at once the certainty that my excellent parent was satisfied that something was going wrong with me; and as she, by the perpetual counsellings of her companion, had made up her mind that I was going in a hand canter—or perhaps I should say rather by the *stage*—on the road to ruin, it was evident that the dear soul attributed to some prior engagement the cold and uncomfortable manner in which I responded to the beautiful inspirations about a lovely girl and fifty thousand pounds. Little did they think what my real feelings were—how much shame I felt at Daly's pranks, and what regret I experienced that I could not venture to meet the two dear delicious victims of his most unjustifiable frolic. However, my miseries were only beginning; for just as I had listened my companions into a calm, and had heard a detail of all the perfections of the two Miss Dods, in walked the footman, and going up to my mother, said,

"Miss Marshall's compliments, Ma'am, she has sent you the newspaper;" at the same moment placing in her hands the "Morning Post" of the day.

My mother made her acknowledgments, and I endeavoured to avail myself of the opportunity of being very civil and offered to read it to her. I saw it was not the paper I had seen in the morning, and anticipated some more dreadful criticisms upon my unhappy farce—but no—my mother declared that she could not endure to hear the newspaper read, and that she would look at it herself; saying which, she forthwith proceeded to read the births, deaths, and marriages, and one or two advertisements about bonnets and caps, and then, having turned with candid disgust from some long articles upon the state of affairs in general, she threw the popular journal upon the table, and resumed her work.

Miss Crab—always active—immediately took it up, and began in an audible voice to do that which my respected parent had just declared she disliked so much, and doled out, with a sort of melancholy twang, sundry pieces of much important intelligence.

"Captain and Mrs Hobkirk arrived on Tuesday at the Bath Hotel, Piccadilly, from Cheltenham.

"We understand that Sir Robert Hitchcock is expected next Tuesday at his house in Curzon-street, May-fair.

"We are requested to contradict the report of Miss Hall's approaching marriage with Mr. Wetherspoon. It originated in the malicious contrivance of a person who will not long remain concealed.

"The wind in Hyde Park yesterday was uncommonly high; the equestrians, however, mustered strongly. Amongst the most striking equipages we noticed the new carriage of Lady Anne Stiffkey, built by Chamberlain and Co., Liquorpond-street, Gray's Inn-lane.

"Mrs. Huffy Buggins entertained a select party at dinner yesterday, at her house in Portman-square; among the company, we noticed Lord Daudle, the Right Honourable John Gumdum and Mrs. Gumdum, Sir Anthony Bumpus and Lady, Mr. Gardner, Mr. Hogg, and Mr. Dilbury Maggenton.

"Pink is the prevailing colour for the season; we noticed in Kensington Gardens last Sunday a bonnet peculiarly becoming; it did not require a second glance to know that it was of the *fabrique* of Madame Boss Tickner, of Hanover-street.

"An event has occurred in a certain noble family, not a hundred miles from Berkeley-square, which will cause some employment for the gentlemen of the long robe.

#### " EPIGRAM.

"It seems as if nature had curiously plann'd,  
That men's names with their trades should agree,  
There's Twining the Tea-man, who lives in the Strand,  
Would be *whining* if robb'd of his T.

#### " ON THE LATIN GERUNDS.

"When Dido's spouse to Dido would not come,  
She mourn'd in silence, and was DI, DO, DUMB!"

All these witticisms, and truisms, and follies, and platitudes, I patiently bore; they fell upon my tympanum, from Miss Crab's lips, as might the sound of wind down the chimney, for I was completely absorbed in the regret I felt at the absolute necessity which existed for my avoiding



the girls, with whom an acquaintance would have been so particularly agreeable; but my abstraction was very speedily ended, and my heart set beating, by hearing Miss Crab, in a somewhat louder tone than usual, twang out the following:—

“THEATRES.

“Last night afforded us the opportunity of witnessing the justly-merited condemnation of one of the most contemptible attempts at a farce, with which the manager of a play-house ever ventured to insult the public. From the moment the curtain rose, until it fell amidst the yells of a disgusted audience, we could not detect one line or one word calculated to moderate the disapprobation with which the thing was received. The incidents—if incidents they may be called—are stolen from the French, and the dialogue from the oldest editions of Joe Miller. It was, indeed, painful to see good actors and actresses doomed to repeat such absurdities. The audience were wonderfully patient, but everything in this world must wear out; and accordingly the second act proving, if possible, worse than the first, forbearance was at an end, and the whole house at last rose to hoot the nuisance from the stage.

“This most beautiful example of modern authorship is, we are told, from the pen of a young man of the name of Gurney, a law-student. If he should ever come to be a judge, it must be of something else than literature; for, without one redeeming point, his farce combined dulness, indelicacy, ignorance of society, a total want of knowledge of character, and what may, perhaps, be worse in the present state of the drama, entire ignorance of the peculiar qualities of the actors. We trust that the dunce will drive his quill in some other direction than that of the stage, and that we shall never again be kept from a comfortable party at home, to witness the representation of a second effort from the same quarter.”

“What do you mean, Miss Crab?” said my mother. “Mr. Gurney, a law-student—you are joking?”

“I never joke, Ma’am,” said Miss Crab.

“Now, Gilbert, explain,” said my parent, with highly-erected eyebrows, “are *you* the person meant in this odious newspaper—have you really disgraced yourself by putting into execution the crude and absurd ideas you admitted you had formed of writing a farce—tell me, Gilbert—tell me—without evasion or equivocation?”

I saw that the blood of the Gatakers had mounted to her cheeks, and recollecting the precautionary letter she had written me on the subject, I felt that I wished Miss Marshall at Jericho for sending in the newspaper, Miss Crab at Botany Bay for having read it, and myself anywhere but where I was.

“My dear mother,” said I, “when you were good enough to express your opinions upon the subject of my dramatic authorship, I made no promise—I was guilty of no evasion or equivocation. I told you *then* that, let me take what course I might, I never would do anything to disgrace myself or my family.”

“And how have you kept that promise?” exclaimed my mother; “by directly flying in the face of my wishes and entreaties, and bringing out a farce at the summer theatre, which——”

"Has been condemned," exclaimed Miss Crab, with a force and energy which made me feel that if she were to experience a similar fate I should not very much care.

"Exactly so," rejoined my mother; "if you had succeeded——"

"The fault," interrupted I, "would have been just the same."

"As far as regards your disobedience to me—Yes," said my mother; "as far as regards your own reputation—No."

"To be sure not," chimed in Miss Crab.

"And then"—exclaimed my unkind parent.

"I know what you are going to say," screamed her dear companion.

"One at a time," cried I, and the noise at this time was prodigious; both ladies had opened upon me at once, which aroused the two little dogs on the carpet, which began barking, and three little canary birds in a cage, which immediately began singing with all their might and main. "One would think that I had committed some heinous offence; I have only done what hundreds of gentlemen have done before; and as for the failure, that cannot be helped—many a better farce has been cut short in its career in a similar manner—nipped in the bud."

"Only to burst out again next spring, I fear," said Mrs. Gurney.

"You may be sure of *that*," said Miss Crab; "once the propensity gets hold of a man, his pen never keeps still—scribble—scribble—scribble."

"There you are mistaken," said I. "I have committed a fault—that I admit; but it is not ever likely to be repeated. If I had met with the success the absence of which you so much regret, I might have been tempted to try again; but the first round of the ladder to fame having snapped under my feet, I shall give it up, and turn to something else."

"Fame, indeed," said my mother; "the idea of the fame of a farce-writer—while, with common application, the Bench or the Woolsack is open to you—to waste your time in composing folly for fools to repeat, for the amusement of fools greater than themselves."

"Upon this occasion, Ma'am," said Miss Crab, "the audience were not such fools as to listen."

"Thank you, Miss Crab," said I; "you are adding pepper to the seasoning of the newspaper critic. I tell you all preachings and lectures are useless——"

"That I truly believe," said Miss Crab.

"For this reason, that I am as firmly resolved never to attempt another dramatic work, as I am not to study the law, for which I have neither turn nor ability, and my devotion to which would be a much more ridiculous farce in real life, than that which was last night so unceremoniously driven from the stage."

"I see how it is," said my respected parent, "you want to break my heart."

"My dear mother!" said I.

"No matter," said my mother, "I shall not be here to trouble you long: surely the little time I have to live, I might see you pursuing a career, the termination of which might render you happy and honourable!"

"I thought, my dear mother," said I, "that let what might happen to either of us, you had so far reconciled yourself to losing me, that you were actually waiting only to learn a little more of my brother Cuthbert's plans, to ship me off to Calcutta?"

"Ship you off, my child," said my mother, whose earnestness for my respectability, and my preservation from all the evils of dissipation into which she feared my present pursuit and connexion would lead me, induced her to propose what she sincerely felt to be a great sacrifice; "you do me an injustice by using such an expression. I would rather do anything than part with you."

"Rely upon it," said Miss Crab, "it is the very best thing you *can* do—save him from destruction, and make him a rich man into the bargain."

"And lose his society for ever," said my kind parent.

"You have not much of it as it is, Ma'am, I think," said Miss Crab.

"While my mother is so happy as to have *you* as a companion," said I, "my presence can be little needed here; indeed," continued I, "it seems to me as if my appearance was the signal for discord and confusion. I am perfectly content to hear the advice, and even bear the reproaches, of a parent when I merit them, but I really do not see what right——"

"Come, come, dear Gilbert," said my mother, "do not speak angrily—we all mean for the best."

"Yes, I'm sure *I* do," said Miss Crab; "but advice to young folks who *will* have their own way is not always agreeable—medicine, however salutary, is seldom palatable."

"What I mean to say then, is this," said I: "I have no turn for the law—I know it would be folly in me to attempt it—I am quite satisfied to live upon my allowance—I owe no debts—I am not likely to incur any—but if my mother is of opinion that a life of idle independence is not desirable, then, I repeat, I am ready to start whenever she pleases to my brother, according to her desire."

"Having previously prepared yourself in a mercantile house in the City," said Miss Crab.

I confess I had a great mind to quarrel with the matured virgin for her constant interference in my schemes and arrangements, not only because I was really irritated at what appeared to me to be a vast presumption upon my mother's kindness, but because it was absolutely necessary I should somehow "get up" a grievance in the course of the evening, upon the strength of which I might retire in dudgeon early in the morning, so as to avoid the presence of the two fair Dods, whom, of all girls in the world, my anxious mother most particularly wished me to meet.

I was a good deal worried about this little *contretemps*, which went a great way to impress upon my mind the truth of the saying, which since has become indelibly stamped there, that "wrong never comes right." The foolish trick in which I had been involved that evening had rendered it impossible for me to look the gentle victims of our hoax in the face, or permit them to look in mine. I was quite sure my absence would be attributed by my parent—if not in the first instance, certainly at the suggestion of her most unamiable companion—to a resolute opposition to her wishes, and, in all probability, to the existence of some *tendresse* in another quarter, or some clandestine connexion of a less respectable character; but what could I do? I asked myself this question once or twice during what the sailors call a "lull" in the storm of discussion, and I should have been glad either to have

answered it satisfactorily, or to have found it the only one I had to put; unluckily, there was another which cut me even deeper than the first. How came I involved in the surveying affair?—by an association with one of those agreeable *vauriens* of whom my excellent parent had such a violent, and, as I used to think, needless dread.

Here, however, in this one instance, I could impugn or gainsay her apprehensions. If I had not written the farce I should not have known the actors,—if I had not known the actors I could not have joined them at Richmond,—if I had not joined them at Richmond I should not have made the acquaintance of Mr. Daly,—and if I had not made his acquaintance I should have ridden quietly home to my mother's cottage, have enjoyed her society without rebuke or reproach, and the next morning have been presented to two lovely and amiable young women, with one of whom I might have formed, at some future period, a happy and honourable alliance.

These were castles, not at Richmond, but in the air; the events, however, if not probable, were possible: but having suffered myself to be led into a frolic planned, invented, and put into execution upon the shortest notice, I had cut myself out of the society of an agreeable family, and forced myself to beat a retreat from the home of my parent, and that, too, under some evasive pretext. And all this was traceable to the enticing drolleries of Sir Jeffery Boottop, the attractions of the Green-room, and the anxiety to breathe an atmosphere redolent with the smell of lamp oil, orange-peel, and saw-dust.

"After all," thought I, "my mother is right;" but, as if Old Nick had set his hoof in it, it was the only occasion I could recollect upon which I was unable to admit her to be so; and thus, adding hypocrisy to undutifulness, I combated her arguments, which, in fact, convinced me; opposed suggestions which, I was satisfied, were admirable, and closed an uncomfortable evening by going to bed in an unamiable fit of assumed anger.

After I had retired to my bed-room I heard the two ladies holding converse rather long than gentle. It struck me that my mother was taking my part against the vindictive malignity of her ill-conditioned friend, whose anxious desire for my departure for India I was base enough to attribute to a desire on her part to get entire possession of my excellent mother during her life, and of her property after her death; and more than once I had resolved to open my heart to my mother and communicate my thoughts and suspicions. However, for the present, the "evil of the day" was sufficient to encounter, and the only question which seemed unsettled was whether I should get away as I first proposed to myself before breakfast, or breakfast with the ladies, pretend an engagement in town, and so depart about eleven.

Upon mature deliberation, I determined upon an early flight: there could then be no remonstrances, no explanations,—no pressings or insinuations,—no demurring or evasions. I therefore wrote a note before I went to bed, and ordered my servant to have the horses at the stable gate by eight o'clock. The note, too, was unworthy of me. I pleaded the unpleasantness of useless discussions as the cause of my sudden departure, and expressed a perfect readiness to return and accommodate myself to my mother's wishes whenever she was prepared to receive me with less harshness than she had exhibited that evening. Thus evil

upon evil seemed 'to accumulate. It would vex her gentle nature to think she had wounded my feelings, and she would worry herself at my absence. Yet without some cause I could not have gone; and thus, as one falsehood invariably begets another, one meanness produced more, and I condescended to sneak out of my mother's house under false pretences, in order to avoid being detected in an unwarrantable proceeding contrived and carried into effect by one of my new theatrical connexions.

I did not feel satisfied with these results, and I think I slept worse than I otherwise should, considering that I had undergone much fatigue, mental and bodily, during the day, and that I had scarcely closed my eyes the night before, while my mind was full of the martyrdom of my favourite Sir Jeffery. I arose stealthily and noiselessly before my note could be conveyed to my mother's room by her maid, and by half-past eight found myself journeying back to town, less composed, and more unsettled than I ever recollected to have been before.

For a narrative of the events which occurred after my departure I am indebted to my excellent parent, upon whose mind they were impressed with an almost indelible severity.

Breakfast ready, and Miss Crab waiting; down came my mother with my note in her hand.

"Good morning," said Miss Crab. "I was down before you, waiting to take a turn round the shrubbery with Gilbert, and prepare his mind for the beauties he is to see at luncheon."

"You would have lost your time had you waited for luncheon itself," said my mother. "Gilbert is gone to town."  
 "To town!" exclaimed Miss Crab. "Umph! That is strange. What reason does he give for running away from the treat we had proposed for him?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Gurney, "that he is altogether wrong in his feelings; but I am quite sure I know what those feelings are. He thinks that whatever right I may have to question and even censure his conduct when I think it faulty, a second person—not a relation, and having, in fact, no legitimate control over him—has none;—he is worried and vexed by your interference."

"Mine, Ma'am!" said Miss Crab; "really I did not expect this. You have been most candid and confidential in all your communications about your son to me, and I thought, after the observations you had made, that I was supporting you in your endeavours to keep him right, at your own desire."

"I do not in the slightest degree," said my mother, "impugn your intentions or doubt your anxiety, Miss Crab; but *he* feels that your support generally has the effect of heightening whatever fault of his is under discussion, and of urging me to a severity which he does not believe to be natural to my character."

"Oh! well, Ma'am," said Miss Crab, "I have done. Let him follow his own inclinations,—go upon the stage or upon the highway, which, in my mind, is little worse;—I will never say another syllable."

"My dear Miss Crab," said my mother, who was, with respect to our quarrels, something like what a wife is to a husband,—she did not care how much she scolded me herself, but she was very tetchy if any third person attempted to assail me—"My dear Miss Crab, what extraordinary ideas, and how strangely expressed! Gilbert is wild and thought-

less, and idle, and giddy, and, unfortunately, addicted to pursuits which perhaps may be unprofitable, but certainly not dishonourable. He dislikes the law, and shrinks from trade."

"Oh, to be sure he does!" said Miss Crab; "and of course it is all quite right. If I had known what his determinations were, and how he was to be upheld in them, I certainly should not have made a very considerable effort to speak to Mr. Yellowly, of the firm of Curry, Raikes, Yellowly, Lefevre, and Company, in his behalf. Now, that I understand how my advice and suggestions are received, I shall venture them no longer. As for this morning, my belief is that his reason for going away is the coming hither of the two Miss Dods; rely upon it, living as he is, and has been for some time past, he has formed some *liason*, which, if it does not definitively prevent his forming a respectable matrimonial connexion, at least for the present gives him a distaste for any other society. I saw his restlessness and agitation the moment you mentioned that your young and virtuous visitors were expected."

"We must not be too fastidious: no, nor too inquisitive," said my mother. "Recollect our conversation about our fair neighbours and the probability of the results of this interview were jokes;—that nothing upon earth could be much more improbable than that a casual visit here should lead to an union between one of the young ladies and my son."

"Impossible!" said Miss Crab, "nothing more probable! Everything must have a beginning, and *my* creed is that young ladies who are over-fastidious are not over-wise."

This was what Daly would have called a "bad shot," for either Miss Crab had, by her own shewing, been extremely unwise, or had never been asked. My mother perceived the slip, but was too amiable and too well-bred to take advantage of it.

"What I mean, my dear Miss Crab," said my mother, "is, that in spite of all the follies and indiscretions of which Gilbert, at twenty years of age, may be guilty, I am quite sure that he would neither sacrifice himself in a mercenary marriage, nor form an acquaintance or connexion likely to turn out disgracefully."

"Well, Ma'am," said Miss Crab, "enjoy your own opinion. I know the difficulty of persuading parents upon particular points; however, you may rely upon it that your son's absence this morning is not owing to anything that I have either said or done to annoy him: perhaps time will show who is right."

"I am content to let it rest there," said my mother; and having thus made peace, she proceeded to make tea, not, however, without an observation from Miss Crab as to the water being quite cold in consequence of having stood so long upon the table, the flame beneath the urn having been, in consequence of the carelessness of the servant, out for the last ten minutes.

Poor Miss Crab, let the subject be what it might, always contrived to drop her little contribution of acid in the cup; and yet my mother had become so used to her, and so convinced—which I was not—of her disinterested attachment to her, that although, when I was the object of her varying attacks, she would rally her energies in my defence, I really believe she liked the excitement produced by her friend's perpetual and unvarying fault-finding.

The breakfast went on as usual; there was of course a little too much  
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milk, and much too little sugar in Miss Crab's tea; and the butter was extremely bad for the time of year when there was plenty of grass for the cows to eat,—and the raspberries were not ripe,—and the eggs were not so fresh as they might be,—and so in all other matters something was wrong. Yet time and patience conquered these little ills, and a walk, succeeded by writing little notes and doing a little “work,” brought the domesticated couple to within half an hour of the time at which luncheon would be served, and the Misses Dod arrive to partake of it.

At this juncture a smartish ringing at the gate-bell aroused the attention of the ladies, who began putting their faces into the most amiable shape, expecting their sylph-like visitors; but they were somewhat disappointed, and perhaps more surprised, when the servant, throwing open the door, announced Mr. Daly.

“Mr. Daly!” said my mother. “Who?”

“Daly!” said Miss Crab. “What?”

“A friend of Mr Gilbert's, Ma'am,” said the servant.

“Oh!” said my excellent parent; “pray desire Mr. Daly to walk in.”

The invitation was superfluous, for he had “followed the heels” of the footman so closely, as to be in the room before it was completed.

“I beg ten thousand pardons, Ma'am,” said Daly; “I believe I have the honour of addressing the mother of my friend?” He hit that off happily, by a glance at the mystic badge which she wore on the third finger of her left hand. “I am afraid I am intruding upon your delightful seclusion, but knowing that our dear Gilbert was here last night, it occurred to me that in all probability he would be here this morning; and as I am staying at Hampton Court, I did hope to persuade him to come over and take a cutlet with me, and meet two or three of the 18th, who, as of course you know, are quartered there.”

“My son,” said Mrs. Gurney, “was here last night, but went unexpectedly to town this morning before breakfast.”

“What a delightful person he is!” said Daly; “so full of kindness and ingenuousness, and so clever! The worst of these geniuses is, they seldom have any application—sorry about his farce, poor fellow—does not seem to take it much to heart—met him yesterday at Richmond—pleasant day—pleasant place—pleasant people—do you visit much at Hampton Court, Ma'am?”

My mother, who was perfectly astounded at the ease and volubility of my “slight acquaintance,”—said “that her visiting-list was a very small one, and that she rarely ventured so far.”

“I find it uncommon pleasant,” said Daly, “because of the 18th—deuced fine fellows, you know, and all that—else it seems dullish. I like having all the parties under the same roof—the Palace people—the long passages and steep staircases—and then to see the Cockneys come to the Cartoons, and then to watch them at the Toy—capital fun I have there sometimes, Ma'am, locking a crowd of fowls into a bed-room cupboard—the sleeping sight-scars tumble into their beds, and all is hushed and calm as my own conscience—just about daylight, Ma'am, the cock in the closet begins to crow, which sets Mrs. Cock, and all the Misses Cocks into a charm of cackling, which the affrighted innocents from Finsbury-square or St. Mary Axe are as unable to account for as to check; and so from daylight, till they can rouse the servants to their

assistance, the inhabitants of the hen-roost, like so many minor Macbeths, 'murder sleep.' I call that very good fun, Ma'am."

"Mischief I call it," said Miss Crab. "And does Mr. Gilbert Gurney participate in such amusements as these, Sir?"

"I never tell tales out of school," said Daly. "For myself, I confess I love fun; and only the night before last, being considerably annoyed by a loud snoring in the next room, proceeded to see who was the monster that caused it, and there I found a venerable lady, who incautiously slept with her door unfastened, snoring away—'discoursing,' as Shakespeare has it—most discordant music with her nose. What d'ye think I did, Ma'am? ran to my own room, burnt the cork of an Eau de Cologne bottle in the candle, retired to the apartment of the sleeping hyena, and gave her a pair of coal-black mustachios, which, when she presented her grim visage to her daughter, who came the first thing in the morning to beg her blessing, threw the young lady into a fit of convulsions, which took Griffenhoofe of Hampton three hours and a half to get rid of—that's fun, or the deuce is in it."

"And is it," said my mother—who sat petrified at the indomitable manner of the wag—"is it to enjoy such jokes as these that you wish my son to join you?"

"Oh, by no means," said Daly, "I never involve a friend—never—if I can possibly help it—no, I should like to introduce him to the 18th; and then there are Lord and Lady Grigg, and the Miss Cranbournes, and old Lady Venerable, the charming Miss Fizzgiggle, the delightful Lady Katharine Mango, and her daughter, and Miss Windmill, and the best of all excellent men, a kind-hearted, hospitable East India Captain, the very double of the Lord Chancellor, with a pet bird fifteen feet high, legs like stilts, and a body like a goose. I promise you I will skim the cream of the Court for Gilbert if he will but come—stroll to Sunbury—drop in at Ditton—make him acquainted with all the news of the neighbourhood, and place him only second to myself in the estimation of our enlightened and select circle of society."

It must have been a curious sight to see Daly running on in the most free and easy manner, and the two ladies sitting, one beside and the other opposite to him, perfectly thunder-struck, and evidently uncertain what he would next say or do.

"I like Hampton Court," continued Daly, without paying the least attention to the astonished countenances of his companions; "a nice distance from town—out of the smoke, and among new people—Toy had inn—servants stupid beyond measure—only one waiter, and he a Goth—I had three friends to dine with me on Tuesday, what d'ye think happened, Ma'am? If you recollect, it was vastly hot Tuesday—glass 82° in the shade—asked if there was any ice—not an ounce in the house—where was the waiter? the waiter—only conceive, Ma'am, the singularity of the sound in a house half as big as a county hospital—Lawrence was gone to Chertsey—I had no resource—could not wait till he came back—wanted to cool my wine—ordered the maid to get a pail of pump-water, put it in the shade on the leads at the back of the house, and pop into it two bottles of Grave, two of Hock, and two of Champagne—what d'ye think occurred?"

"I have no idea," said Miss Crab, who was provoked into conversation. "Most likely the girl forgot it."



"Not she, Ma'am," said Daly; "wish she had. No; she did as she was bid, most punctually. Dinner-time came; soup served. My friends, Tootle, Bootle, and Sims of the 18th, all seated. I turned to Lawrence, who was just back from Chertsey, and at the back of my chair—" "Get a bottle of Hock and the Grave," said I.

"Where, Sir?" said he.

"Oh," said I, "you'll find them in a pail of water, in a shady draught of air, on the leads."

"Very well, Sir," says he; and away he goes, and quick enough he comes back. "Pretty job, Sir," says Lawrence, with a face like the ghost of Gaffer Thumb—"Who did *this* for you, Sir?"

"What?" said I.

"Put the Gravé and the Hock to cool."

"Who?" said I. "Why, Fanny Lanshawe, the chambermaid."

"Fanny be ——!" You'll excuse my not repeating what he said, Ma'am.

"She has served you a nice trick, Sir. Look here." And sure enough, Ma'am, suiting the action to the word, in he brings the pail, into which the simple creature had emptied the six bottles, and exhibits to our astonished eyes three gallons and a half of very weak mixed wine-and-water. These are drawbacks, Ma'am; but there must be alloys to everything. For *my* part, nothing damps me—nothing shakes me; I go on laughing along my flowery course, and care for nothing."

At this moment, in which Daly was boasting of his imperturbable serenity and joyousness, the drawing-room door was flung open, and the servant announced, in an audible voice—"Miss Dod, and Miss Fanny Dod." There, before his astonished eyes, stood, in all their native loveliness arrayed, the two accomplished daughters of his last victim. They approached, but started back for an instant, on recognizing their persecutor domesticated with their new acquaintance. The ladies rose to receive their guests, and were just shaking hands, when Daly, in a tone of exquisite torture, exclaimed, "Oh my nose—my nose!" and instantly enveloped his whole countenance in a full-sized bandana handkerchief.

"Dear me!" exclaimed my mother, "what *is* the matter, Sir?"

"A trifle, Ma'am," said Daly, with his face buried in the bandana. "My nose, Ma'am—subject to periodical fits of bleeding—after a dreadful fall over a five-barred gate, near Grantham. Don't mind me, Ma'am. I'll run away; perhaps it mayn't stop for a fortnight. I won't worry *you*—I'm off—I'll plunge my head into the river. Just remember me to Gilbert; say I called; and—O dear, dear—how unlucky! Adieu—good morning;" saying which, without removing the handkerchief, he bustled away and hurried out of the room. Mrs. Gurney was not very sorry to perform the office of ringing the bell, in order that he might have free egress from her peaceful cottage.

"What an extraordinary man!" said my mother.

"Is he mad?" said Miss Crab.

"Do you know him well?" said Fanny Dod.

"No; he is an intimate friend of my son's. I——"

"Indeed," interrupted Miss Dod.

"Why," said my mother, "do *you* know anything of him, Miss Dod?"

"No good, I am sure," said Miss Crab.

"Why," said Fanny, "we know no great harm of him; only he came to our house last night with his clerk—a much better-behaved person than himself—and frightened us all out of our wits, by threatening to pull down mamma's dear conservatory."

"Pull down a conservatory!" said my mother.

"Yes, officially," said Miss Dod.

"Why, what is he?" said my mother.

A painter and glazier, I dare say," said Miss Crab.

"No," continued Miss Dod. "You know, of course, who he is."

"Not I," said my mother. "He said he was an intimate friend of my son's, and came to invite him to meet some of the 18th at Hampton Court at dinner to-day."

"Yes," said Miss Crab; "Tootle, Bootle, and Sims were their names."

"There are such men in the 18th," said Fanny Dod. "The ourang-outang's name is Tootle, Gussy."

"So it is," said Augusta; "but I cannot believe that this person would be giving dinners to officers of the 18th."

"Why, what really is he?" said my mother, getting very anxious to know who her Gilbert's great crony was.

"Oh," said Fanny, "there's no harm; only he was very rude to papa, at least. He came measuring our lawn, in order to ascertain the shortest cut for a canal to Brentford."

"And," said Augusta, "we behaved as well as possible to him and his clerk; and yet he vowed vengeance on the corner, and threatened to bring the barge-road close under our bed-room windows."

"Still you don't say how he could do this, Miss Dod," said my mother.

"Why, I believe he is the Acting Deputy Assistant-Surveyor to the Grand Junction Canal Company," said Augusta; "and a very forward, rude person into the bargain."

"And Gilbert's particular friend!" exclaimed my mother.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Miss Crab, in her glory; "and yet you are quite sure that he never will form an acquaintance or connexion likely to turn out disgracefully."

Luckily at that moment luncheon was announced, and the party proceeded to the breakfast-parlour to partake of it.

Dissatisfied and unsettled as I felt on my way to town, I confess, if I could have looked, Asmodeus-like, into the peaceful residence of my respected parent, during this and the preceding scene—as I should have called it—my sensations would have been of a much more serious and disagreeable character. I never anticipated a visit from Daly, and consoled myself by the escape I had made from an interview with the ladies, whose growing intimacy at the cottage must, I foresaw, nevertheless produce an explanation ere long, or act as a prohibition to my visits to Teddington. I confess I was perfectly astounded when I heard the details. I had never given him the slightest encouragement to come to the cottage, where I must have been certain his manners, principles, and pursuits would throw its gentle occupants into the highest state of perturbation. My regret when I ascertained what had occurred was serious indeed; and my resolution never again to make acquaintances *extempore* was coupled with the conviction that a practical joke is, in fact, no joke at all.

## CHARLES LAMB.

## HIS LAST WORDS ON COLERIDGE.

CHARLES LAMB's first appearance in literature was by the side of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He came into his first battle, as he tells us, (literature is a sort of warfare,) under cover of that greater Ajax. The small duodecimo volume in which their poems first appeared, and which is now exceedingly scarce, lies before us. It was printed and published in Bristol, in the year 1797, by "N. Biggs for T. Cottle." In the preface, Coleridge speaks with affectionate warmth of his "friend and old schoolfellow, Charles Lamb." "He has now communicated to me a complete collection of all his poems,—*quæ qui non prorsus amet, illum omnes et virtutes et veneres odere.*" On the title-page there are words of more touching interest—"Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitiae et similitum juncturarumque Camænarum; *quod utinam neque mors solvat, neque temporis longinquitas!*" The wish has been strikingly fulfilled. Their friendship in life survived all the accidents of place and time; and in death it has been but a few short months divided.

We should like to see this remarkable friendship (remarkable in all respects and in all its circumstances) between two of the finest and most original geniuses in an age of no common genius, worthily and lastingly recorded. It would outvalue, in the mind of posterity, whole centuries of literary quarrels.

Lamb never fairly recovered the death of Coleridge. He thought of little else (his sister was but another portion of himself) until his own great spirit joined his friend. He had a habit of venting his melancholy in a sort of mirth. He would, with nothing graver than a pun, "cleanse his bosom of the perilous stuff that weighed" upon it. In a jest, or a few light phrases, he would lay open the last recesses of his heart. So in respect of the death of Coleridge. Some old friends of his saw him two or three weeks ago, and remarked the constant turning and reference of his mind. He interrupted himself and them almost every instant with some play of affected wonder, or astonishment, or humorous melancholy, on the words "*Coleridge is dead.*" Nothing could divert him from that, for the thought of it never left him. About the same time, we had written to him to request a few lines for the literary album of a gentleman who entertained a fitting admiration of his genius. It was the last request we were destined to make, the last kindness we were allowed to receive! He wrote in Mr. Keymer's volume—and wrote of Coleridge. This, we believe, was the last production of his pen. A strange and not unenviable chance, which saw him, at the end of his literary pilgrimage, as he had been at the beginning,—in that immortal company! We are indebted, with the reader, to the kindness of our friend for permission to print the whole of what was written. It would be impertinence to offer one remark on it. Once read, its noble and affectionate tenderness will be remembered for ever. Let it be placed over the mortal grave of Coleridge.

"When I heard of the death of Coleridge, it was without grief. It seemed to me that he long had been on the confines of the next world,—that he had a hunger for eternity. I grieved then that I could not grieve. But since, I feel how great a part he was of me. His great

and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books, without an ineffectual turning and reference to him. He was the proof and touchstone of all my cogitations. He was a Grecian (or in the first form) at Christ's Hospital, where I was deputy Grecian; and the same subordination and deference to him I have preserved through a life-long acquaintance. Great in his writings, he was greatest in his conversation. In him was disproved that old maxim, that we should allow every one his share of talk. He would talk from morn to dewy eve, nor cease till far midnight, yet who ever would interrupt him,—who would obstruct that continuous flow of converse, fetched from Helicon or Zion? He had the tact of making the unintelligible seem plain. Many who read the abstruser parts of his "Friend" would complain that his works did not answer to his spoken wisdom. They were identical. But he had a tone in oral delivery, which seemed to convey sense to those who were otherwise imperfect recipients. He was my fifty years old friend without a dissension. Never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. I seem to love the house he died at more passionately than when he lived. I love the faithful Gilmans more than while they exercised their virtues towards him living. What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel.

"CHS. LAMB.

"Edmonton, November 21, 1834."

Within five weeks of this date Charles Lamb died. A slight accident brought on an attack of erysipelas, which proved fatal; his system was not strong enough for resistance. It is some consolation to add, that, during his illness, which lasted four days, he suffered no pain, and that his faculties remained with him to the last. A few words spoken by him the day before he died showed with what quiet collectedness he was prepared to meet death.

These are strange words to be writing of our old friend! We can scarcely think yet that he has left us; so intimately does he seem to belong to household thoughts, and to the dear things of heart and hearth, which his writings have made yet dearer. We cannot fancy him gone from his folios, his "midnight darlings," his pictures, chit-chat, jokes, and ambiguities;—and yet it is so. Everything that was mortal of him is gone, except the tears and the love of his friends. His writings remain, to be the delight of thousands to come.

Charles Lamb was born in the Temple, in February, 1775. We are not going to give any biography of him, but we name the day of his birth, because the birth-day of such a man is pleasant to remember. "'Tis my poor birth-day," says a letter of his we have lying before us, dated the 11th of February. The day will be rich hereafter to the lovers of wit and true genius. The place of his birth had greatly to do with his personal tastes in after life. Every one who has read "John Woodvil" cannot fail to have been struck (as in that loveliest of passages on the "sports of the forest") with its exquisite sense of rural beauty and imagery. But Mr. Lamb's affection nevertheless turned townwards. Born under the shadow of St. Dunstan's steeple, he retained his love for it, and for the neighbouring town-streets, to the last; and to the last he loved the very smoke of London, because, as he said, it had been the medium most familiar to his vision. Anything, in truth, once

felt, he never wished to change. When he made any alteration, in his lodgings, the thing sadly discomposed him. His household gods, as he would say, planted a terrible fixed foot.

This early habit, however, and this hatred of change, were not the only sources of his attachment to London, and to London streets. We have hinted at the melancholy which was so often the source of Mr. Lamb's humour—which, indeed, almost insensibly dashed his merriest writings—which used to throw out into still more delicate relief the subtleties of his wit and fancy, and which made his very jests to "scald like tears." In London there was some remedy for this, when it threatened to overmaster him. "Often," he said, "when I have felt a weariness or distaste at home, have I rushed out into her crowded Strand, and fed my humour, till tears have wetted my cheek for unutterable sympathies with the multitudinous moving picture, which she never fails to present at all hours, like the scenes of a shifting pantomime." This is a great and wise example for such as may be similarly afflicted.

Mr. Lamb's earliest associates in London were Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Charles Lloyd, and others, who "called Admiral Burney friend." They used to assemble weekly at Burney's house, at the Queen's Gate, to chat and play whist. Or they would meet to discuss supper, and the hopes of the world, at the Old Salutation Tavern. This was the " \* \* \* \* \* Inn," to which Mr. Lamb makes so affectionate a reference in the dedication of his poems to Coleridge; this was the immortal tavern, and these were the "old suppers in delightful years," where he used to say Coleridge first kindled in him, if not the power, yet the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindliness;—quoting, with true enthusiasm,

"What words have I heard  
Spoke at the Mermaid!"

Life was then, indeed, fresh to them all, and topics exhaustless; but yet there was one preferred before all others, because it included all. Mr. Lamb once reminded Southey of it in a letter which was written in answer to a reproach the Poet Laureate should have spared his old friend. He speaks of Coleridge,—“the same to me still as in those old evenings, when we used to sit and speculate (do you remember them, Sir?) at our old tavern, upon Pantisocracy and golden days to come on earth.”

Mr. Lamb was, at this period, indeed from the time he quitted Christ's Hospital to within nine years of his death, a clerk in the India House. It is scarcely pleasant to think of his constant labours there, when we think of the legacy of nobler writing of which they may have robbed the world. What have we to do now with all his

"drops of labour spilt  
On those huge and figured pages,  
Which will sleep unclasp'd for ages,  
Little knowing who did wield  
The quill that traversed their white field \*."

But we have the better reason, perhaps, to be grateful for what has nevertheless been bequeathed to us. These are:—the poems we have mentioned, collected with several others, and dedicated to Coleridge in 1818; a tale of wonderful pathos and sweetness, "Rosamund Gray," published

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\* "Poetical Epistle," by Procter, who repaid Lamb's affection, felt towards him to the last, in a manner worthy of the hearts and the genius of both.

with "Old Blind Margaret," in (we believe) 1800; "John Woodvil," a tragedy, published with "Fragments of Burton," in 1802; "Mr. H—," a farce, acted at Drury Lane in 1806; "Specimens of the old Dramatic Poets," with those immortal criticisms on them, which appeared in 1808; a series of noble prose papers, including those on Hogarth and the tragedies of Shakspeare, with several essays and poetical criticisms, which were sent to the "Reflector" in the year 1811; the celebrated "Essays of Elia," published between 1820 and 1833, at different periods, in the "London," "New Monthly," "Blackwood's," "Englishman," and other Magazines, and two volumes of which have been collected and separately published; with a vast number of his sayings and deep-thoughted articles, scattered about without a name (and yet uncollected) in periodicals celebrated and obscure—in miscellanies remembered and forgotten. We find we have omitted in this list to mention his "Tales from Shakspeare," his "Adventures of Ulysses," and a volume unworthily named "Album Verses,"—inasmuch as it contained some few poems as fine as any that ever flowed or sported from his pen. We hope to see all his productions recovered, and published under the superintendence of some competent person. His occasional theatrical criticisms in the "Examiner" should not be forgotten: they are exquisite, and will be recognised at once by any one acquainted with his style. It will startle some of his friends, perhaps, to be told that he has even done such a thing in years long past, as write a sort of poetical political libel for that distinguished journal.

Of the genius of Mr. Lamb as developed in these various writings, we may speak at greater length hereafter. It takes rank with the most original of the age. As a Critic, he stands *facile princeps*, in all the subjects he handled. Search English literature through, from its first beginnings till now, and you will find none like him. There is not a criticism he ever wrote that does not directly tell you a number of things you had no previous notion of. In criticism he was indeed, in all senses of the word, "a discoverer—like Vasco Nuñez or Magellan." In that very domain of literature with which you fancied yourself most variously and closely acquainted, he would show you "fresh fields and pastures new," and these the most fruitful and delightful. For the riches he discovered were richer than they had lain so deep—the more valuable were they, when found, that they had eluded the search of ordinary men.

As an Essayist, Charles Lamb will be remembered, in years to come, with Rabelais and Montaigne, with Sir Thomas Browne, with Steele, and with Addison. He unites many of the finest characteristics of these several writers. He has wisdom and wit of the highest order, exquisite humour, a genuine and cordial vein of pleasantry, and the most heart-touching pathos. In the largest acceptation of the word he is a humanist—no one of the great family of authors past or present has shown in matters the most important or the most trivial so delicate and extreme a sense of all that is human. It is the prevalence of this characteristic in his writings which has subjected him to occasional charges of want of imagination. This, however, is but half-criticism; for the matter of reproach may in fact be said to be his triumph. It was with a deep relish of Mr. Lamb's faculty that a friend of his once said—a friend, we may add, ever loved and admired by him through life, and worthy of all the love and admiration that are due to genius, to learning, and to virtue—it was with a fine appre-

ciation of the characteristics of his genius in criticism that T. N. T. said, "he makes the majesties of imagination seem familiar." It is precisely thus with his own imagination—it eludes the observation of the ordinary reader in the very modesty of its truth, in its social and familiar air. His fancy as an Essayist is distinguished by singular delicacy and tenderness; and even his conceits, when they occur, will generally be found to be, as those of his favourite Fuller (the church historian) often are, steeped in human feeling and passion. The fondness he entertained for Fuller, for the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," and for other writers of that class, was a pure matter of temperament. His thoughts were always his own; even when his words seem cast in the very mould of theirs, the perfect originality of his thinking is felt and acknowledged—we may add, in its superior wisdom, manliness, and unaffected sweetness. Every sentence in those Essays may be proved to be crammed full of thinking; the two volumes which contain them will be multiplied, we have no doubt, in the course of a few years, into as many hundred; for they contain a stock of matter which must be ever suggestive to more active minds, and will surely revisit the world in new shapes—an everlasting succession and variety of ideas. Yes, and help on the world; for is it to be asserted that because Mr. Lamb was chiefly devoted to the past, that he may not therefore advantage the present, and help on the future? The past to him was not mere dry antiquity; it involved a most extensive and touching association of feelings and thoughts, reminding him of what we have been and may be, and therefore seeming to afford a surer ground for resting on than the things which are here to-day and may be gone to-morrow. We know of no inquisition more curious, no speculation more lofty, than may be found in the Essays of Charles Lamb. We know no place where conventional absurdities are so shattered—where stale evasions are so plainly exposed—where the barriers between names and things are at times so thoroughly flung down. And how could it indeed be otherwise? For it is truth which plays upon his writings like a genial and divine atmosphere. No need is there for them to prove what they would be at by any formal or logical analysis—they "feel the *air* of truth;" no need for him to tell the world that this institution is wrong and that doctrine right—the world may gather from his writings their surest guide to judgment in these and all other cases—a general and honest appreciation of the humane and true.

As a Poet, Mr. Lamb has left several things "the world will not willingly let die." Shall we not name first his prose tale of "Rosalind Gray," which we have read a dozen times, as well as we could for our tears? We will match this tale against the world for unequalled delicacy and pathos. Shall we not treasure up too in our heart of hearts the memory of "John Woodvil," of him who offended and was forgiven—and of the angelic, ever-honoured Margaret, whom miseries could never alienate nor change of fortune shake, whom her lover's injuries "and slights (the worst of injuries)" could not, in his days of shame, when all the world forsook him, make her forsake, or cease to cling with love stronger than death to her dear heart's lord, life's pride, soul-honoured John! These are destined to be everlasting creatures—once known, taken to the memory for ever. How exquisite is the tenderness with which, when questioned on John's neglect, she only turns aside for a moment with a tear, and afterwards resumes her conversation cheerfully. How sublime is the reach of pathos with which

Sir Walter Woodvil, betrayed to his enemies by his son, breaks his heart without uttering a single word. When the charge of an imitation of the elder poets is brought against Charles Lamb, it is generally brought in ignorance. His style, it is true, smacks to us of the antique; tasting with a genuine Beaumont and Fletcher flavour: but this was because his way of thinking was like theirs; there is no imitation in it, setting aside the occasional indulgence of his love for them, which we all feel to be delightful. We could fancy their loving *him* just in the same way, because he lived in precisely that world of thought which was chiefly theirs, and which changes not with the alterations of age or style, but is everlasting, and changes never. Mr. Hazlitt tells a story of a rural description out of "John Woodvil," quoted anonymously in a modern book, meeting the eye of Mr. Godwin, who was so struck with the beauty of the passage, and with a consciousness of having seen it before, that he was uneasy till he could recollect where, and after hunting in vain for it in Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other not unlikely places, sent to Mr. Lamb to know if he could help him to the author! We should have recommended him in his search to look out for a higher sort of Heywood, some one between Heywood and Fletcher. When the day of popularity for these great writers shall come round again, Mr. Lamb's poetry will be popular too. His minor pieces are full of delicacy and wit, and read occasionally like one of his Essays.

But it was not as a Critic, it was not as an Essayist, it was not as a Poet, fervently as we entertained for him in these characters the admiration we have poorly endeavoured to express—it is not in any of these that we felt towards him the strongest feeling of devotion—we loved THE MAN. He was the most entirely delightful person we have ever known. He had no affectation, no assumption, no fuss, no cant, nothing to make him otherwise than delightful. His very foibles, as is remarked in a recent publication\*, were for the most part so small, and were engrafted so curiously upon a strong original mind, that we would scarcely have desired them away. They were a sort of fret-work, which let in light, and showed the form and order of his character. They had their origin in weakness of system chiefly; and that which we have heard by the unthinking condemned as wilful, in terms of severe reproach, was in the first instance nothing but a forced resort to aid that might serve to raise his spirits in society to what was no more than the ordinary pitch of all around him without it. Never should the natural temperament against which Mr. Lamb had to struggle be forgotten by those who are left to speak of his habits and character. Of all the great and peculiar sorrows he was fated to experience through life, (and there were many to which even an allusion may not here be made, and for which nearly his whole existence was offered as a willing and devoted sacrifice,) the sorrows with which he was born were the greatest of all. His friends, whom he delighted by his wit and enriched by his more serious talk, never knew the whole price he paid for those hours of social conversation. "Reader," he once said in a paper which, with some dash of fiction, conveyed his saddest personal experience, (a paper which is now, we believe, exceedingly scarce, as he would not

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\* See a very delightful paper in the "Athenæum." It has since been followed by the first of a series on the personal and intellectual characteristics of Mr. Lamb, which promises to do justice to the subject, and to confer a distinguished honour on that journal.



consent to reprint it,) "Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine; aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you to that sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it,—give it some other play. Write an essay,—pen a character or description;—*but not as I do now—with tears trickling down your cheeks.*" We retire with reverence before the trials of such a spirit as this.

No one in a conversation said such startling things as Lamb. No one was so witty or so sensible. No man ever had him at a disadvantage, except the man who did not understand him. He had a severe impediment in his speech, but this gave even an additional piquancy to the deep and eloquent things he said. After the stammering and hesitation, a half sentence would burst forth at the close, and set everybody laughing or thinking. And they would laugh at it, and think about it the next day, and the day after that. "Lamb probes a truth," said Hazlitt, "in a play upon words." "He was of the genuine line of Yorick," says the delightful writer of the "London Journal." He was indeed;—or still more of the family of that ever-faithful and devoted "fool" in "Lear," with his sayings of wisdom and snatches of old songs—"Young Lubin was a shepherd boy." Who that was admitted to the intimacy of his acquaintance does not remember that and many others, and feel his heart sink with grief at our recent loss, though to rise again with pride in the consciousness of having been once admitted to such a friendship? We needed not to have made the restriction. Every one who knew him knew him intimately. \* He had no concealment, for he had nothing to conceal. He had the faculty,—as was remarked of him the other day, in the "Times" newspaper, by an old friend of his,—of turning "even casual acquaintances into friends." When you entered his little book-clad room, he welcomed you with an affectionate greeting, set you down to something, and made you at home at once. His richest feasts, however, were those he served up from his ragged-looking books, his ungainly and dirty folios, his cobbled-up quartos, his squadrons of mean and squalid-looking duodecimos. "So much the rather their celestial light shone inward." How he would stutter forth their praises! What fine things had he to say about the beautiful obliquities of the "Religio Medici," about Burton, and Fuller, and Smollet, and Fielding, and Richardson, and Marvel, and Drayton, and fifty others, ending with the "thrice-noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical and original brained Margaret Duchess of Newcastle!" What delightful reminiscences he had of the actors, how he used to talk of them, and how he has written them down! \* How he would startle his friends by intruding on them lists of persons one would wish to have seen,—such odd alliances as Pontius Pilate and Doctor Faustus, Guy Faux and Judas Iscariot!—But the evenings

\* See his papers on the "Old Actors." "I was always fond," he says, in the charming little story of "Barbara," which has immortalized an anecdote from the life of an eminent living actress, "of the society of the players; and am not sure that an impediment in my speech, (which certainly kept me out of the pulpit,) even more than certain personal disqualifications, which are often got over in that profession, did not prevent me at one time of life from adopting it."



passed with him are not for the hasty mention of such articles as this. The pleasure of recording some of them, and some of the exquisite sayings he seldom failed to send away his friends with, may be claimed by us from the editor of this Magazine at some future time.

Mr. Lamb's personal appearance was remarkable. It quite realized the expectations of those who think that an author and a wit should have a distinct air, a separate costume, a particular cloth, something positive and singular about him. Such unquestionably had Mr. Lamb. Once he rejoiced in snuff-colour, but latterly his costume was inveterately black—with gaiters which seemed longing for something more substantial to close in. His legs were remarkably slight,—so indeed was his whole body, which was of short stature, but surmounted by a head of amazing fineness. We never saw any other that approached it in its intellectual cast and formation. Such only may be seen occasionally in the finer portraits of Titian. His face was deeply marked and full of noble lines—traces of sensibility, imagination, suffering, and much thought. His wit was in his eye, luminous, quick, and restless. The smile that played about his mouth was ever cordial and good-humoured; and the most cordial and delightful of its smiles were those with which he accompanied his affectionate talk with his sister, or his jokes against her. We have purposely refrained from speaking of that noble-minded and noble-hearted woman, because in describing her brother we describe her. Her heart and her intellect have been through life the counterpart of his own. The two have lived as one, in double singleness together. She has been, indeed, the supplement and completion of his existence. His obligations to her had extended beyond the period of his memory, and they accompanied him to his grave. Yet he returned them not unfittingly:—“The ‘mighty debt of love he owed’ was paid to her in full. When he says otherwise in his charming sonnets to her, he merely expresses the ever-unsatisfied longings of true affection. Coleridge and she had the first and strongest holds upon his heart. The little volume to which we referred in the commencement illustrates this in an affecting manner. In the pride of that first entrance into the world under the protection of his greater friend, he had not forgotten his sister. He dedicated all he had written to her. ‘The few following poems,’ he says, ‘creatures of the fancy and the feeling, in life’s more vacant hours; produced for the most part by love in idleness; are, with all a brother’s fondness, inscribed to Mary Ann Lamb, the author’s best friend and sister.’” When, in after life, he had the power of acquitting his debt to her more nobly, by dedicating his whole existence, to hers, he presented the offering of his poetry to Coleridge. Well might he express that strange and most touching wish, after the life they had led—“I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible!” It was indeed, and the survivor is not the most fortunate. Never more shall we see the picture they used to present—worth a hundred common-places of common existence—when they paid the occasional visits they both loved to London!—never more see the affectionate and earnest watchings on her side—the pleasant evasions, the charming deference, and the little touches of gratitude on his! We recollect being once sent by her to seek “Charles,” who had rambled away from her. We found him in the Temple, looking up, near Crown-office-row, at the house where he was born. Such was his ever-touching habit of seeking alliance

with the scenes of old times. They were the dearer to him that distance had withdrawn them. He wished to pass his life among things gone by yet not forgotten. We shall never forget the affectionate "Yes, boy," with which he returned our repeating his own striking lines,—

"Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse!"

This paper, long as it has already proved, must not be finished without the mention of one most honourable characteristic in which Mr. Lamb has stood alone, amidst all the political strife and personal bickerings of modern literature. He put himself in personal opposition to no one. He would recognize no difference of opinion as a plea against social meeting and friendly fellowship. "It is an error," he said, in a spirit of deep philosophy (the passage does not appear in his published writings), "more particularly incident to persons of the correctest principles and habits, to seclude themselves from the rest of mankind, as from another species, and form into knots and clubs. The best people, herding thus exclusively, are in danger of contracting a narrowness. Heat and cold, dryness and moisture, in the natural world, do not fly asunder, to split the globe into sectarian parts and separations; but mingling, as they best may, correct the malignity of any single predominance. The analogy holds, I suppose, in the moral world. If all the good people were to ship themselves off to terra incognitas, what, in humanity's name, is to become of the refuse?" Charles Lamb wrote in periodicals of all opinions, and held all differing friends firmly and cordially by the hand, as if indeed of one family of brothers. His friendship with Southey did not shake his intimacy with the editor of the "Examiner," or move him one jot from the side of Hazlitt. Lamb first met that great writer at Mr. Godwin's house, when one of those meaning jests he used to blurt out so often bound at once the far-sighted metaphysician to his side. Holcroft and Coleridge happened to be there, and were as usual engaged in a fierce dispute. The question between them was as to which was best, "man as he was, or man as he is to be," and it was at its highest when Lamb stammered out, "Give me man as he is *not* to be!" The friendship, however, which this saying commenced, was once interrupted for some time by some wilful fancy on the part of the irritable and world-soured philosopher. At this time Southey happened to pay a compliment to Lamb at the expense of some of his companions, Hazlitt among them. The faithful and unswerving heart of the other, forsaking not, although forsaken, refused a compliment at such a price, and sent it back to the giver. The character of William Hazlitt, which he wrote at the same time, may stand for ever as one of the proudest and truest evidences of the writer's heart and intellect. It will be reprinted, we trust, in the edition of his collected works. It brought back, at once, the repentant offender to the arms of his friend, and nothing again separated them till Death came. Charles Lamb was, we believe, the only one of his old associates seen at the grave of Hazlitt.

And now the grave has received Charles Lamb. We stood near as it was closed over him—never closed it over a better or wiser spirit.—May he who has given so much happiness to others be now more truly happy—possessing the great reward which all his life has deserved that he should win!

## SKETCHES ON IRISH HIGHWAYS.

## IRISH RUINS.—PART II.—THE STORY OF COONEY BLANEY.

It has been said, that the complacency with which we dwell upon the miseries of our fellow-creatures is a strong proof of the evil tendency of our nature. This may be, in some degree, true; but even the snarling French Cynic tells us that “*Les vices entrent dans la composition des vertus, comme les poisons entrent dans la composition des remèdes. La prudence les assemble et les tempère, et elle s'en sert utilement contre les maux de la vie.*” Rochefoucault gives to our feelings, in this instance, a better interpretation than could be expected from him.

I assure those who peruse these pages that if I return to the subject of Irish Ruins, like the bird which repeats its one-melancholy note, until it is incapable of giving voice to any other, it is, because my heart pants to excite sympathy for my poor country, and that I would fain draw the feelings of the English toward them in the time of their sore trouble.

There is in Ireland misery enough for gatherers of its records, without being confined to one subject. Misery is the *refrain* of Irish affairs; if we escape Scylla, we fall in with Charybdis. The change of a Lord Lieutenant—the misrepresentations of an agitator—the cold denunciations of the opposite party, and the bitterness of each against the other,—have little to do with the real state of Irish distress. There is positively nothing known, nothing imagined, of the utter, hopeless, degrading poverty endured by the peasants in the southern and wilder parts of Ireland.

As I write—while you read, there are hundreds of creatures, gifted, unhappily gifted, with feeling and intelligence, yet having no prospect but starvation, no refuge but the grave! “I have worked, lady,” said a worn-down peasant to me in the neighbourhood of Cork, “I have worked from six o’clock in the morning till six at night, to support a bed-ridden mother, a wife, and seven childre’, two of them (the childre’, I mean) are—God brake hard fortune to you and yours, lady!—born naturals. I have slaved these twelve hours upon pratees and a drink of cold water to *wash them an’ the throuble down together*, and the pay I get is tenpence a-day.”

“But,” I replied, “though you work in that manner, and at that small rate of wages, you have six acres of land, and your wife and sons cultivate it.”

“We *had* six acres, we are only able to keep three now; it takes my eldest boy and myself the year round to work out the rent of them. The minister has his tithe, the priest his thrifle; the bit o’ land is not rightly managed; the woman and childre’ hasn’t the strength in ’em to manage land which the devil has *trampled rough-shod over so many times*. The *baste*\* was seized and sould for the last gale, and so we’ve nothing to draw mendin: and what heart have we to mend it, houlding it, as we do, at a rack-rent, and may be ‘turn out’ for the first fool that thinks he can pay more for it than we do?”

“It is certainly very hard,” I said, mournfully; “but, unfortunately, there are many in the same situation.”

"And worse!" he replied; "there are some who haven't a broken roof even over their heads, nor the comfort of a *loving face to look into*; nor a child left with the fever; nor a pratee to the ditch-wather they're forced to drink. But, Ma'am, honey—that's no comfort!—Sure, the *craythurs, when they're poorer than ourselves, must have what little help we can give them.*"

Poor generous Paddy! Here the "craythurs poorer than ourselves" are sent to the workhouse; but in Ireland the half-starved cottager works for the half-starved beggar! We may and we must condemn the *system* which makes the poor man poorer, by letting loose upon him a population of paupers; but we cannot avoid sympathising with the disinterested generosity of the peasant, who gives voluntarily, and without the prospect of return.

Since the first portion of this subject was written, our feelings have been both dismayed and saddened by the fatal affray at Rathcormac: that it has been and will be made the instrument of much evil cannot be denied; but the fact of so many men, armed only with sticks, having been shot by soldiers, almost in *cold blood*, is so appalling in itself, that we wonder where British temper and British forbearance had gone during the few terrible minutes that made the green field red.

Never was there given to England a more touching picture of Irish desolation than that which reached us from the widow Ryan, in whose "haggart" the dreadful tragedy was enacted. After describing the commencement of the slaughter, the old woman unconsciously draws as affecting a picture of filial piety as can be conceived.

"With that I turned back, and I met my daughter in the bohreen; and she went with me, *guarding me with her arms round my neck.*"

After describing how she went to the dead bodies, turning them over in her agonizing anxiety, to see if she could discover her son, she found him, poor woman! at last.—"I staggered down to him and I caught his pulse, *and he had no pulse*; I put my mouth to his mouth, *and he had no breath*. I then began to shut his eyes and close his lips; and Dick Willis cried out to me, 'Don't stop his breath;' 'Oh! Dick,' says I, 'he has no breath to stop.' With that I caught his *head*, and my daughter caught his *feet*, *and we stretched him in his blood where he lay*. And though my eye-balls are like two burning coals, *I cried no tear since.*"

Is not the poor widow's tale a more perfect, though more painful, illustration of the subject of "Irish Ruins," than "Way-Side Reminiscences" could furnish? It was spoken by the heart; and in every heart it will find an echo.

There is not as much *wild* pathos in the few words uttered by the widow of Rathcormac as in many episodes of distress which I have heard; but it is strongly concentrated—the agony is fearfully condensed.—"I put my *mouth to his mouth*, *and he had no breath!*" Only a mother can understand the strength of the description.—It makes my blood run cold. They say the words are not the words of the widow—that they were uttered for her, to serve party purposes, by some ingenious dealer in spoken and printed fiction. I, for one, take no heed of this assertion. It is impossible to coin such *truth*; no human tongue could have uttered—no pen could have transcribed them, unless under the influence of *NATURE*, strong as that in the bosom of the widow bereaved of her children. It is a terrible note upon a terrible chapter in

Irish history; and it will be fearfully used by those time-out-of-mind curses of Ireland—her FRIENDS!

“The four winds of heaven have been blowing upon my head these sixty years,” said an old beggar to me, “until they have hardly left a grey hair to cover it.” There was a perfect picture of desolation in that little sentence. The language of Irish metaphor is so strong that it bears thinking over; turn it as you will it is complete—there is no flaw in its construction—it is at once pathetic and forcible. I often call to mind the venerable man who had thus so happily expressed the loneliness of his situation. Clooney Blancy passed his latter years in migrating from parish to parish, and from ruin to ruin; he was fond of the “ould places;” though, unlike the “Old Mortality” of the great master spirit of our age, he had no desire to restore inscriptions or preserve monuments, he took much pleasure in patching up holes in crumbling walls, and spent the long days of summer, bare-headed, as indeed he always was, within their precincts.

Of all the ruins in my neighbourhood, he seemed most to delight in those of the seven castles of Clonines. Whether it was that they afforded him more extensive wandering-room, being scattered some on the very brink of the Scar, some far in the green and beautiful meadow, I know not; but I have often seen Clooney's bald head peeping above the gigantic trees of ivy that waved their sombre shining leaves in the gay sun, and heard the clatter of his trowel in the grey twilight of evening, as he pattered with the mortar or wet clay to “steady,” as he used to say, “the stones—poor things!” Clooney could not bear to see the stone of a ruin displaced.

“It was weary work for them who put them there, and why should their spirits be bothered by letting go to destruction what we'll never build the like of again?”

A very wealthy farmer in the vicinity of the magnificent castle of Coolhull was so seized by the English mania for whitewashing, that he actually expended much time in “making the dirty baste of a castle look decent for one't in its life”—he whitewashed it, inside and outside, even the splendid oaken beams underwent an ablution. Some one told Clooney of this, and never was “gaberlunzie” so enraged: he set out on a journey of twelve long Irish miles about ten o'clock at night, and before the next morning, by dint of scrubbing and washing, had succeeded in restoring the north wall of the building to its original hue. The farmer knew there was no use in contending with Clooney, so after in vain endeavouring to persuade him that the castle looked better, that that was the way they “*sarred*” ould English ruins in England,” and repeating, to no purpose, all the reasons in favour of whitewashing he had ever heard or imagined, he permitted the eccentric old man to have his own way, and, after a fortnight's hard labour, Clooney declared that “the darlint ould castle again looked fit to be seen.”

I met him, or rather saw him once, seated on the bridge of Tintern, not the Monmouthshire Tintern, but its Irish namesake. The abbey is the residence, or rather *ought* to be the residence, of the Colclough absentees. It is, however, but justice to Mr. Colclough to admit, that he has appointed an agent whose example and whose precepts are of infinite service to the country; upright, honourable, and sincere, the

agent of that happily managed property has proved himself the worthy son of a worthy father, and is both beloved and respected throughout the country.

"I'm lookin at that fine ould place with a glad heart, lady," said Clooney : "I've been outside every taste of that beautiful abbey this morning, and sorm as much as the paring of your nail out o' place : all the stones firm, and the ould ancient mortar as firm as the stones ; my eyes never ache looking at a fine even wall, and it's a good thing to see so holy a building so looked after ; the pigs and the rooks are the worst enemies I have : the pigs do be always rooting at my walls, and the crows—ah ! it's they's the bad stonemasons—it takes all the little thrifle I begs, and all the lime I gathers, to stop up the holes of them big black birds. It's a fine thing to keep a vow ; I'll tell your honour the vow the man who built that holy abbey made, and then I'll *insense* you into my own vow. I have heard, and believe it, that a great Earl of Pembroke, William by name, made an offring to found an abbey in that place where he should first arrive in safety, being out at sea in a desperate storm. Well, the blessed wather he landed in, and in safety, sure enough, was the beautiful bay of Bannow down below ; and if you look you will see the curos ould church by the same flame at the other side. Well, he was unlike many of the new gentry, for he thought of his word, and dedicated this abbey to the Virgin (holy be her name !) and settled a convent of monks that he brought from an abbey called Tintern, in foreign parts, into it ; and even when he was on his death-bed he left it with his beautiful lady to look to the comfort of these holy monks. Myself can't think of the half of those that came afther him, only I know that great Tory Queen Elizabeth (and by the same token it's red her hair turned just with the heat of the devil's fire in her head) —well, *she* took upon herself, to be sure, to give away the blessed abbey lands to one Toney Colclough for a dirty turn he did, as I have heard, though as I wasn't by, and there's as many lies a'most in printed books as there do be upon peoples' tongues, why I can't spake for certain, nor wouldn't in regard of the peoples that's in it now, which they are not, being in England."

"How are lies to get into printed books ?" I inquired of poor Clooney, repressing a smile at the same time.

"Augh !" exclaimed Clooney, shrugging his shoulders, "sure there's nothing more natural than to believe that them who would tossicate the air with their lies, would dirty the white paper with the same. I've a great dread of them book writers ; I never see one to my knowledge but onc't, and he was no ways differing from other people ; a great man I heard, with a paper up in Dublin."

"And so there was nothing particular about that gentleman's appearance, Clooney ?"

"Nothing that I remember : it's a long time ago, to be sure ; but, yes, there was. I heard say that he bet Father Roche by three tumblers, and walked steady afther it, and sure that was a proof to the wide world what a head he had !"

"So it was, but you promised to tell me the reason of your own vow. Is it true, as I have heard, that you have *taken an obligation* \* on your-

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\* *Irish*—for made a vow.

self never to wear a hat, and wander over Ireland until your death, repairing the ruins of your country?"

"It is, ma'am," replied Clooney, "every word of it true: but if you please I'd rather not tell it to you here, for the people do be passing, so we'll go across the bolreen, and into the meadow by the strame, and there, if you wish, I'll tell you every word of my history: not that there's much in the differ between it and any Irish history going, they're too much alike, that's the worst of them."

I followed Clooney, and as the old man trudged on before, I could not avoid registering in my memory the picture he represented; the few hairs which, according to his own observation, "the winds had left to cover his bare head," when unmoved by the air, full over his shoulders in two or three long thin tresses, now floating around him like a halo, and then twisting into elfin locks at either side of his bald crown: slung across his shoulder was his begging bag, patched with pieces of blue, red, or grey stuff, and his sturdy staff, from the top of which, suspended by a string, hung his trowel, was a genuine shillela, armed with a ferule, so that it would serve either for climbing or fighting; he was firm and erect in his carriage, and as he wended his way, first removing a car which was turned up upon its wheels to stop a gap, then striking his staff firmly into the ground, as if he delighted to see how deep it would go, as a specimen of the strength of his arm, it was impossible not to see in him the wreck of much bodily and mental power; and I called to mind sundry stories of poor Clooney, which represented him at once eccentric and superior to his associates, if indeed the peasants among whom he only passed occasionally deserved to be so called.

The spot he chose for his communication was—

"Where shady pathways to a valley led,  
A weeping willow lay upon that stream;  
And all around the fountain's brink were spread  
Wide-branching trees, with dark green leaf rich clad,  
Forming a doubtful twilight—desolate and sad!"

The very air seemed weighed nearer to the earth by sadness. As I looked upon the sky, its blue clear canopy grew grey and dim, and the stream murmured hoarsely amongst the sedges. Clooney was seated on a block of red granite, probably one which had not been needed for the completion of the bridge; he had unslung his wallet, and placed it by his side on the ground, his staff and trowel resting on it. I could hardly tell what made old "Grey Jacket," his soubriquet amongst the peasantry, so interesting to me at that moment: I suppose it was his being so admirably in keeping with the scene—the turrets of Tintern Abbey to the right just peering amid the trees; one arch of the old bridge we had stood upon seen above the swelling hill, and looking more calmly beautiful than ever it had looked before—at least to me—with its fringe of blossoming wall-flowers, and its patches of moss, green, grey, and brown, nature's own cunning embroidery: then, from far away, the boom of the fearful ocean came upon the ear, and I saw over the cliffs which skirted its shores the wavering and shining wings of the snowy sea-gulls, as they hovered for a moment in mid air, and then disappeared into the bay. So still, so calmly still was the scene, that I felt startled when Clooney's voice exclaimed "There's a soft seat for you, lady dear, upon



the stump of that ould tree, and you have no occasion to fear toads or sarpiants, or anything of that sort; I dare say you know why yourself;" and the old man smiled half in jest, half in earnest, at the allusion the Irish are so fond of making to the powers of Saint Patrick.

"Were you ever in Connamara, Dick Martin's kingdom, as I've heard it called lately, though that same gentleman's dead this good while?"

"Never."

"An more's the shame an the pity," he replied, "for Connamara flogs the lakes, and the Giant's Causeway, and the caves of Michelstown, for bare grandeur; it's a wonderful place entirely; so desolate, so lonely-looking, with nothing to disturb the clouds but an eagle flying through them, and the '*sough*' of the wind among the rocks is like the moaning of dead thousands; it's a wonderful district entirely—and forrigners, to look at it, would think there could be but small pleasure in living in such a place: but it's very quare to see how people take delight in what they're used to. To my thinking it used to be the joysomest place in the wide world. Well, lady, I was born and bred up just on the borders of Connamara, and had the run of the house of one Terence O'Toole."

"O'Toole of Mount Brandon!" I exclaimed.

"Mount Brandon was its English name, to be sure; but the gentleman was beyond your memory, died before your time."

"He did; but I have often heard both of his talents and eccentricities. So you were really brought up by Terence O'Toole—by a man whose ancestral property extended to thousands upon thousands of green and fruitful acres, whose power was that of a despot over his tenantry, and who died—Do, Clooney, tell me how he died?"

"Avick! how fond people are to know how people die, and yet, to my thinking, peoples' deaths have a sort of relationship with their lives; your quiet careful men die in their beds, while others, great, good, and of high blood, maybe have no bed to die on. Well, lady, I have heard tell that Terence O'Toole was, in his youth, I have heard, the handsomest man ever born in Ireland, and that's saying a bould word: he carried everything before him in college with his head, and everything out of it with his sword or pistol, for he had a dead thrust with the one, and a dead bullet with the other; he never put up with an affront, nor ever gave the wall to an inferior— or a superior; he was the devil for making love, which gave him some trouble in Ireland, but in far countries none at all, for there, I heard say, it's the ladies make love to the gentlemen: he was always the finest-bred man in the company, mighty civil and courteous, and christian-like too, for whenever he shot a man in a *jewel*\* he would always kneel down by the side of the corpse and ax its forgiveness, which the whole country considered very condescending in the same gentleman: he was also the finest dancer in France, and the best singer in Rome, when he was there—one who knew said that a French queen, who was afterwards beheaded, was deeply in love with him. In the thick of his young days his father died, and left him a power of land and a power of debts, but he didn't think it behouldin him to mind either the one or the other, though, like a thrue patriot, he gave up all foreign company-keeping, and resolved to spend his money like a prince in his own country. So fond was he of Mount Brandon, that he wouldn't be in

parliament, and was quite satisfied with returning the members without thinking of being a member himself: he made it a boast too that not a member should ever spend a farthing in treating the men, only all at his expense. A six weeks' election was nothing those times, open house for all comers and goers, whiskey on draft for the poor, and claret on draft for the rich; nothing but feasting and fighting. Ah! Ireland will never see such times again!"

"I hope not!" I ejaculated, as the vision of duels and shillelas rose before me, "I hope not!" I think Clooney looked at me reproachfully; I am not quite certain, but I think he did.

"Those were his young days," he continued, "and I suppose he thought they could never have an end; and, to be sure, every one in the country thought it high time for him to marry, but he did not think so himself, for his eye was set on a farmer's daughter on the estate, a young and beautiful girl, who loved him, as no one ever loved him before or since. She proved that, by bearing shame for his sake; and God knows, the memory of that poor girl's love is told by the ould people of Connamara to this day, the same as they'd tell of a ghost, to warn their daughters from danger. Her father was a cold, proud man, of an ancient family, and she was his only *dote*, and proud he was of the admiration bestowed upon her by high and low; though little he thought what was to follow: but when it was made plain to him, he said no hard word to her, but he took her hand, and walked her out of their house, and took the key out of the door, and nine straws out of the thatch, and he left her wailing in a neighbour's house, and went up to the Mount, which was *thronged* with company, and walked straight into the hall, where they were at their wine after dinner; and *murther* never saw him till he stood at the foot of his table, white as a sheet, and his teeth chattering. And the ould man laid the key of the farm and the nine straws upon the table without a word; and, having done that, he knelt down upon his bended knees, and he riz his long lean arms above his white head, and he cursed Terence O'Toole, with a curse that came slow and heavy from his lips, and that no one in all that grand company had power to stop; and when he had finished cursing, he turned his back upon them all, and stalked right away, without another word or a sign. It struck the murther, that if he acted so, he might ill use the poor girl, upon whom his heart had been so set. And as soon as he could he got away to see after her. He heard that she had been taken suddenly in her trouble in the neighbour's house, and that now she had a babbly on her bosom. Well, to be sure, he ordered everything for her like a lady, and went home, consoling himself for the sin, with thinking of all the good he would do for her, and for every one else; and how he would get her proud father over. But before the morning broke he was waked by the small cry of a babbly under his window, and he called up the ould housekeeper, for his heart mistrusted, and she took it in; and there was a taste of a note from the grandfather pinned on its breast; and when he read the note (no one ever saw that scrap from that day to this) he flew to the cabin she'd been in, and there was the wee of the world; for the ould man had first stole away the babbly, coaxed the stupid woman that had charge of it to let him have it to show its father; come back in no time, and, while the nurse slept, rolled his poor, feeble, helpless girl up in the

blanket as she lay, and carried her, God knows where. Well, to be sure, O'Toole roused the counthry, and, for that the snow lay deep on the ground, they tracked the old man's steps to the border of a broad lake, and there, lady, the mark of the feet ended; but the ice of the water was broken and destroyed at the edge, and under it——!"

"Good Good!" I exclaimed, petrified with horror.

"Ay, sure enough, lady, the proud ould man had buried his own and his child's dishonour under that ice!" He paused, and then continued. "The gentleman took no pains to hide his sorrow; and the monument to *her* memory was put up of beautiful white marvel; and some talked of *her* end, *but more talked of O'Toole's generosity.*"

The world, I thought to myself, was the same then that it is now.

"I have heard tell," recommenced Clooney, "that the masther was never to say like himself aither that day; he took on more than ever with the fighting and the drinking, and seemed for a time to love nothing but the hounds. But a talk of great trouble came over the place, and the great gentleman was afraid to go off his own land, for fear of being took; and then came a dissolute of parliament, and he was advised to go in, and so he did; and promised the gentleman he had got in before a situation. Well, he went off in great grand style to Dublin, where the parliament was then; and some English lady at the castle, with thousands, fell in love with him and married him, though he never held up his head like a man aither. She was a weakly, conceited, little lady, and was never to say asy, till she got him to London; and I've seen a deal in my life, but I never saw the Irish fortune, to say nothing of the remnants of one, that could stand London yet. The masther, when he would come home, was not like himself, but chuff and rough; and the expenses at the Mount made less, and many retainers turned off, and ancient residents cast away, and the family seldom in it, and the masther high and up like with the gentry. I remember once he went as foreman to the grand jury with padlocks on his pockets, and when asked why, he made answer, he was afraid to go among such a pickpocketing set without them; and so they challenged him to fight, and it was a fine sight to see them all go out one aither the other, and he flinging away, winging one, laming another, and so on; but he behaved mighty like a gentleman all through, for he did not shoot one of them dead. Another election came on, and who should start against the masther, but the very gentleman that he had brought in so often—set up against him upon his own ground, out of revenge for his forgetting the situation he promised—and such a contest!—the ouldest people in the counthry never remembered the like. The luck of the O'Tooles turned; he fought—was wounded—and lost the election. This was not long before the Rebellion; and sure any one then would know that troubles were coming, both to the ould residents and the country itself. 'Where's your mistress?' said the masther to the ould houskeeper, and she handing him a drink of whey out of a silver pint. 'My lady's in her own room, very bad with the narvous disorder,' replied the ould woman. 'And my sons, where are they?' 'Indeed, then, they're just amusing themselves with shooting each other for divarshun, now the bother of an election is over.' 'This is not wine-whey,' said the poor gentleman. 'My grief, no, Sir; but it's good two milk,' she made answer. 'Sorra a drop of wine in the

cellars; and the devil of a marchant has sent in an execution, over eleven hundred, for his bill, and no one here strong enough to keep it out; only I oughtn't to be telling you the throuble, my darlint masther, while the weakness is on you.' She might well think of the weakness, and he almost fainting. 'Where's the boy?' said he again; 'and by the boy' he meant me.' 'He's below,' she said, 'after hiding some of the plate under the turf-rick, for fear of them vagabonds seeing it.' 'Send him up,' says the master; 'and though I'd the run of the house all my life, it was the first time I was ever had up before him. He called me to his bedside, he put his hand upon my head, and looked for full five minutes in my face; he then sighed out from the deep of his heart, and turned upon the bed.' 'May I go, your honour?' I said. 'Ay,' he made answer, 'do; why should you not go, poor boy? those I trusted in are all gone.' 'May be your honour would let me try to turn the luck, by staying,' I made answer. He held his hand over the side of the bed; I fell on my knees and kissed it; and I never left him from that day to the day of his death."

The old man, overcome by the full gush of remembrance, laid his head on his hands, and continued silent for some minutes.

"The young gentlemen (he had but the two) were fine, proud, wilful boys; that on the tip top of an English education had been learnt what faults their father had done; and indeed they did pretty much the same themselves, only in a different way, siding with their mother against him: and she had none of the great love for her husband which makes people cling to the throuble, sooner than lave the throubled. I'm not going to set up but what the masther was hard to bare with; he certainly was. Yet any way, she soon took herself and her children off to England, to her relations—poor wake lady! The best property that could be sould was sould; and, at last, if it wasn't for the tenants who had been made over with the land to the new proprietors, the house of Mount Brandon would have been badly kept; but they were ever and always sending a pig, or a fat sheep, or something on the sly, to the housekeeper, who knew they war for the masther's use, and he none the wiser. Oh! 'tis untold what I've seen him suffer; trying, in his grey-headed years, to swallow the pride: and when at last we found that some, though they knew he had nothing but his body to give, wanted that to rot in a jail, we were night and day on the watch to keep them out; and one night the masther says, in his strange way! that there was no gainsaying, 'It's a fine, clear night, and I should like to walk to the ruin by the side of the monument.' I couldn't tell you how his health had gone, and his strength along with it, every thing but his pride. And the ould housekeeper and myself went along with him; and he romanced so much as we went, first about one thing and then about the other, that I thought the throuble had turned his brain. It was a clear, moon-shiny night, and the stars were beaming along the sky, now in, now out; and he sat down upon an ancient stone, as this might be, and he says,—I remember the very words—

"'Boy,' says he, 'the time will be, and that not long off, when what little respect belongs to ould families and ould ruins will be done away entirely; and the world will hear tell of ould customs and the like; but they will look round upon the earth for them in vain—they will be clean gone! If I had my life to begin over again, I'd take great delight in

restoring all them things. It's no wonder I should have sympathy with ruins; I, who have ruined, and am ruined.'

"'Sir,' said the old housekeeper, who was hard of hearing, and stupid when she did hear, 'Sir,' says she, 'sure Michelawn and the boys might mend the ruins up of this ould chapel, if it's any fancy for it you have.' So he looked at me, and smiled a sort of half smile, could and chilly, without any thing happy in it; like the smile you see sometimes upon the lips of a corpse when the mouth falls a little—a gasping smile. 'Sir,' keeps on the ould silly craythur, 'come away home, for it isn't safe for you to be any thing like out of the house, which you havn't been for many a long month before.'"

"True," said he, "true, just let me look here;" and he turned to where the little monument stood to the poor girl's remembrance, and he laid his hand on the marble urn, which was at the top, and drew it back on a sudden, as if he had not thought it would have been so could. He then rooted with his stick among the buttercups and daisies that grew about it; and, with a quick thought, flung off his hat, and fell on his knees upon the grass. As he fell, so four men, vagabonds of the law, sprung on him. Whether he felt their hould or not is between him an heaven; but this I do know, that when I looked in his face, as they held him up off the grass, he was dead. And that was the end of the most beautiful and most accomplished Irishman of the last century.

"It was his end, God help us! And the murdering villians kept possession of the body for debt. The neighbouring gentry would not suffer it, and offered to pay the money; but his ould tenants would not hear of that; they rose to a man, over the estates which had once belonged to him and his, battled the limbs of the law out of possession, and gave the masther the finest wake and funeral that the counthry had seen for fifty years. There was a hard fight betwixt them and the constables when the body was moving, but they bet them off. And then—whew!—who would follow them into the Connamara hills!"

"What becam of his sons?"

"They are both dead: nor is there one stone upon another of Mount Brandon."

"But your obligation?"

"Ay! didn't you hear that he wished the ould ruins of ould Ireland looked to?"

"True; but why do you wear no hat?"

"Didn't he, who was so high, so great, die that bitter night, bare-headed?"

The old man's eyes were moist with tears.

"One other question, Clooney; the poor girl's child—the baby who wailed beneath his window?"

"Didn't he call me 'boy,' and give me his hand to kiss; and don't I do pilgrimage through the world for the sins of my father and my mother! The poor girl's babby was the only child that loved him!"

## MR. BULWER'S INTRODUCTION TO "PELHAM."

✓ WE have a great affection for novels—old and new, good, bad, and indifferent—something preferring the old and the good. We can welcome them in all shapes,—in three volumes, in two volumes, in one. All we desire is to have them. If we have a grateful feeling, therefore, on earth, it is for the generous speculator who, to satisfy such as ourselves, publisheth whole libraries; conveyeth novels to us in monthly convoys; ushereth in to us, at stated and not distant intervals, portions of large squadrons of such books, which, in pure love for us, he hath marshalled, ready for introduction, in long array behind. Above all things in the world, we like to reckon on the certainty every month of one of these visitors of some sort or other—an old friend or a new.

Here, then, is the sample of a stock which has exceedingly pleased us—the announcement by a most admired friend, "Mr. Henry Pelham," of a long list of acquaintances who are to arrive in succession after him. Ah! such acquaintances should be welcomed and cherished, for they never change. We may take them with us wherever we go, in the certainty that they will remain the same. Some of them, it is true, we are not sorry at times to lose sight of; but how many stay with us, and we desire to stay, unchanged for ever! There is Parson Abraham Adams, who, to this day, does all sorts of delicious and noble things,—still does he regret the loss of his "Æschylus," forgetting that he could not see to read if he had it; and only this morning we saw him leap out of Peter Pounce's chariot, leaving his hat behind, which Mr. Pounce threw after him with great violence. What a list of such friends and visitors could we recite if it were necessary to call them to the reader's memory! There is "Tom Jones," who calls on us perhaps just after Sir Charles Grandison has gone; and Lady Bellaston, who, it is more than possible, may have met the Miss Marglands on the stairs. There is Pamela, excessively shocked at Squire Western, and unable to get out of his way; and in that corner are clustered together several very pretty and good-hearted girls, Sophia Western, and Sophia Primrose, aye, and our favourite Fanny, and Mrs. Honour herself is in waiting. Nor do these old acquaintances prejudice us against new comers. We have room for them too we trust. Novels, we again say, with all their various creations, are quite a passion with us. Even the worst we have some relish for (we can read them once),—and we can put up with the indifferent. We do not know how many new friends the present library may introduce to us, but we observe some promised whom we are prepared to give a welcome to. Let them flow in upon us! We have little doubt but that we shall find ourselves exclaiming with the poet—

"Hic ingentem comitum affluxisse novorum  
Invenio, admirans, numerum."

"Comitum novorum," that is, as a friend of ours translated it, "novel" friends.

There is one great advantage attending these libraries—supposing them

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\* Colburn's Modern Novelists, "Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman."

to be judiciously conducted, and presuming that the very bad will not intrude to try our feelings too severely. The newest faces they introduce to us will probably have ~~some marks upon them to show they have not~~ been unaccustomed to look upon the world. Now this may generally serve as a fair claim upon our notice. For, as Mr. Bulwer says, it is generally the case in the progress of a novel to posterity, as it was with *St. Denis* when he walked with his head under his arm, "the first step is half the journey." Mr. Colburn, for instance, has, in his time, published a large admixture of bad novels with good. He has had the honour of standing "pledged at the baptismal font" to as capital a set of creations as we can desire to hold our own—but he has also acted sponsor to a number of pretenders, whose small voices we never more wish to hear of. These, however, he judiciously proposes to renounce and deliver up for judgment. He means, as far as possible, to restrict his present publication to the reissue, in a new shape, of such as may now, at last, with a greater or less chance of success, fairly commit their cause to a sort of minor posterity. The purpose is excellent, and cannot be otherwise than successful.

The first volume, at least, is a capital earnest of success. "*Pelham*," a novel of the best school, which will be read as long as an admirer of wit or a lover of truth remains, with a new and most interesting introduction by the author, with a characteristic likeness of him, and (not least in our regard) a type which is not dizzying to the eye, as many which seem handsome are, but stands out from the page with a neat and compact elegance—"Pelham," we say, attended thus, has a kind of right to bespeak success for the whole series. His friends "*The Disowned*," and "*Devereux*," will not be long, we trust, before they join him. Complete, they shall have a sacred corner on our book-shelves. They shall meet *Fielding* there, and be within the reach of even greater than *Fielding*. They shall find themselves, as a reward for their life and knowledge, where memories of *Shakspeare* may be found.

Mr. Bulwer always uses his imaginative faculty, and his singular knowledge of character, to the very best purpose—

"He is a keen observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men;"

and he has a knowledge which increases the value of this a thousand-fold, inasmuch as it directs his observation to the establishment of high results of instruction and of moral profit and advantage. This, indeed, is what all true men of genius accomplish in one way or other. We recollect a passage, in which the matter is admirably stated by a somewhat shrewd Duncie—*Mr. Dennis*—and which we regret being unable, at this moment, to lay our hands on. He says, however, as well as we can remember, that men of genius always excite interest, or curiosity, or passion, in order to satisfy and improve, to delight and to reform the mind, and so to make mankind happier and better. He asserts that they do not prove their genius except by keeping two objects in view, a subordinate and a final one; and that the subordinate one is pleasure, and the final one instruction. Now this is a description of the character of Mr. Bulwer's novels, and the highest eulogium that can be passed on them. Even the short introduction prefixed to this edition of "*Pelham*" has increased his claims on our respect and attention. So true it

is that the most trifling contributions of a man of genius have value. He is like the lady in the fairy tale, of whom we have just been hearing a most interesting account from a *very* young friend, who could not open her mouth but out came diamonds and pearls\*.

This introduction, in truth, is full of important advice, and of encouragement for all who may adopt it. "For the formation of my story," says Mr. Bulwer, "I studied with no slight attention the great works of my predecessors, and attempted to derive from that study certain rules and canons to serve as a guide; and if some of my younger contemporaries, whom I could name, would only condescend to take the same preliminary pains that I did, I am sure that the result would be much more brilliant. It often happens to me to be consulted by persons about to attempt fiction, and I invariably find that they imagine they have only to sit down and write. They forget that art does not come by inspiration, and that the novelist, dealing constantly with contrast and effect, must, in the widest and deepest sense of the word, be an *artist*. They paint pictures for posterity without having learnt to draw." Mr. Bulwer impresses also with great earnestness on the mind of the candidate for literary honour, the necessity which exists for the greatest and most undivided attention to the mere art of composition. It will startle the young "genius" who fancies that he has merely to wake up some fine morning, without any previous effort, and find himself on the spot extremely famous—to hear that Mr. Bulwer, a man of a genius as unquestionable as the best that ever adorned this country, has been obliged to purchase the facility of expressing his thoughts by a most laborious slowness in the first commencement, and a resolute refusal to write a second sentence until he had expressed his meaning in the best manner he could in the first. Nor is this all. He will learn, besides, that such labours as these make that well nigh certain which is almost impossible without them; that a man's own exertions are indeed his best patrons; that the public is the only critic that has interest and no motive in underrating him; and that "pride of carving with one's own hands one's own name" is worth all the praise and all the "cheers" of reviewers that ever befooled or misled the world.

Mr. Bulwer's simple and manly statement is indeed a very heavy hit at these gentlemen reviewers. With the honourable exception of three weekly journals, the "Literary Gazette," the "Atlas," and the "Examiner," "Pelham" was received with indifference or abuse by all the critics. But Mr. Bulwer indeed explains it. "I knew not a single critic, and scarcely a single author, when I began to write." "I have never received to this day," he proceeds, "a single word of encouragement from any of those writers who were considered at one time the dispensers of reputation. Long after my name was not quite unknown in every other country where English literature is received, the great quarterly journals of my own disdained to recognise my existence." Why the truth is, and Mr. Bulwer knows it, that these reviewers are in the main very sorry fellows. The fact is, men who review books are

\* We must, however, except the *Political* writings of Mr. Bulwer,—and express our sincere regret that one so admirably calculated to inform our minds, improve our tastes, and administer to our enjoyment, should descend from the high pedestal on which he stands to struggle in an arena—for the ungraceful and unholy combats in which he is altogether unfitted by nature, habit and education.—ED.



generally men who have found themselves unable to write them; and men, moreover, who entertain on that score reasonable annoyance and spleen. They have been foiled in literature, therefore they set up as its guardians. St. Neponuk was made the patron saint of bridges, and of all who pass over them, simply because he himself happened to lose his life from a bridge. The reason is an exquisite one, and very plain; and so is it with our critics. Some, however, it will be urged, have really passed the bridge. It must have been an asses' one then. They may have written books, but the books, we dare be sworn, were very bad ones. But enough of the reviewers.

A narrow escape, too, Mr. Bulwer would seem to have had from those more dreaded, and more powerful guardians of the gates of literature—the publishers. We have here a description of the first trials he made, and of the reception they met with from “a celebrated publisher, who considered the volume of too slight a nature for separate publication, and recommended me to send the best of the papers to a magazine. I was not at that time much inclined to a periodical mode of publishing, and thought no more of what, if *nugæ* to the reader, had indeed been *difficiles* to the author. Soon afterwards I went abroad.” On his return he had the good fortune (yet how much less an advantage to him than to the world!) to meet with a more favourable reception for his subsequent writings from Mr. Colburn.

This edition of “*Pelham*” is rendered still more valuable by the first publication, in a sketch of some forty pages, of the original germ of that masterly novel. The reader will follow with interest these “first sprightly runnings” of Mr. Bulwer’s genius. They sufficiently indicate the full stream of wit, eloquence, passion, and power, which was so soon to follow. Mr. Bulwer, though a boy in years when he wrote “*Mortimer; or the Memoirs of a Gentleman*,” had yet some experience of the world, which he had entered prematurely. The result is precisely what was to have been expected under such circumstances. The world is the agent, the man the passive instrument. “*Mortimer*” is changed by the usages of society, against which he cannot struggle, and becomes little better than a fiend. The way in which this is wrought is really at times appalling, from the very levity and boy-like sport of the most passionate situations. We feel ourselves one moment in the control of a master of the emotions, and find ourselves laughed at the next, and made nearly ridiculous. Out of all this how nobly, and with what a fine self-correcting moral, “*Pelham*” has arisen! There we find, that let the usages of the world be what they may, a man of sense can subject them to himself, instead of being conquered by them, and “gradually grow wise by the very foibles of his youth.” Mr. Bulwer has, indeed, wrought out his own conception of a new, a useful, and a happy moral in this celebrated work. He has redeemed and brightened the commonplaces of life, and proved that “the lessons of society do not necessarily corrupt, but that we may be both men of the world, and even, to a certain degree, men of pleasure, and yet be something wiser—nobler—better.”

We are very sure that no one ever yet read “*Pelham*” in a right and proper spirit without feeling thus—wiser, nobler, better for its lessons. That has already secured for Mr. Bulwer the grateful hearing and the applause of posterity.

## A "PASSAGE" IN THE LIFE OF TOM BERMINGHAM.

"Tom!" said my worthy progenitor to me, as we sat one evening over a second bottle of unpaid claret, at his chambers in Albany; "Tom, what is that ungentlemanlike and ill-folded dispatch that you're conning so attentively, with a face that's enough to turn your wine into vinegar?"

"My tailor's bill, Sir," said I, with a groan that came *ab imis præcordiis*, followed up by a scarcely audible maledictory exclamation, which I will not repeat, for fear of shocking the ladies.

"Poor devil!" ejaculated the "governor."

"Meaning me, Sir?" said I.

"No, Tom, meaning your tailor; you're welcome to the benefit of it, however. But no matter; fill your glass, and let us hear the sum total."

"Only five hundred, Sir, in round numbers."

"Is that all? how very moderate!" exclaimed my exemplary parent.

"Why, indeed, Sir," said I, "it might as well have been a thousand, for any chance he has of seeing his money."

"That you may say, Tom; but this sort of thing can't go on for ever, and how long do you flatter yourself that it will last?"

"That is a point beyond my powers of computation, Sir; a spent fortune is like a spent cannon-ball—it goes a great way before it stops."

"Ay! but it *does* stop at last, Tom; and let me tell you, there was but a small trifle of powder in the charge, at starting. Tom, there's but one thing for it, and I've told you so a thousand times, only you keep never-minding me; you must marry an heiress or a rich widow."

"The Lord defend me from widows, Sir!" exclaimed I, with a shudder (for there *was* a widow—and a rich widow too—but more of her anon); and as for heiresses, Sir, I don't believe in them. They are like ghosts, or mermaids, or griffins, or unicorns; one hears of such things—some of them well-authenticated cases too—but one never meets with them oneself."

"Psha! Tom, you are a lazy, indolent dog, or you might do very well, if you would set about it in earnest; to begin with, you are a devilish good-looking fellow!"

"So the women *do* say," answered I, with a peep at the chimney-glass.

"Six feet one."

"In my stockings," said I.

"Young enough, in any conscience," said my father.

"I should think so," said I, "in spite of my wig."

"A Captain in the Guards."

"True," said I, "for the last ten years, and heartily sick of the same."

"Heir-apparent to an old Baronetcy, and an estate of three thousand a year, in the county Tipperary."

"Yes," said I, "saddled with a double mortgage, and the jointures of two immortal old women!"

"Well, Tom, all the more necessary for you to make the most of it. You know very well it's all up with me; and if this infernal dissolution takes place, I shall find it convenient to cross the water for the benefit

of my health ; but it's of no use talking to you. Are you going to the Opera to-night ?"

" I believe I must look in there by-and-by ; Lady Hornsey has sent me a ticket, as usual."

" Ay, ay ! There's a chance for you, I have no doubt, if you think proper to avail yourself of it ; a mighty good sort of woman, I'm told, with a clear five thousand a year."

" Yes, with a face like a nutmeg-grater, and a squint that's enough to give one a vertigo !—old enough to be my mother, too !"

" The carriage is ready, Sir Dionysius," said the servant, most opportunely interrupting our *tête-à-tête*.

" Well," said the Baronet, " go your own road, Tom ; you young gentlemen are always too wise to be taught—you must buy your experience, and a rare price you are likely to pay for it."

" Faith ! so I ought," said I, " for it's the only thing I am ever likely to pay for !"

Thereupon, my revered relative walked off, leaving me to the society of the empty claret-jug and my own reflections.

" Tom," quoth I, soliloquizing, " the governor is right—something *must* be done in the matrimonial line—it is now or never—you will be thirty next month—' time has thinned your flowing locks'—a grey hair makes its appearance now and then in your whiskers—but for all that, your day is not yet gone by—you must be ' up and doing,' however—the spring is half over—there is an end to all things in this world, even to the patience of well-bred duns and the credit of civilized debtors—it is highly probable that before the shooting season fairly sets in, you may be reduced to the dreadful alternative of Lady Hornsey or the King's Bench—' the dagger or the bowl' with a vengeance !—*N'importe !*—death before the dowager ! say I ; but in the mean time, we may as well make the most of her Opera tickets."

" Habit," saith the proverb, " is second nature ;" which philosophical maxim accounts, they say, for the equanimity of eels under the process of excoriation, and the cheerful vivacity of lobsters during their immersion in boiling water. We certainly get used to everything in this world, from the tax-gatherer to the *tic-douloureux* ; and fortunately for myself, long practice had qualified me to emulate the firmness displayed by the above-mentioned ichthyological proficient in practical philosophy. In fact, although I could not be said, either literally or metaphorically, to have been ever flayed alive, *hot water* was a medium in which I had long existed so habitually, that my moral *epidermis* might be fairly reported as proof against a *scalp*. Thus it was that in spite of the uncomfortable prognostics in which my worthy father indulged, and I could not fail to participate, I found no difficulty in summoning the requisite degree of placid *nonchalance* to my aid ere I showed myself at the King's Theatre—no fit *locale* for the exhibition of blue devils, except such as figure in the opera of " Don Giovanni" or the *ballet* of " Faust."

To one less seasoned than myself to the *contrariétés* attendant on financial embarrassments, my entrance into the pit would have appeared singularly inauspicious ; for there, in the door-way, leaning with his elbow against the wall, while his correctly-attired person, gracefully disposed in conformity to Hogarth's " line of beauty," projected so far as nearly to impede the passage, stood my tailor !—the identical *schnei-*

der whose "small account" had given rise to the unsatisfactory discussion which I have just reported.

A tyro in the noble science of *dun-soothing* would certainly have endeavoured to slip by unobserved, under the conviction that it is highly inexpedient to recall the fact of your existence to the memory of your creditors, unless you have serious thoughts of paying them; but I knew better. Civility is a cheap "circulating medium," and although not strictly a "legal tender" for value received, it is often effectual to procrastinate still farther the long-deferred "resumption of cash payments." Mr. — was gazing intently through his mother-of-pearl *Devonshire*, which was *braqué* in the direction of a box on the first tier. *J'aurais pu m'éclipser*; but I scorned it.

"How d'ye do, Mr. —?" said I, addressing him with as much *disinvoltura* as if he had been a member of White's.

Mr. — acknowledged my courtesy with a flattered look. For a tailor, he was very much like a gentleman.

"May I ask to what 'bright particular star' you are just now confining your astronomical observations?" said I, seeing the *lorgnette* again brought into play.

"I was admiring the beautiful Miss Henderson," answered he; "in that box over the second chandelier. The great heiress, I mean."

"What! a beauty and an heiress, too! That is a conjunction unheard of in the planetary system of our London world. Perhaps you could put me in the way of an introduction."

"I very much wish it was in my power to do so, Captain Bermingham," answered the schneider, with an obliging smile and a respectful bow.

"So do I, with all my heart, Mr. —," said I, as I walked off; "for your sake, as well as my own," added I, *sotto voce*, however; for I feared he might think the observation personal.

"Well," thought I to myself, as I squeezed through the alley, in the direction of Miss Henderson's box, "*Fas est et ab hoste doceri*;" which, freely translated, means that a gentleman may take a hint even from his tailor. "Let us see what this divinity is like."

I looked up. I was transfixed. She was a divinity! Such an alabaster brow! such glossy ringlets! such Grecian purity of features! and, better still, such *British* purity of expression! such a soul in that soft dark eye! such a delicate tinge on that fair cheek! such grace and dignity in that swan-like neck; with a hand and arm, that might have driven Phidias himself to desperation! "She is an angel!" exclaimed I: "but an heiress! the thing is impossible."

From this vision of Paradise I turned to a far different object—my adorable widow, whose box was at no great distance, and so situated, that she could take very accurate note of the direction in which my eyes had been fixed for the previous ten minutes. From the unusual projection of her black velvet hat over the *parapet*, I shrewdly suspected that she was watching my movements; and although I was by no means desirous to encourage the development of her unhappy *penchant*, yet as I found her a convenient acquaintance, I came to the conclusion that politeness required me to pay my respects to her forthwith, especially as I might, perhaps, without any apparent anxiety on the subject, elicit some information concerning Miss Henderson, from one who dealt in all the gossip, and *more than all* the scandal, of London.

She received me but coldly, in consequence, probably, of the tardiness of my arrival; and seemed disposed to "play off" the individual who had preceded me in the performance of his *devoirs*. This was a raw-boned, pale-faced and lanky-haired Professor at the Royal Institution, who wore gold spectacles, and took vast quantities of Lundy Foot. His appearance, I should have thought, would have been a regular *scare-Cupid*; but Lady Hornsey was blue as ignited alcohol, and there is no calculating the force of scientific sympathies.

After remaining for a short time a silent auditor of some very inflammatory discourse concerning the nature of *gases*, sufficiently analogous to the state of the atmosphere, I determined to leave the worthy Professor in undisturbed possession of the field; and accordingly made my escape on the first practicable opportunity which a pause in the conversation afforded.

In spite of all my inquiries I could obtain no positive information on the subject of the lovely Miss Henderson, whose anti-romantic name I was the less inclined to deplore, from the consolatory reflection that it was *changeable*. That she attracted a good deal of attention was evident; but all those to whom I applied for the necessary domiciliary, genealogical, and financial *renseignemens*, seemed as much at a loss as myself to account for the sudden and unannounced appearance of so brilliant a luminary in the "starry firmament" of fashion.

It need scarcely be told that, ere the close of the *ballet*, I took my station at the entrance of the crush-room, to watch for the arrival of my nymph, on her way to her carriage. She came forth from her box, leaning on an elderly man, evidently her father, and accompanied by a mustachioed *merveilleux* in waiting. If she had appeared lovely at a distance, her attractions certainly lost nothing on a nearer inspection; and the witchery of her soft, clear voice, which occasionally reached my ear, as she addressed a few observations to her party, accomplished the work of fascination, and completed the measure of the romantic enthusiasm with which the first glance of her angelic countenance had inspired me.

While thus "drinking delicious poison" from her eyes, I stood gazing upon her in mute admiration, at a respectful distance, I heard snatches of conversation behind me, in which her claims and perfections seemed to form the principal subject of discussion.

"Lovely creature!—Splendid eyes, by Jove!—Miss Henderson—great heiress—uncle died in India—father, City man—very wealthy—Stock Exchange—hundred and fifty thousand down.—Man with her!—Lord Clon-something-or-other—Irish peer—very *hard up*—not a rap—cleaned out a few nights since at the Athenæum\*."

I looked wistfully towards the *interlocuteurs*, but they were strangers to me. I had, however, obtained some hearsay evidence respecting the lady, and was obliged to content myself with that for the present.

How malignantly envious I felt of Lord Clon-something-or-other when I heard the fair object of my devotion say to him, with a winning smile, as she prepared to obey the summons that reached her from below, "Remember, we shall expect to see your Lordship on Monday evening,—a very small party."

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\* Meaning, of course, *not* the distinguished club, but the notorious gambling-house of that name.

I followed the father and daughter down stairs, watched them into their carriage, and felt like Ruggiero in "The Rovers; or, the Double Arrangement,"—

"Barbs, barbs! alas! too swift ye flew,  
Her neat post-waggon trotting in."

"Coach, Sir?—coach, Sir? Cab, Sir?—cab, Sir?" was re-echoed on all sides.

A sudden thought struck me as the barouche drew off. I jumped into a cab—"Follow that carriage," said I to the driver. "Come, be quick! or you will lose sight of it."

"Why, then," answered the *auriga*, in tones that at once proclaimed his country, "bad 'cess to me if I don't make you spin over the ground in iligant style, and no mistake! Only it wouldn't do to stick too close to their skirts, as them devils of sarvents might smoke us."

"Umph!" thought I to myself, "a respectable confidant for an *affaire du cœur*, Master Tom Bermingham! But no matter; the end must sanctify the means."

On we went—the barouche before, the cab behind—up Regent-street, across Cavendish-square, up Harley-street, until the carriage stopped at a house situated within a few doors of the New-road.

The cabman still a good deal in the rear, checked his Rosinante.

"What'll I do now, Sir?" inquired he.

"Wait a moment," said I, "till the carriage draws off. But stay, I have it! It will be a rather hazardous trick, certainly; but there's nothing like making a bold push. Pat, you shall have a sovereign if you will undertake to overturn me as close to that house as possible—without breaking any bones."

"Done!" said he; "but I needn't send the cab over. I'll just dhrive again' that lamp-post—asy, like. Do you jump out, and throw yourself on the ground; lie *quite* (quiet), and lave the rest to me."

There was no time to be lost, as we heard the carriage-steps put down. While he spoke, Pat suited the action to the word;—bang we went against the post. I was not sufficiently prepared for the shock, comparatively gentle as it was. I was fairly jeked out, and, without any spontaneous effort, measured my length on the curb-stone rather more roughly than I had calculated; while my faithful squire set up a shout that might have been heard at the Zoological, and in two minutes the master and servants of the house were collected around me.

I lay quite motionless, and, to all appearance, insensible; while exclamations of terror and pity burst from the different individuals who composed the group, as they lifted me from the ground, and carried me, unresisting, into the hall.

I had scarcely been deposited on a couple of hall-chairs when I heard a female voice, which I immediately recognised, exclaiming, "Good heavens! what's the matter?" and a faint scream which followed the question proved that the fair inquirer fully appreciated the *awful* nature of the casualty.

"Here, Julia; for God's sake, your *vinaigrette*, *eau-de-Cologne*, salts—anything! Here's a poor gentleman who has just been thrown out of a cab. John, run for the apothecary round the corner! God bless me! I am afraid he's dreadfully injured."

I gave a faint groan, without opening my eyes.

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"Oh! for mercy's sake, bring him into the dining-room, poor young man!" exclaimed the lovely Julia. And when, in obedience to her benevolent suggestion, I had been removed to a softer couch, the dear angel actually went down on her knees, and began rubbing my temples with *eau-de-Cologne*.

Yes; I felt those delicate fingers on my forehead: her breath fanned my cheek! I would have broken ten legs to secure such a moment; and, lucky dog that I was! I enjoyed it in a whole skin.

I was fearful, however, of carrying the joke too far, lest the surgeon should arrive, and insist upon phlebotomizing me, or, what would be worse, discover that I was *shamming*; I therefore, with a deep-drawn sigh, opened my eyes, and looked languidly around me. What rapture, to meet the earnest gaze of those soft black orbs!—to see that heavenly countenance bending over me in anxiety and alarm—nay, as I almost flattered myself, with something of a tender interest!

"Thank God, he revives!" exclaimed she, in a tone of delight; but I could, of course, only recover my consciousness gradually. Before I was sufficiently collected to speak, one of the party, having unrolled me from my cloak, had extracted my card-case from my coat-pocket, and read my name and address as therein recorded—"Capt. Bermingham, — Guards, Albany."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Henderson, "Captain Bermingham, of the Guards! The son of Sir Dionysius, the member for —, whom we met at dinner last week, at the Seymour-Higginbothams'. He told me his son was in the Guards. I hope, my dear Sir," he continued, addressing me, "you are not seriously hurt?"

"No, nothing of consequence, I believe," answered I, faintly. "I really—I—am quite shocked—I am afraid I am giving a great deal of trouble."

"Don't mention it, my dear Sir," said my good Samaritan. "But pray compose yourself, until the arrival of the surgeon, who will be here immediately."

"Will he?" thought I; "then I must be off immediately, after I have secured an excuse for calling to-morrow."

"Thank you very much," said I, rapidly reviving; "but I trust I shall have no serious occasion for his services. My left arm is a little bruised, I believe; but I am sure I have no bones broken—I was only a good deal stunned. I shall, however, be quite well, in a minute or two, and cannot think of trespassing farther, to-night, on your kindness. My name is Bermingham—Captain Bermingham of the — Guards. I must make the best of my way home now; but I trust you will allow me, when I am rather more presentable, to have the honour of calling upon you, and expressing more fully the gratitude I feel for the benevolent attention I have received."

"I shall be happy to see you, at any time, Captain Bermingham—especially as I have the pleasure of being slightly acquainted with your worthy father. But you really must not think of going—you cannot walk, I am sure. But stay, if you really will go, my carriage is here, and shall take you slowly home."

"My dear Sir, I cannot think of —"

"Nay, I must insist. My coachman shall drive very carefully. In which direction were you going?"

"My dear Sir—you are too kind—my head is so confused—I scarcely recollect—I think—I believe I was going to join some friends in the Regent's Park, to sup after the opera; but, as you really are so kind as to allow me the use of your carriage, I shall trouble the coachman to drive me home to the Albany."

During all this time, I was furtively watching the countenance of the lovely Julia, whose interest in my welfare was apparently not diminished by my restoration to consciousness. I have no doubt I looked pale, for in the performance of my successful manœuvre, I had got a slight shake; and my left shoulder just warned me that there was sufficient of *reality* in the affair to heighten the effect of the romance.

I now took my leave, as gracefully as was consistent with the imaginary injuries I had sustained in the fall; and supported by the arm of one of the servants, I proceeded to the carriage. But before I had got out of the house, it occurred to me that I ought, in common gratitude, to inquire the name of my new friend, as I could not be *supposed* to know it. I therefore begged that he would have the goodness to inform me to whom I was so greatly indebted, &c. He complied by giving me his card, which, having asked it merely for form's sake, I put into my pocket without looking at it; and indeed there was not sufficient light at the street-door, where I received it, to admit of my reading the name.

"Place your honour," said the cabman, as I was slowly assisted into the carriage, "you've forgotten the fare."

"Get along with you," said the butler. "Do you think the gentleman's going to pay you, for a'most breaking his neck? You ought to be had up to Bow-street."

"Stay," said I, with Christian meekness, and a forgiveness of injuries that was truly edifying, "I dare say the poor man is not much to blame, and accidents will happen. Here is your fare, my good fellow," I continued, slipping a sovereign into his hand, "and for God's sake, drive more cautiously in future."

Mr. Henderson's servants delivered me safely in Albany, with every precaution that my *precarious* state required.

My father had not returned from his club, and I gave the strictest injunctions that he should not be informed of what had occurred,—supposing always—and I regret to say it was not a matter of course—that he did not make his appearance in that exquisite state of beatitude in which the vulgar cares of existence, and the trifling interests of humanity, sink into insignificance in the eyes of one who is

"O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

After a night of unbroken slumbers, enlivened by very agreeable dreams, throughout which romantic affection and marriage settlements—the darts of Cupid and the three per cent. consols—were oddly jumbled in my head, according to the usual incongruity of the fantastic visions of Morpheus, I arose in high spirits, and very little the worse for my tumble. As I was completing my toilet,—an operation in which I did not forget a black silk handkerchief, by way of a sling for my *invalided* arm,—as I meant it to do great execution,—I saw on my dressing-table the card which I had received from my Harley-street friend, on the preceding night, and which I had taken from my waistcoat-pocket while undressing. What was my surprise, when I discovered that, instead of



"Mr. Henderson," it bore the name of "Lieut.-Col. Sir George Jervoise!" Could it be the same card?—Yes, there was the address—No. —, Upper Harley-street.

"Well," thought I, "I took it for granted he was her father; but I suppose he is only her uncle. Perhaps her father is dead. So much the better—parents are sadly in the way, when a young lady is disposed to make a disinterested match."

With this consolatory reflection, I made my appearance at the breakfast table, where I found the "governor" all sympathy for my mishap, of which he had heard the most exaggerated accounts.

At his request, I now gave him my version of the affair, which was tolerably correct, as far as it went, although I took the liberty of suppressing such facts as I was not desirous to communicate. I therefore said nothing of Miss Henderson, but dwelt long and eloquently on the kindness of Sir George Jervoise. "He stated, Sir," observed I, "that he had had the pleasure of meeting you at dinner lately."

"To be sure, to be sure," said my father, suddenly recollecting the name. "It was no later than last week, at the Seymour-Higginbothams'. I sat next to him, and a very sensible, agreeable fellow he is. The dinner was given in honour of him and his young bride!"

"Bride!" exclaimed, or rather screamed I, bouncing from my chair.

"Why, what the devil's the matter with the man?" said my father, staring in amazement.

"Bride, Sir? Did you say 'bride'?"

"Yes, Sir! his bride! And a mighty pretty woman she is, I can tell you! with a splendid pair of black eyes. An heiress, too. They had only been married about three weeks. She was a Miss Henderson."

I started on my feet, upsetting sundry cups and saucers in the abruptness of the movement, tore off the sling from my arm, threw it into the fire, and began pacing the room with gigantic strides.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed my father, in real alarm, "the boy's mad! My life for it! he has had a concussion of the brain in that cursed fall!" And so saying, he began ringing the bell, as if the house was on fire.

"For heaven's sake, Sir!" said I, "don't alarm the neighbourhood. I have only made a confounded fool of myself;—that's all!"

"Well, Tom," said he, "I am glad it's no worse; but as it isn't the first time by a great many, to my certain knowledge, you may as well take it easy, any how."

"Take it easy, indeed!" exclaimed I. "When I have run the risk of breaking my neck for nothing! But you shall hear the whole truth, Sir, and judge of my disappointment."

I then proceeded to supply the deficiencies of my former narrative, and put my worthy father in possession of all the facts of the case. He listened to my recital with the most provoking hilarity; and, after complimenting me on what he was pleased to designate my "unheard-of impudence," and "unparalleled effrontery," he ended by declaring, with an oath, that I was his "own son, every inch of me."

"But, Tom, my boy," said he, "don't be down-hearted! There are plenty of heiresses—and pretty ones, too—to be had, if you will only take the trouble of looking for them;—and, at all events, if the worst come to the worst, there is Lady Hornsey."

"Don't mention the old sorceress!" said I, "unless you wish to give

me another fit of St. Vitus. I'll have nothing to say to her or any body else. I'll go at once, and throw myself into the Regent's Canal."

"Ah! then, Tom," said my affectionate relative, "sure the Basin in the Green Park is a deal more convenient!"

"Why, it's nearer, as you observe, Sir," said I. "But I wish to do the polite thing; and, after Sir George's attention to me last night, it will be but decorous to leave my card in Harley-street, P. P. C. on my way."

To Harley-street I went accordingly; and as, in spite of the awful discovery which I had made, I was rather anxious than otherwise to appear interesting in the eyes of the adorable Lady Jervoise, I judged it expedient to resume my sling, in case I should be admitted. But even this slight relief was denied me. Neither Sir George nor his lady was at home, and I was obliged to content myself with leaving my card, accompanied by a grateful message, which I trusted to the servants to deliver.

Never was the equanimity of my temper more grievously disturbed than on that day. But, lucky or unlucky, merry or sad, people in this world must dine, that is to say if they can get a dinner; and after fuming away my whole morning over the Sunday papers at the Club, I suddenly recollected that I was engaged for that day to Lady Horsey.

"Well," said I, "it is a bore, but I may as well go and see how the Professor gets on."

Whether it was that I had mistaken the hour, or bestowed too much time on the cares of the toilet, or that I wished, by concentrating the attention of the whole party upon me, to give greater effect to my *entrée*, I cannot exactly say, but I arrived late in Berkeley-square. The company had sat down to dinner. The first object that attracted my notice, as I entered, was the Professor, installed as *l'amî de la maison*, at the bottom of the table,—a post which I had frequently filled, at the request of the "fair hostess," who probably considered me in a state of probation for its more permanent occupancy.

Little did I heed the gleam of triumph which shot from under the specs of my scientific friend, for, lo! within two of him, radiant in all the splendour of her unrivalled charms, sat Lady Jervoise! Her husband (*ehou!*) was the dexter supporter of the chair.

I dropped into the only vacant seat, which, by good luck, was next to her. Our recognition was mutual; and my arm, still *en écharpe*, elicited the kindest inquiries, in a tone that was anything but indifferent.

The conversation proceeded with great spirit. Her manner was as fascinating as her countenance was angelic. Every sentence she uttered increased my adoration and my despair. I drank wine with Sir George, and wished he had pledged me in Prussic acid; but the only vengeance I had it in my power to inflict was flirting with his wife; which act of "wild justice," as Bacon calls revenge, I performed to the best of my ability. She listened with no reluctant ear to the "soft nothings" with which I assailed her; but every now and then I observed on her face a momentary expression of surprise, for which I was at a loss to account. At length, when, upon one occasion, I had said "your ladyship," she interrupted me with considerable hesitation, while a deep but most becoming glow of timidity diffused itself over her lovely countenance.

"Do you know," said she, "I rather think you are under a mistake with respect to me?"

"Indeed!" said I, while my heart gave a bounce. "Have I not the pleasure of addressing Lady Jervoise?"

"No," answered she, laughing; and directing my attention to a very pretty little black-eyed woman who sat near the Professor, at the opposite side of the table, "*that* is Lady Jervoise. You did not see her last night, for she was not very well, and stayed away from the Opera. I am her sister, and on a visit with her. *My* name is Julia Henderson."

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Reader, shall I go on? or do you anticipate the result? My star was in the ascendant! They say "the course of true love never did run smooth:" perhaps so; but with me the waters had been so "dark and stormy" at starting, it was but fair that, during the remainder of the voyage, the stream should flow in an even though rapid current. I have not space for the particulars; suffice it to say, that the fair Julia was a *co-heiress*; that her Indian uncle and stock-exchange father were both dead; that she herself was lately arrived from Paris under the care of a step-mother; that her fortune, which was, however, only half what my crush-room friend had reported, was entirely at her own disposal; and finally, that, within two months of my cab adventure, I had the pleasure of converting Miss Henderson into Mrs. Bermingham,—a transformation which, I am happy to say, we have neither of us, so far, seen occasion to regret.

C. H.

## THE CAPTIVE HEART.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

As the freed bird from its prison springs,  
With eager heart and glancing eye,  
And, spreading out its quivering wings,  
Flies upward to the happy sky,  
So my poor heart, so long thine own,  
At length from Love's enchantment free,  
Goes forth into the world alone,  
Exulting in its liberty.

But 'as that bird, a pris'ner long,  
With weary wing, unused to soar,  
Forgot to trill his joyous song,  
And feebly sinks to earth once more,  
So from its bonds released in vain,  
My heart its fainting strength essays,  
Then feels the recollected chain,  
And sinks—as in my prison'd days!

Alas! too like that wild bird's flight  
The heart which love at length sets free:  
He seeks the greenwood's known delight,  
And I my youth's lost liberty;  
Shunn'd by his mates, he flies alone,  
I, welcomed back by friends of yore,  
Find each vain pleasure tedious grown—  
My heart hath lost the power to *soar*!

## GENERAL JACKSON.

IN 1831 I accidentally missed my passage in the New York packet for Havre. I was going abroad for some years, but having made my adieux—painful ones in that country of strong domestic attachments—I had ten days upon my hands, and nothing promised to fill the time so satisfactorily as a journey of some four hundred miles, to pay my respects to General Jackson, and see the nominal capital of the United States.

I arrived in Washington on a hot evening in August. At this season our diplomatic metropolis is nearly deserted. I was set down by the stage-coach, in which I was the only passenger, at the door of a vast hotel. Ten or fifteen negroes, slaves and servants in the establishment, crowded around to take my baggage, and I was led through an inner court that resounded to my echoing footsteps, and, passing a hundred vacant apartments, arrived at the “cool rooms” I had asked for, at the end of a long kind of opera-house corridor. This was the great hotel of Washington, and the house in which the large proportion of the Members of Congress live during the session. It would accommodate, perhaps, three hundred people, and is built around two considerable courts, with galleries something in the fashion of an *auberge* in Switzerland.

It was a bright moonlight night, and I took the opportunity of the sun's absence to stroll through the city. As I took my hat, a young negro lad, who had been appointed to the particular charge of me, came up, and laid his hand affectionately in the small of my back, and, enquiring if I was rested after my journey, followed me out, and set a chair for me upon the side walk, in front of the hotel. One or two white persons sat smoking on the other side of the door, with their chairs resting upon two legs and leaning back against the house, and the unemployed blacks were gathered in a group at a respectful distance, chattering and laughing with animated voice and gesture, singularly in contrast with the supine attitudes and indolent under-tones of their white masters. My attendant, who I found was called “Vivian Grey,” in compliment to the then new novel of Mr. D'Israeli, seemed somewhat surprised at my rejection of the comfortable *al fresco* which he had provided for me; but finding I was bent upon a walk to see the town, he whipped off his white apron, stuffed it in his bosom, and followed me barcheaded, explaining the lions as he went along, but assiduously maintaining his position at half a step behind me, and though familiar and humorous in his remarks, preserving in everything else the respect of an inferior. Though an American, I was from the north, and as much a stranger to the manners of the southern blacks as an Englishman would have been (this was the first slave I had ever seen), and I must say, after a great deal of experience of servants in all countries since, that “Vivian Grey” and his brethren are by much the best class of servants, take them all in all, that I have yet seen. The objection of their familiarity is a trifle weighed against the simple affectionateness and interest in their masters from which it springs, and is better, a thousand times, than the insolent civility and selfishly-measured attentions of the boasted English waiter. Even with the charm of moonlight, Washington was a desolate scene.

The capitol, really a most noble and imposing structure, and capable of great defence as a work of art, stood lofty and lonely on the slight ascent which it crowns; and a mile off, on a similar swell of land, the snow-white mansion of the President was clearly visible through the transparent night; and between lay a long and broad street, lined with trees and houses, but with scarce a human being stirring from one end to the other. A group or two of negroes, distinguishable far off by their merry voices and hearty laughter, were the only interruption to the solitude and silence of the scene.

I breakfasted early the following morning, and in the course of the amusing gossip of "*Wivian Grey*," I discovered that I had two acquaintances then in Washington, one of whom, under the auspices of my Asmodeus, I started immediately to find. He was a very young man, the son of the President's most intimate personal friend. I found him in bed, and, having satisfied his curiosity as to the object which could "possibly" have brought me to Washington at such a season, he rang the bell. A black servant appeared.

"Here, George," said he, still half-asleep, "run up to the President's, and ask if he is well enough to see any one to day?"

Unskilled as I then was in the etiquette of courts, I was somewhat surprised at the facility with which a visit to the chief magistrate of a republic of fifteen millions of freemen was to be managed, and sat moralizing, while my grand chamberlain of twenty years got out of bed and despatched a morning toilet in the expectation of accompanying me immediately.

The servant returned in a few minutes with the intelligence that the President was ill in bed, but hoped to be up to-morrow. He was recovering from a severe attack of dysentery.

I employed the day in a visit to Mount Vernon, some seven miles distant: a spot not only interesting as the residence and tomb of Washington, but unsurpassed as a gem of natural scenery. The old mansion stands on a high terrace above the Potomac, commanding one of the loveliest views of mountain and water in the world. There are still living upon the place a few old negroes, who survive the service of the great saviour of his country; and several rooms in the house remain untouched, as they were left at his death.

On the following morning, at twelve, I met my friend by appointment, and walked up to the President's. The house is a fine one, and worthy of its tenant—considering him as a republican chief magistrate. The door was opened by a servant in plain clothes, who introduced us immediately to a small drawing-room on the first floor, in which we found several gentlemen, who had called unexpectedly like ourselves, sitting in animated conversation with a person who could not be mistaken for a moment. The President rose as my young friend presented me, came forward a step or two, and gave me his hand; and, after a few inquiries of civility, the conversation went on, and left me at leisure to study his physiognomy at my ease.

General Jackson is very tall, bony and thin, with an erect military bearing, and a head set with a considerable *fierté* upon his shoulders. A stranger would at once pronounce upon his profession; and his frame, features, voice, and action, have a natural and most peculiar warlikeness. He has (not to speak disrespectfully) a *game-cock look* all over

him. His face is unlike any other: its prevailing expression is energy; but there is, so to speak, a lofty honourableness in its thin-worn lines, combined with a penetrating and sage look of talent, that would single him out, even among extraordinary men, as a person of a more than usually superior cast. He looks like the last person in the world to be "humbugged;" and yet a caricature of him would make an admirable Don Quixote. In the days of chivalry he would have been the mirror of tried soldiers—an old iron-grey knight, invincible and lion-like, but something stiff in his courtesy. His eye is of a dangerous fixedness, deep set, and overhung by bushy grey eyebrows; his features long, with strong, ridgy lines running through his cheeks; his forehead a good deal seamed; and his white hair, stiff and wiry, brushed obstinately back, and worn quite with an expression of a *chevaux-de-frize* of bayonets. In his mouth there is a redeeming suavity as he speaks; but the instant his lips close, a visor of steel would scarcely look more impenetrable. His manners are dignified, and have been called high-bred and aristocratic by travellers; but, to my mind, are the model of republican simplicity and straightforwardness. He is quite a man one would be proud to show as the exponent of the manners of his country.\*

General Jackson would be a bad diplomatist in Europe, or any where without power. He has but one *cheval de bataille*—he rides down and breaks through every thing that other men would think of avoiding or circumventing. He cuts all gordian knots. His is no "head to creep into crevices." Having made up his mind as to his aim, and trusting to his own directness of purpose, he shuts his eyes, like the monarch of the herd, and charges—generally with success. His passions are said to be tremendously violent; and a long life has but little subdued their warmth. His paroxysms are not unfrequent; and sooth to say, he has often cause: for never man was so crossed and thwarted as he has been in his administration. His stern uprightness and singleness of mind, however, bring him generally well through. His immediate passion is soon over, but his purpose does not evaporate with his anger; and he has shown, since he has been in power, some rather startling specimens of his inflexibility. This extends to the desire of serving his friends, and *hinc illæ lachrymæ*,—it is the only thing like a breath on his justice. Immediately on his inauguration, he turned out inexorably every officer of the government, from the highest next himself, to the clerks in the post-offices, and rewarded his partizans with the places. Offering no pretence of excuse or apology however. He is quite above that. His reasons were openly avowed: he thought that where there was an advantage in his gift, his friends had the first claim. And a sacrificing business he would have made of it, if America had not been a

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\* In his early life Jackson was a partizan soldier upon the frontier in the Western Country. The principal scene of his exploits was in Tennessee, (where he has since resided,) which was not then one of the States of the Union. He acquired at this time (between the age of eighteen and twenty-five) a formidable reputation among the Indian tribes as a warrior, and was called, in their significant language, "*The Pointed Arrow*." In one of the deputations of Sachems to the Government, since he has been President, an old chief, who remembered him well, complimented him in the course of his speech, and quoted, in the graphic manner of Indian eloquence, a speech made at a war-council of the tribe, in which it was proposed to attack him and his party. "Shall we attack the white man?" "No! *The Pointed Arrow is there!*"

country where a man may turn his hand to anything at half a day's notice.

I remember very well that when Andrew Jackson was first named in a Western paper as a candidate for the Presidency, it was generally considered a joke. He is said to have thought it so himself; and a conversation has been published between him and some political agent of the party that took him up, in which he quite laughed at the idea. "No, no!" said the old General, "they may send me out to fight the Indians, but I should never do for a President." Little, in fact, had been known of him for many years. He lived in quiet retirement in the West, upon a fine estate he had hewn out of the forests of Tennessee; and now and then a traveller visited him as the old hero of New Orleans, and mentioned it in a letter to a newspaper; but he was considered quite as belonging to history. His "points" came out, however, upon inquiry, and, to everybody's astonishment, he was soon ahead of every competitor in popularity, and triumphantly defeated Adams (then President, and canvassing for his second election), one of the deepest diplomatists and wisest and most scholar-like of men. The latter, by the way, has since been returned by his native town as a representative; and after having been President of the United States for four years, is now a Member of Congress.

President Jackson is surrounded by men of first-rate talent; but he is a person to take advice, and follow it—if he likes! The leading man, the right hand of his party, is MARTIN VAN BUREN, who was recalled a year or two ago from the Court of St. James, his nomination having been negatived by Congress. Van Buren was the architect of his own fortunes, and is a winning, clever, subtle, politic man, who, in a country of more tortuous policy, would have doubled upon Machiavel or the Devil. I should think him by no means a bad man; but he acts as if he believed every one capable of betraying him; and while he pleases everybody by his agreeable manners, trusts nobody beyond the outside of his lips. He is cautious, impenetrable, and of infallible sagacity, turning the unluckiest *contretemps* to account, and never less defeated than when apparently down. Witness his election to the Vice-Presidency of the United States, immediately on his mortifying recall from England, when his enemies thought him politically "done for." He has quite made up his mind to be the next President (to which the Vice-Presidency has hitherto been the sure step); but, if I was of his politics (which I am not), I should fear that the tide upon which he and the old General have ridden to port has reached its limit. The next thing is the ebb! "

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## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Election Movements—A Coming Event—The Pilgrim for Portugal—Colonial Disquietudes—The Legal Circles—The Kemble Family—Matters Miscellaneous.

**ELECTION MOVEMENTS.**—In England, whenever there is great political excitement, every other pursuit is, for the period of its existence, abandoned. Arts, science, literature are all for the time paralyzed, and the public thoughts, and feelings, and interests are absorbed in the one universal subject.

The effect thus produced has been strongly felt during the last month. A general election involves not only the thoughts and wishes of innumerable partisans on either side, but actually and personally engages so many individuals in all parts of the empire, that scarcely a family exists in those classes where art, science, and literature are most cultivated, of which some one or more members are not particularly concerned. The result of this agitation is the reckless neglect of all ordinary pursuits, either of business or relaxation; and the canvassing, polling, and returning, take up the day and night in one unvarying round of solicitation and anxiety, discontent or gratification.

Of the elections, then, it becomes our duty to speak; and, although it must be admitted that the calculations of one party differ very considerably from those of the other, we are of opinion that the decided increase in the number of Conservative Members returned is perfectly satisfactory as to the stability of Sir Robert Peel's Government, provided the pledges of reform to a certain extent, which he has given, are acted upon in such a manner as to justify the support of the Conservative Whigs, who have, in a great many cases, promised the Ministry their provisional support. There are a certain number of Destructives who have made up their minds neither to trust nor try the new Government, and who, with the wisdom and justice so proverbially characteristic of the party to which they belong, have determined to oppose all their measures *good or bad*.

It is from this impartial and enlightened portion of our representation that has emanated a proposition, conceived in the pure spirit of their inflexible hate for the administration, to start a new candidate for the Speakership of the House of Commons. The election of Speaker being the first act of the newly-elected representatives will afford these enlightened patriots the opportunity of defeating Ministers, if they can, before they have done one single act by which their professions may be tried or their principles declared; and for this purpose Mr. Spring Rice, it is said, has been selected as the champion.

Everybody admits that, for Speaker, Sir Charles Manners Sutton has every possible qualification,—talent and temper combined,—patience most exemplary,—official dignity united with personal amenity,—and the experience derivable from seventeen years' faithful and honourable service;—in fact, his valuable qualities are acknowledged on all hands and by all parties. Yet, as he will most probably be proposed by the Ministerial party, he is to be opposed by the Destructives, without any other earthly view than to beat Ministers in the very outset of



their career; utterly careless of the prejudice and danger to the public service which must accrue from putting a novice into the chair at a moment when a new Parliament is assembled without one record to refer to, without one precedent existing, by which to shape their conduct or regulate their proceedings. The fire has destroyed all those documents which must be absolutely necessary to the guidance of the House under the rule of a new President. What signifies the public welfare? what matters the confusion into which the House of Commons must be thrown, provided Peel and his colleagues are discomfited before they have begun their arduous career?

In order to effect the expulsion of Sir Charles Sutton it has been alleged that he is a Conservative,—that he was instrumental in turning out the late Ministers,—that he has had frequent audiences of the King,—that he “rushed” to the Council to aid and justify by his presence many unconstitutional acts,—and, above all, to sanction the needless dissolution of Parliament. Of these allegations let us see the truth, and appreciate the value.

Sir Charles Sutton is a Conservative, most assuredly,—so are all the members of his noble family; but he was always a Conservative. He was a Conservative at the beginning of the first Reformed Parliament; and yet, although he had absolutely retired from the chair, Lord Althorp and the Whig Cabinet entreated him to return to it: he consented, and was re-elected Speaker on the motion of Lord Morpeth seconded by Sir Francis Burdett. During the two years of that Reformed Parliament his conduct was the theme of universal praise, and when the Session closed, his reputation and popularity stood as high as ever.

But then he had a hand in removing the late Ministry, and he had frequent audiences of the King. Considering that both Houses of Parliament had been burned, and that the King took, as everybody knows, a strong and gracious interest in the affair, nothing could be more natural than that the Speaker should be honoured with his Majesty's commands upon the subject. The King proceeded to Brighton, the Speaker remaining in London, occupied in getting a few rooms prepared in his half-demolished residence, to which he and his family in a few weeks returned, Sir Charles Sutton patriotically preferring to live in a portion of his ruined official dwelling to saddling the country with a charge for rent for the mansion of the Duke of Leeds in St. James's-square, which the Government proposed to take for his occupation until the rebuilding of the Parliament Houses should be completed.

Of his own motion the King removed his Ministers; and having done so, his Majesty came to town, where, as is evident, it became necessary to hold several Councils; Sir Charles Manners Sutton, being one of the very few Privy Councillors in London at that time of the year, was summoned to attend. To such a summons there can be but one answer,—of course the Speaker obeyed it, and was present upon several occasions, and his opponents say upon one specially, when the useless dissolution of Parliament (which, since they have seen the results, most desperately offends them) was decided upon. Whether the Speaker was or was not present at this Council can make no kind of difference; but it so happens *that he was not*. The dissolution was settled in a Council at Brighton, to which, as there were Privy Councillors enough without him, the Speaker did not go. Equally false are the histories of

his constant visits to Sir Robert Peel, the reports of which have been industriously circulated, in order to prove that he was actively engaged with the Government, in which, strange to say, if he were so deeply interested in the expulsion of the last one, he has not secured himself any one of the high offices which must necessarily have been placed at his disposal, as a return for his extraordinary exertions.

It is, however, decided that the Destructive struggle against the Government is to be made upon the election of Speaker; and although, if Sir Charles Sutton chooses to be put in nomination, we believe him to be perfectly secure of a triumphant return, we think the fact, that the Destructives mean, if possible, to defeat a Ministry before they have done anything either to prove or disprove the truth of their professions, the sincerity of their declarations, or the purity of their intentions, is quite sufficient to show the principles upon which the Destructives act, and the motives by which their actions are regulated.

The extraordinary feature of the elections is the decided manifestation of Conservative feeling amongst the people. The list of more than one hundred and ten Conservatives who were not in the last Parliament, but who have supplanted as many Radicals and Destructives who were, has been so frequently published and republished, that we do not think it necessary to submit it to our readers; but we do think that when the few following results of contests, taken from the long and gratifying catalogue, are looked at, we shall be borne out in the assertion of our belief that, if they act up to their promises, the present Ministry are likely, not only to be firm and lasting, but to be one of the most popular Ministries that ever was formed in this country.

At Ipswich, Kelly and Dundas, Conservatives, eject Morrison and Wason, Destructives; at Yarmouth, Praed and Barigg, Conservatives, expel Rumbold and Anson, Destructives; at Leicester, Goulburn and Gladstone supplant Evans and Ellis, Destructives; at Ripon, Dalbiac and Pemberton beat off Staveland and Crompton; and at Southampton, Dottin and Hoy defeat Easthope and Bingham. These are all double gains, besides all the single changes, which have been more numerous in the boroughs where the Destructives piqued themselves on certain success. In counties, the Conservatives have likewise shown their strength. Buckinghamshire has returned *three*—Chandos, Young, and Praed; Cambridgeshire, Yorke and Eaton; South Lancashire, Egerton and Wilbraham; South Derbyshire, Gresley and Crewe; Norfolk, Walpole and Wodchouse; East Surrey, Alsager against Briscoe; Lincolnshire, Corbett against Ingilby; Kent, Geary against Rider; Gloucestershire, Worcester against Moreton; Northamptonshire, Knightley against Althorp (on his intended nominee); Suffolk, Vere against Shawe; and so on, until we come to South Hampshire, where Fleming and Compton have sent to the right-about Lord Viscount Palmerston and Sir George Staunton, the one late Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the other formerly Ambassador to the illustrious Wong-Fong-Tong-Jong, Emperor of China, of *Koo-too* celebrity.

We do not enumerate the sixty or seventy single defeats which the Destructives have experienced; but in summing up with as much accuracy as possible the certain supporters of the Government so long as they pursue the course they have announced, we should say that the Conservatives will muster above 300; and to these are to be added men

who are yet unsettled, and who wait to see what will happen. That much *will* happen to surprise the country we have no doubt; nor can anybody with confidence reckon upon the results of the first Session of the new Parliament, who bethinks himself that we have all the practical knowledge and official experience of the present Ministry embarked in the cause of moderate and constitutional reform; that we have Messrs. Cobbett and Fielden publicly expressing the most Conservative principles, a determination to support the King's Government, and a rooted hatred and contempt for the paltry absurdities of such men as Mr. Wakley, Sir John Campbell, and Mr. Carlile, who talk of stopping the supplies and overthrowing the country, by way of working her regeneration. "

Byng, the old Middlesex Member, in a letter to his constituents, thanking them for his return, says that he trusts they will never abandon the cause of reforming the evils which assail this country, because so long as he can remember—and that is a tolerably long time—the English people, rich and poor, have enjoyed blessings and happiness in a degree not known to any other nation upon earth. Hume, our other representative, has at length established his reputation upon really strong grounds; he stated his claims upon the affections of the electors to be founded upon the same principle as that which induced the Romans to consecrate a certain well-sized bird. "Gentlemen," said Hume, "the preservation of a community may be worked by a very unpretending individual—Rome was saved by a goose—I am the goose of Middlesex"—an admission which was received with the most enthusiastic marks of concurrence and approbation. We have no more space for these matters; and before we meet our readers again, the fight for the Chair and the division on the Address will have proved whether we are right in our speculations.

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A COMING EVENT.—The reports which some weeks since were very general with respect to the probability of an increase in the highest family in the realm, have assumed a more authentic character, and we believe we may safely state that these rumours are well-founded. Upon a subject of such vast importance—as we take it to be—to the welfare and happiness of the country, it would be premature and indelicate to say more; but certain we are, that the probability of our being blessed with a direct descendant from his Majesty, to whom the nation might look with hope and confidence, as its future Sovereign, would be hailed with universal joy and satisfaction.

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THE PILGRIM FOR PORTUGAL.—The Duke of Leuchtenberg, engaged to marry Donna Maria da Gloria, under the name of Prince Augustus of Portugal, has been here sight-seeing in London. The King of England presented the Duke of Leuchtenberg, *alias* Prince Augustus of Portugal, with two horses and a snuff-box, all of which, in case of need, may serve his Highness *at a pinch*.

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COLONIAL DISQUIETUDES.—We have occasionally mentioned our apprehensions as to the state of the West India colonies, and the consequences of that most extensive and expensive measure of emancipation which the late Government carried. Our fears, we regret to say, have all

been realized. Nothing can be more distressing or deplorable than the accounts which have reached this country from Jamaica; and we need hardly say that, *pars pro toto*, Jamaica represents the feelings and embodies the opinions of the whole of our occidental colonies.

We are always inclined to treat with caution, and even suspicion, reports and details emanating from private individuals, who may be more or less affected and operated upon by the measures of a Government; but in the case of Jamaica, we regret to say that our information is gathered from non-private or individual source—it is embodied in a report of the House of Assembly and the Council, made by order of the Governor, which report presents to view the difficulties and dangers to which our settlements are exposed by the misapprehension, so frequently foretold, of the black, who believes freedom and idleness synonymous terms. We ought, however, to say, that much of the mischief connected with the present case arises from a mistaken partiality on the part of the Marquis of Sligo for the *suffering blacks*.

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**THE LEGAL CIRCLES.**—In the course of the legal promotions to which we last month referred, Sir James Scarlett, as we stated, has become Lord Abinger, and Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. The death of Sir Elias Taunton has made another vacancy on the Bench, to which Serjeant Coleridge has been elevated; it was generally rumoured in the newspapers that Serjeant Spankie would have been the new Judge.

Mr. Serjeant Coleridge is universally well-spoken of for his professional abilities and his private worth. It is true that, for a short time, he edited the "Quarterly Review," and therefore we are astonished at even his success; to have been, however, remotely and questionably connected with the public press is, we are told, as great an obstacle to preferment with the present Government, as it was in the time of Lord Liverpool. The reason for this disinclination to advance literary men is said to arise from an apprehension that such patronage might lead to the belief that the Government stood in need of their aid.

The death of Sir Elias Taunton was awfully sudden; he left his dinner-table at an early hour on the day immediately preceding the opening of term, in perfect health, and in less than half an hour was a corpse.

Sir Frederick Pollock, the Attorney-General, has been returned for Huntingdon, and Sir William Follett, the Solicitor-General, for Exeter. It is said that the latter learned Knight will succeed Mr. Justice Coleridge as recorder of the ancient city which he represents, and of which he is a native.

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**THE KEMBLE FAMILY.**—We understand that Mr. Charles Kemble's second daughter, who has been undergoing a rigid course of musical education, bids fair to become the most eminent English vocalist ever known. The reports we have received justify us in holding out the most sanguine expectations. She is said to unite all the qualities of voice, person, and science, not only in music itself, but in general accomplishment. We suppose she will appear—we are sure she ought—in England first; although it is necessary, it seems, that Italian music should be the medium through which her powers are to be made manifest to her countrymen and countrywomen. We suspect if Mr. Laporte secures

her, he will take in a trump to his hand which will give him a better chance of winning this season than he ever had before.

**MATTERS MISCELLANEOUS.**—His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland has returned to London from Berlin, accompanied by Captain Slade, Mr. William Holmes, and Mr. Jelf. The Duke came direct in a steamer to Deptford. We rejoice to hear that Prince George's sight will in all probability be restored. The Lord Mayor of Dublin has fought a duel with Mr. Ruthven, in Dublin, in consequence of Ruthven's having been rude. The Lord Mayor resigned his office, had two shots at his man, (whose friend, Mr. Jacob, swore he should stand there to be shot at till the *repale* of the Union, before he should make any apology,) and then came back to Dublin, resumed his office, and was loudly cheered.—The O'Connell faction is evidently on the decline. The Irish people begin to appreciate the humbug of the *rint*, and think it a very unnecessary exhibition of Dan's talent to extract sixteen thousand a year from empty pockets, and get his bread out of the wallets of a starving population.—Lord Haddington has reached Dublin as Lord-Lieutenant, which, as we know nothing of state secrets, we suppose to be a very fine thing; but why his Lordship was appointed, we, of ourselves, are as much at a loss to guess as we are why Lord Heytesbury should have been named as Governor-General of India. Sir Henry Hardinge, from whose firmness and decision, clearness, integrity, and intrepidity, much is to be expected, had also arrived as Chief Secretary; and Sir Edward Sugden, the Lord Chancellor, has taken his seat in his court.—The Irish elections have turned out well in the main; and after a scrutiny, a few of those which look ill, will come off well.

We regret to announce the sudden death of Lady Dinorben, wife of Lord Dinorben, one of the pitchfork peers, better known as Colonel Hughes, of Kenmel Park. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was staying in the house at the time, when great preparations were making for the celebration of his Royal Highness's birth-day the next day. Her Ladyship was a Miss Grey. The cause of her death was an apoplectic seizure.—Sir Philip Sidney, son-in-law to his Majesty, has had revived, in his person, the ancient barony, which was several centuries ago in his family, of De Lisle. His Lordship has also been appointed one of the Lords of the Bedchamber.—Sir George Seymour has been honoured with the Grand Cross of the Guelphic Order.—Mr. Gregson, the eminent barrister, who drew the Reform Bill for the Whigs, has been appointed by Sir Robert Peel one of the Under Secretaries of State for the Home Department.

The general report is that a most sweeping measure of Church reform is in agitation, and that the Bishop of London is in constant consultation with Sir Robert Peel. We are glad to hear that the Archbishop of Canterbury is also consulted upon this most vital question.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

## Cunningham's Edition of Burns' Works.

WHEN Mr. Cunningham's first volume of the new edition of the works of Burns appeared about a twelvemonth ago, containing the life of the poet, we spoke of it in terms of the highest commendation, promising regularly to notice the volumes as they appeared. This we have failed to do; delaying till the work was complete, when we should be able to consider it better as a whole, and by that time becoming even more deeply acquainted with the great author.\*

We remember also in our article, alluding to Mr. Cunningham's competency for the task, praising his care as an Editor of former works, and his great merit as an original writer. Such qualities as these fitted him admirably for what he had undertaken—a correct and enlarged edition of Burns; but he had other advantages. He was born and brought up in Dumfries, the town where the last days of the great poet were spent, and where his ashes now rest,

“Mong crowded obelisks and urns.”

He had, in addition, from his youngest days been a lover of poetry, and had listened to Burns at the house of his father,—the steward in the estate in which the farm of Ellisland is situated. The years, then, that Mr. Cunningham has lived, have been so many years of observation on the life and character of the poet. Since the article alluded to was written, we have again perused the Life of Burns, and glanced over the former biographies by Currie, Lockhart, and Walker. Mr. Cunningham's is the most comprehensive and correct,—he places clearly before you the extraordinary course the poet ran—you seem to feel his painful situations—you account for the wildness of his life; by the burning strength and impetuosity of his passions, than which there have been none more vehement—you see the dissipation (but Burns was not, it must be remembered, an habitual drunkard, a man glorying in insobriety) that the neglect his extraordinary genius sustained brought upon him. Every error of his short but remarkable life may be accounted for, by the situations in which he was placed; but confess we must, that had Burns been patronized by the nobility of his country, his life would still have been “wild from wisdom's ways,”—he never had that control over his passions, which would have completely kept him from the paths of wickedness and sin. Pity is it that we cannot say of such a man—

“His course to the latest was bright!”

But we may justly remark with Wordsworth, in his “Address to the Sons of Burns, after visiting the Grave of their Father,”

“Oh! be admonish'd by his life,  
And think and learn.”

It is now too late in the day to question what right Burns has to be considered as one of the greatest poets of this nation; all snarling and cold criticism falls off his name like rain off a duck's wing (to use a true simile). As a poet who addresses our feelings and touches our sympathies, and the finest chords of our heart, who is superior to him?

“He is one of the first in the very first rank,”

as Goldsmith\* says of another. He writes boldly, untrammelled by rules,

\* We are pleased to see that Mr. Prior, the well-known writer of the Life of Burke, is nearly ready to publish a Life of Goldsmith, for which he has, for many years, been collecting materials; and we are happy to state that his labour has not been in vain. Many curious facts in the life of Goldsmith we shall now become, for the first time, acquainted with. His works will be published at the same time in monthly volumes.

speaking "the language of the soul," and careless of the rigid laws and rending talons of criticism. There is no poet has finer outbursts, not even Shakspeare; but then the darling bard of Scotland wants the grandeur and sublimity of the bard of Avon. He is as equal in his flights as Shakspeare, and soars always on top of Parnassus; but Shakspeare and Milton are the supreme gods of Britain's poetic mount, and will never be displaced; a thousand years may pass by, without the appearance of a poet in any nation equal to them.

Had time and fortune attended Burns, what was there he could not have written? His mind was capable of the most sublime and most passionate effusions—how many of his lyrics attest this; to name merely one or two.—"The Song of Death," "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," "To Mary in Heaven;" but, unfortunately, he was one of the many treated hard and sharp, by being obliged to add

"Night to day, and Sunday to the week."

He died in his thirty-seventh year. At that age, both Dryden and Sir Walter Scott were unknown to fame. What then could we not have had from him, had he lived till he was sixty-two, the youngest age of the two authors just named? What would have been his drama of "The Bruce," for which the noble lyric of "Scots wha hae," &c. was written? But let us quit a subject which it is painful to ponder on, and attend to the volumes before us.

Here is the 2nd volume, containing sixty four poems—the whole of those contained in the first edition published at Kilmarnock in 1786—with several additions which the poet never printed. There are thirteen pieces which never made their appearance during Burns' life-time, and nine printed neither by Currie nor Cromek, the whole chronologically arranged, and illustrated with notes historical and critical.

The third volume opens with the Address to Edinburgh—

"Edina! Scotia's darling seat!  
All hail thy palaces and towers,  
• Where once beneath a monarch's feet,  
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers!  
"From marking wildly scatter'd flowers,  
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,  
And singing lone the lingering hours,  
I shelter in thy honour'd shade."

Written when Burns was on the tiptoe of hope!—in the happiest day of his existence! Then follows, for the first time in print, a singular epistle of some fifteen verses to Major Logan: several are in the poet's happiest manner; this is one—the Major loved to play on the violin:—

"Hale be your heart! Hale be your fiddle!  
Lang may your Elbuck jink and diddle,  
To cheer you through the weary widdle  
O' this wild warl',  
Until you on a crummock driddle  
A gray-hair'd carl"

We cannot refrain from quoting another, equally good:—

"Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon  
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,  
And screw your temper pins abune  
A fifth or mair,  
The melancholeous lazie croon,  
O' cankrie care."

Another new piece is an "Elegy on the Death of Dundas of Arniston," with which, Burns says himself, he was never pleased. The first copy of verses written in Friars Carse Hermitage, the property of Reddel; a

strange "Epistle to Hugh Parker;" some complimentary lines to John M'Murdo, the father of "Bonnie Jean," and "Phillis the Fair;" another version of the "Kirk's Alarm;" a letter to Graham of Fintry, on the close of an election in the county of Dumfries, the best friend, perhaps, Burns ever had—his stay in life, and friend to his Muse; three electioneering ballads, and his elegantly-turned compliment to a pretty actress.

"Sweet naïveté of feature,  
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,  
Not to thee, but thanks to nature,  
Thou art acting but thyself.

"Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,  
Spurning nature, torturing art;  
Loves and graces all rejected,  
Then, indeed, thou'dst act a part"

This volume contains between 150 and 160 songs, many of which will be new to more than one-half the numerous readers of Burns! These treasures are taken from Johnson's "Musical Museum"—a work the first number of which was published during the poet's sojourning in Edinburgh. He was a constant contributor to the volumes, furnishing songs of his own, and "brushing up" (as Mrs. Burns said) the drossy strains that had sailed down the stream of tradition; to many of these he gave, as the Highland-man did to his pistol, a new lock, a new stock, and a new barrel, making them completely his own, merely preserving something of the hue and mould of the original. Cromek tells us that Burns contributed to the "Museum" "one hundred and eighty-four original, altered, and collected songs;" and how many of these had, before Mr. Cunningham's day, been published as Burns'?—why, not fifty! Mr. Cunningham tells us that those additional songs printed from Johnson, he gives on undoubted authority. We believe him; for though Burns said, in a letter to Wm. Tytler, "I invariably hold it as sacrilege to add anything of my own to help out with the shattered wrecks of venerable compositions," yet he was then writing to please a capricious antiquary. The poet elsewhere wrote—"The songs marked Z in the 'Museum' I have given to the world as old verses of their respective times; but, in fact, of a good many of them little more than the chorus is ancient, though there is no reason for telling every body this piece of intelligence\*." We ourselves have seen a copy of Johnson's "Museum," we may inform Mr. Cunningham, in which is written, with the poet's own hand, "B, R, and X are Burns'." The lady to whom the work was presented, and in which Burns wrote several beautiful verses, printed in Vol. III., is still alive to attest this, with the volumes in her own keeping.

Volume V. contains the correspondence with George Thomson, and the songs contributed to his work; interspersed are seventeen songs which Burns supplied Johnson with. Notes are added, pointing out the olden strains, and affording many curious anecdotes regarding the heroines, with a very interesting account of Highland Mary. The poems and songs are arranged, as near as can be, in a chronological order.

The sixth volume commences the correspondence: the letters addressed to Mr. Thomson are so linked with the songs, that it is impossible to separate them. Here we find four love-letters, addressed to a Miss E., written in 1783, which were printed in Currie's first edition, but omitted in all the others; and four-and-twenty letters found neither in Currie nor Cromek. These explain many points in the poet's life, and present us with many additional facts,—such as his quarrel with Robert Aiken (to whom the "Cottar's Saturday Night" is addressed), his separation from Jean Armour, his departure for Jamaica, the printing of his first volume, and his Edin-

\* See Cromek's *Select Scottish Songs*; and vol. viii., p. 154.



burgh expedition.\* Other letters explain the cause of his delaying in Edinburgh, which neither Currie, nor Lockhart, nor any former biographers could assign any just or plausible reason for. These are valuable additions to the life and works of such a man as Burns.

The seventh volume concludes the letters, and is as rich as the former in its additional information.

The eighth and last volume gives us the "Remarks on Scottish Song," amply illustrated by the editor; some curious fragments called "The Ayrshire Ballads," which Burns sent to Tytler; an account of two tours made on the Borders and in the Highlands, here printed for the first time, (extracts, nevertheless, are given by Currie.) "The hastiest effusion," says the editor, "of a genius so original and rare merits preservation; we have too little of one who thought so well, and gave such vigorous utterance to his feelings."—p. 161. Then follows the "Common-Place Book," as printed by Currie and Cromek, to which the editor has made several additions, principally, or wholly, in verse; concluding with "The Poet's Assignment of his Works" to his illegitimate daughter—an "important document, which throws light both on the actions and feelings of the poet, during a period when 'hungry ruin had him in the wind.'"—p. 217. It is here printed for the first time. No life of Burns can be written without reference to a paper so highly interesting as this: it was only known to be in existence during the last two or three months. Mr. Cunningham tells us he is indebted for it to the kindness of Gilbert M'Nab, Esq., of Ayr, to whom, also, every Scotchman should be indebted for bringing to light a fine trait in Burns' character. He could not leave his country without providing for his illegitimate offspring: how many a person would have skulked from such a duty! An excellent and enlarged glossary, with a garland of poetical tributes, conclude this, the best and completest edition of the works of Burns.

We have now given an analysis of a work which every Scotchman, Englishman, and Irishman should be delighted with, and should possess; for Burns addresses himself to every feeling, every taste; he is a medley of delicious sweets for every palate: at times his muse goes so 'high-kilted' that she makes the face of decency blush; but oftener does she cause the smile and laugh of admiration, and the tear of pity. Whose heart has not beaten time to the glorious address of Bruce to his troops? or laughed laughs, "not three, but many," at Duncan Gray? let the tear fall as he read the pathetic address to Mary in Heaven? and, as the poet says,

"Who wadna be in love  
Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder?"

So, who is there but has admitted into his intellectual seraglio the two Bonnie Jeans, Phillis the Fair, the Blue-Eyed Lass, the two Jessies, Bonnie Lesley?—

"To see her is to love her,  
•• And love but her for ever;  
For Nature made her what she is,  
And never made another."

With many other such beauties, such graces, and such loves. What a gallery it would make! But who could paint such beings, with their divine attributes?—

"Her lips are roses wat wi' dew;  
Oh, what a feast her bonnie mou'!  
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,  
A crimson still diviner."

A Voyage round the World. By James Holman, R.N. Vol. II.

The first feeling naturally excited by these remarkable volumes is that of unqualified surprise, amounting almost to positive incredulity as to the physical disadvantage under which their author has laboured. Mr. Hol-

man, in his former works, presented a moral phenomenon to the world, which it was impossible to regard without deep interest, and afforded one of the liveliest illustrations of the "*nil mortalibus arduum*" ever supplied for the contemplation of the curious in the inexhaustible resources and diversified energies of man, as displayed under circumstances apparently the most unfavourable for their development. The accurate and highly satisfactory execution of his task, however singular from the novelty which attended them, was not in itself, however, so extraordinary as might, at first sight, appear. Every traveller is compelled to rely more or less upon the observations of others for his information. His own personal investigations frequently form but a small part of the materials for amusement or instruction which he collects; and even these are so liable to error, that they must frequently be subjected for correction or confirmation to the judgment of those about him before they can be depended upon as accurate or important. We repeat, therefore, that it is not in itself so remarkable that Mr. Holman should have proved a judicious and intelligent traveller, but that alone, and depending solely upon his unassisted resolution to overcome all difficulties, he should have thrown himself among the inhabitants of districts, with the language of which he was almost entirely ignorant,—that he should have had the courage to plan and the perseverance to execute his journeys under the greatest of all possible impediments, superadded to the obstacles which every one who passes through a foreign land must encounter,—that he should have exposed himself to the perils of the wilderness and the ocean without the slightest chance of escaping any one of their numerous casualties, had it occurred, and lost all sense of relative disadvantage under the absorbing influence of enterprise and zeal for inquiry,—this does appear a singular instance of fortitude and successful determination, which cannot be regarded in any inferior light than as affording to mankind in general a most instructive and important lesson. Premising this much, we proceed to give a brief abstract of the volumes before us.

Mr. Holman left England, in 1827, on board his Majesty's ship *Eden*, bound to Sierra Leone and the new settlement of Fernando Po, upon both of which important stations the author has given us observations of as much accuracy with respect to subjects on which the sight of the traveller is usually employed, as if made by the most curious of eye-witnesses. A great deal of interesting narrative is also supplied on the Ashantee war, with a description of the slave-trade on that part of the coast of Africa, while Dampier, or Cooke himself, could not be more graphic in describing the manners of the natives of those barbarous regions. From the shores of Africa, Mr. Holman pursued his way across the Atlantic to Rio Janeiro, and took an early opportunity of visiting the extensive mining establishments in the province of Minas Geraes, of which he has given a full description. We are next transported, in following this indefatigable voyager, to the Cape of Good Hope, where a residence of something more than six months was devoted to collecting all accessible information with respect to the colony, as well as to travelling a considerable distance into the interior, and visiting the settlements of Port Elizabeth, Graham's Town, and Bathurst: and, in connexion with this subject, a valuable statistical sketch has been procured of the rise and progress of the Albany Settlement. On his return to Cape Town, Mr. Holman seems to have carried his reliance on his own resources to the utmost, frequently passing from one desert station to another, with restive horses, and but a single native guide as attendant, and sometimes experiencing, in addition to the perils of the way, the most boorish inhospitality on the part of the Dutch settlers. After taking leave of Cape Town, the author proceeded to the Mauritius, and from thence subsequently to Madagascar, where an ample and comparatively untried field was presented to his eager pursuit of information. With his observations on this island the second volume of his work is con-

cluded. The remainder is yet unpublished, and few readers we imagine will accompany Mr. Holman thus far without looking forward with interest to its appearance. We do not doubt that it will fully equal in merit what has already appeared from the pen of this intelligent writer; and, in the mean time, merely assert, that, considering the discouraging circumstances under which he has laboured, and the ability with which those circumstances have been met and completely obviated, a more able, certainly a more deserving candidate for approbation, has seldom presented himself to the notice of the reading public.

The Princess. By Lady Morgan. 3 vols.

This work is in three volumes, and may properly be divided into three parts, though not according to the arrangement of the book. The first comprises the political history of Belgium, the second a description of its capital, and the third the characters and incidents of the novel—which seems merely a vehicle for communicating the other two.

With respect to the first, we differ *toto cælo* from her ladyship. At the time of Julius Cæsar the people were a part of France, and from that period to the year 1830 they continued the dependency of some other power,—now of Spain, now of Austria, and now of France again. Nor was it for want of opportunity that they remained in this state of degradation. Their neighbours, the really *bold Batavians*, who formed part of the seventeen provinces under the same Spanish despotism, threw it off as an intolerable burthen, but *les braves Belges* would not follow the heart-stirring example of their gallant countrymen, who justly earned for themselves a name and rank among independent nations. This yoke they carried in contented slavery till Europe was liberated after the deposition of Napoleon, and new arrangements took place. Of all those which the Holy Alliance chose to make, this was perhaps the most, indeed the only one, marked by judgment and beneficence. The seventeen kindred provinces were reunited. Belgium became a constitutional part of the state of the Netherlands, sent her deputies to the common legislature, and enjoyed a freedom, security, and independence, never before known or even contemplated. But *les braves Belges*, like Mr. East and the Birmingham Dissenters, would not accept of any boon, however valuable, conferred on them by Tories. After enjoying a state of unexampled prosperity and civil liberty for fifteen years, their patriots seized on the first commotion in Europe, to display their discontent, and a revolution the most causeless and silly was again enacted. We are so tired of political commotion, and so anti-destructive in our principles, that we sincerely hope the arrangements now made in this country may be permanent—but we hardly can expect it. If it had not been for the protocols of other powers, the ephemeral independence would long since have ceased; for after a four days' excitement had subsided, *les braves Belges* showed themselves utterly incapable of resisting the forces of their fellow-subjects, as they will be of any other power: and we anticipate that the first commotion on the continent will again make Flanders, as it has been for the last century, the arena on which contending armies fought, and again become the dependent province of the strongest—a catastrophe to which, as a component part of the powerful kingdom of the Netherlands, she could not be liable. But, as her ladyship says—*nous verrons*—we would only add, that the line of argument she adopts on this subject is that which O'Connell and his faction applied to Ireland, when agitating the question of repeal and separation. Has her ladyship joined the party, and does she throw it out as “a coming event which casts its shadow before it?”

With respect to the second portion, her description of the sight-worthy objects in the capital, we think it a great improvement on the books hitherto published, though some that we have seen a little resemble it. We have now before us one in French, in which a lady, like Homer's Minerva, takes

a gentleman by the hand, and leads him through all the lions of Bruxelles. This was written just after they were enjoying the excitement and benefits of the French Revolution, and the streets in the plan are marked *Rue de la Liberté, Place d'Egalité, de la Révolution, &c.* In the work we are noticing, a lady takes the hero by the hand in the same manner, just after a similar event, and directs his attention to everything worth seeing in the capital.

The third part, which is in fact the novel, is a strange story. A Belgian lady comes over to England without much more apparent purpose than that of reconciling a man to his wife; and to effect this conjugal purpose, she is a perfect "Mathews at home," now dazzling as a Princess, now fascinating as an *artiste*, and now *pottering* along as an old *béguine*. The parties proceed to Belgium with some other company, but the moral object is not effected; the wife goes off with another man, and the deserted husband proposes to marry his kind mistress, but after all she won't have him. Among the characters introduced are some Irish, but her Ladyship seems to have fallen out with her native land, and bestowed all her love on her adopted Belgium. 'Tis true indeed that her hero and heroine, who turn out to be cousins, have a drop of Hibernian blood in their veins, though contaminated with that of the Saxon and the Pole; but her genuine Milesians are not favourable specimens. Sir Ignatius Dogherty is a stupid, unfeeling sot; his wife, a vain vulgar fool; Dr. De Burgo, an artful selfish coxcomb; Mr. W. W. Macnally, a common swindler; even Larry Fegan, of whom better things were expected, turns out an ungrateful, reckless, drunken jockey. We are sorry to see such representatives of the Emerald Isle exhibited by one of its most patriotic writers, and still more sorry to say that every thing has been latterly done in that unhappy country to render them like, by confounding the moral perceptions and eradicating the better feelings of the people.

With respect to the merit of the work as a composition, we think Lady Morgan has lost nothing of the talent which has so long distinguished her. She displays the same acute conception of character, the same happy adaptation of sentiment, and the same amusing and lively current of conversation. The careless morals, impudent assumptions, heartless attachments, and selfish feelings that distinguish certain exclusive classes in England are as well depicted, as the broad humour, the thoughtless enjoyment, the petty vanities, and the reckless dissipation of our neighbours of Ireland. Even on points in which we differ, we cannot withhold our meed of praise. In some of her political opinions there is more acuteness and solidity than we could expect; and while she seems capable of only skimming lightly the surface of things, we are no less instructed than amused by curious research and historical detail, and obtain new views of the arts and literature of a country, while we are merely following the incidents of a novel.

Arboretum Britannicum, or the Hardy Trees of Great Britain, Native and Foreign. By T. C. Loudon, F.L.H.G., &c. Part I.

We know no man more indefatigable or useful in his department than Mr. Loudon, or who has done so much or so well. He is never idle, but continually making valuable additions to our stores of botanical knowledge in everything immediately or remotely connected with the science. We have here a new work on a new plan, which proposes to supply a deficiency long regretted in this delightful pursuit, and we think the design as useful and instructive as it is original. It proposes to give plates of all the hardy trees, either native or foreign naturalized, by which their aspect and character will at once be recognized at a certain age, and to accompany the plates with letter-press describing their use and ornamental qualities, mode of culture, use in the arts, and other information. The want of a

work of this kind will be appreciated by the fact, that there are so few of our trees whose portraits even an artist can give with any accuracy. The oak, ash, weeping willow, and one or two others, are all that have been attempted among the vast variety.

Our author justly remarks on the importance of his subject that a knowledge of trees is necessary to the civilization of man. He might exist as an inferior animal on herbs and roots, but without the timber of trees he could make no progress in architecture, commerce, or agriculture. Trees seem to delight most in warm climates, but, like the larger animals, the larger vegetables are proportionably scarce. In the most favourable regions there are not more than one thousand genera; in colder atmospheres not more than one hundred; and in England not twelve, including about thirty species, which attain to the height of thirty feet. Many varieties, however, are produced by cross fecundation, and may be so to an infinite extent, and those so produced rendered permanent, by proper treatment, which the present work proposes to point out; and there seems to be no reason why the varieties of ornamental may not become as copious as those of fruit trees by such a process.

The engravings will present all the trees of ten years growth, within ten miles of London, and personally inspected by himself. He purposely selects that age because it requires such a period to become naturalized, and the arboriculturist who wishes to examine, or the artist to sketch and take the portrait, may know where to find it, and be sure, if it be a foreign tree, that it has not perished prematurely, and the attempt to naturalize it proved abortive. To give a more perfect idea, the engravings are all on a limited and certain scale. The whole tree is given in the proportion of one-quarter of an inch to a foot: a detached branch with the leaf having fruit or flower, two inches to a foot. To make the recognition more complete, if the tree be deciduous, a twig representing its appearance in winter is added to the species. In the first number are sixteen plates on tinted paper exhibiting portraits of species of the magnolia, acer, negundo, and aesculus, which give very fair promise of the value and utility of this interesting work.

**The Mayor of Wind Gap and Canvassing. By the O'Hara Family.**  
3 vols.

The wizard Walter Scott called a host of historical romancers into imitative existence; Scotch, Welsh, and Irish all came forward, crowding their offerings on the shrine of popularity, hoping for something of the rich reward which attended the efforts of the "Great Unknown." Undoubtedly the person of the most original and sterling genius amongst them was John Banim. His perfect knowledge of the people of whom he wrote—his power of creating mystery and exciting interest—his coarse but astonishing strength—his vivid imagination—made him at once

"If not first, in the very first line."

And when, from the quantity he at one time published, the English folk were somewhat tired of his various modifications of Irish character, it was not that his talent had decreased, but that the appetite for Irish novels was satiated.

It is, however, some time since Mr. Banim's health permitted him to write; and we are glad to see that however his *bodily* health may have decreased, his *mental* health retains its vigour and elasticity.

"The Mayor of Wind Gap" is as exciting and as powerful as anything he ever wrote. The national habits, peculiar opinions, and painful prejudices of the country are sketched and finished to the life; and the Strange Man of the Inch is an O'Hara creation that none other could create. The story is highly dramatic throughout, and would tell admirably as a melodrama, better perhaps than as a tale; for some of the conversations would

bear curtailings. Banim's dialogues are never as good as his incidents—they want animation, and are heavy when they ought to be the contrary. He is the best *raconteur* we have, and his Irish life, we repeat, is to the life. Let any one who is sceptical, read "Canvassing;" let them make acquaintance with the most inimitable post-boy that ever sat on a narrow bar behind a pair of Irish horses who would neither stand nor go; let them compare "My Lord's" driver with Miss Edgeworth's "Larry," and Banim's portrait will lose nothing of *individual* interest by the comparison; we say *individual*, because Larry's history is one of the most beautiful episodes in the wide world of fiction, and we have little to do with "My Lord's" driver when he has ceased to stretch his Lordship upon the rack. Let those who wish to have a vivid representation of an Irish election brought before them, read "Canvassing." The scene is inimitable—rich in tricks and shillelahs—and whiskey and fighting—a very jewel of elections! the bare reading of which would send any true-born Paddy forth with this petition, "Will any body fight me, for God's sake?" We do not like the winding up of the story as well as its commencement and progress. Mr. Banim's high life is not genuine—it wants grace, and ease, and polish; but we do not say this by way of censure. It would be ridiculous to set a Salvator Rosa to paint miniatures! and to our Irish Salvator we would say, "Do not attempt it."

Changes and Chances. By the Author of "Six Weeks on the Loire."  
3 vols.

We have read these volumes with *exceeding* pleasure, both as regards the story in motive and construction; there is healthy feeling and sound judgment in every page. The characters, though few in number, are well sustained throughout; there is no maudlin principle—no feeble writing—no false sentiment—all is as it should be in a novel intended for the amusement of young women. We wish there were many such works published, and then we should have sounder principles in practice. We love the old clergyman, and have encountered, since the days of the Vicar of Wakefield, nothing half so good. We, stubborn though we are, felt sorry at first that our heroine did not marry her first love; but we trust that the readers of "Changes and Chances" will admit, as we do now, how much more wisely she acted; nothing can be expected but misery from a reformed rake, notwithstanding the adage to the contrary. We cannot, however, avoid seeing that the tale suffers from being extended to three volumes; there is an episode introduced in the third which the book would have been better without, and though admirably written, it is a clog on the free current of the story, which otherwise would have been perfect. We remember the time when novels and romances extended to four and five volumes, but no one now-a-days would have the courage to publish anything beyond three. Why there should be *three* is a mystery we cannot solve; we know that the expense of advertising is the same, but that objection extends to *single* volumes, which, nevertheless, pour from the press continually, while *two* seem condemned to the booksellers' shelves; whereas, in five cases out of nine, the *construction* of the story is destroyed by an extension, which, for our own part, we consider not only unnecessary, but injurious. We hope to meet with the author of "Six Weeks on the Loire" in many chances; but in nothing, as regards her feelings or her style, would we have her *changed*.

#### Selections from the American Poets.

This neat volume is from the press of the Emerald Isle, and creditable to it. The reproach of *Irish editions* has now passed away, and the works

published in Dublin are not in any degree inferior, in point of execution, to those of a similar class in London. It contains what we have long wished to see—a selection from the poets of the republic, as giving a fair specimen of the sentiment, feeling, polish, and refinement of the people. "Let them not be estimated," says the compiler, "according to the biased misrepresentations of employed political partisans, whose interest it has been to set them before us in an unfavourable light; or of a weak and superficial woman, whose mortified vanity has led her to pour the vial of her pert contumely on America and the Americans." Though we cannot altogether agree with this estimation of the authors alluded to, we do think they travelled too much in the spirit of Smellfungus.

It is not to be expected that the infant state of society in America could produce those long and laboured epics to which the learned leisure of an adult people can alone direct its attention; but the shorter productions now collected are *scintillæ* which evince the existence of the fire which time and maturity will develope. Specimens are given from the works of forty American poets, some of whom—as Irvine, Willis, Ségourney, &c.—are already known to the English reading public. The rest are not so, and exhibit names which we never heard of before; yet many of the poems display considerable talent. "The Pilgrim Exile," by Pierpont, which we remember to have read some years ago, we think little inferior to Campbell's "Exile of Erin." There are, besides, eighteen specimens from anonymous authors, which we think superior to similar things in our periodicals. We will conclude with an extract from "The Blind Girl to her Mother." The author is, we believe, a young person who has written some very pretty lines on the Brazilian bird called *ben te vi*, which, however, are not in this collection.

"Mother, they say the stars are bright,  
And the broad heavens are blue;  
I dream of them by day and night,  
And think them all like you.  
I cannot touch the distant skies,  
The stars I ne'er can see;  
Yet their sweet images arise,  
And blend with thoughts of thee."

We have not room to quote more of this touching little song, or others equally beautiful.

Marston. 3 vols.

These are very entertaining volumes—we were about to describe them as *pleasant*—but the nature of the story forbids our using such a term. It is, in fact, a record of mournful events, the peculiar character of which, together with their asserted veracity, induces a feeling of surprise that they have not before found a narrator. According to report, the principal actors in this "strange eventful history" lived and moved some years ago in the circles of high life, the members of which will not improbably feel a good deal interested by the present development of the melancholy details. The dramatist—if we may so express ourselves—is in this case a lady, herself occupying a station in fashionable society; and if this be, as it is understood, her first appeal to the novel-reading world, we do not hesitate to say that it is an extremely creditable one.

We will just shadow forth the main incidents, to give our readers an idea of their complexion and character. Marston (the name given to the chief personage) is a man of fortune, and a follower of the ancient religion of the country. He has married in early life, and has by this union an only daughter. His wife, however, of whom he is dotingly fond, dies; and the bereaved man seeks consolation in devoting himself to the clerical offices

of his church. This step, of course, precludes his marrying again; but he cannot restrain his feelings and passions—and, in fine, imbibes a strong attachment to Mrs. Howard, a youthful widow. A series of conflicts ensues between conscience and passion; the latter unfortunately triumphs, and Marston becomes wretched and criminal. He at length seeks to destroy himself in presence of the woman he loves, and she, interposing, receives the contents of the pistol in her bosom. The hero of the tale, in a state of distraction, now flies (or rather is conveyed by a trusty servant) to the Continent, where, after some lapse of time, we find him superior of a monastery. The story now takes up the fortunes of his daughter Emily, and Charles Howard, son of the murdered widow,—and romantic indeed those fortunes are. Marston still occasionally appears upon the scene, his introduction being always pregnant with interest; his daughter meanwhile has risen into womanhood, and become a mother, and the singular and melancholy fate of *her* child concludes the narrative.

Thus far the work is tristful enough, but it is chequered and relieved in various ways. There are several very striking episodes introduced, among which we were particularly pleased with that of the mysterious, though not “ancient mariner;” but what tends to give the book a peculiar charm, and we may add value, is a detailed account of the magnificent proceedings carried on at the meeting of Kings and their councillors at Vienna, entitled the Congress of 1814. This account is, from its specification, really most curious. The reader is borne in imagination to the very spot; a glittering array of Princes high, and warriors mighty, and ladies bright, swims before his vision in the most dazzling colours: the gorgeous past is recalled—the dead or superannuated spring up again to life, activity, and enjoyment—until the stream of gaiety is checked by the astounding intelligence of the return of the banished Napoleon.

#### The Exile of Erin; or the Sorrows of a Bashful Irishman. 2 vols.

These two volumes sketch as they gallop; they are somewhat after the model of the old novelists, with a dash of satire in their construction, and an abundant supply of incident. A *bashful* Irishman is of course a palpable contradiction; a “living statue”—a “standing river”—an “honest lawyer”—are all anomalies that everybody understands; a “bashful Irishman,” consequently, never existed.

The flow of incident never halts for a moment—the impudent hero’s adventures are ever new, and, generally speaking, he manages to extricate himself from his troubles with marvellous tact and adroitness. He leaves his country fresh from the instructions of a priest and an apothecary, being a “poor boy”—has the impudence to make love to an heiress—marries—not his first love—visits Paris, Switzerland, London, Wales, Ireland, and—but we must not anticipate the termination of this Irish “Tom Jones’s” career; those who seek amusement will find much in its pages to serve the purpose admirably, and it is written with much greater attention to propriety and decorum than the once-celebrated book we have mentioned. There is a sound morality, too, throughout the whole, for the *bashful* (!!!) gentleman meets the reward he deserves, and his vices are not ushered forth as virtues; he is seen in his hideous deformities, and you feel that poetical and moral justice is rendered at the conclusion.

We must ask one question of the intelligent author, whose means of obtaining knowledge of the habits and manners of *mediocre* Irishmen must be very extensive—has he nine lives? because if he had twice nine, and crossed the herring-pond, they would be lives no longer; not a Paddy but would be prepared with a loaded pistol or shillelah to “batter the life out of him,” and we doubt much if this said book would not provoke the Lord Mayor of Dublin to a *second* “jewel.”



Irish brass will certainly carry an Irishman a great way; but we would not have the unsophisticated English reader take the book "for Gospel." It is an amusing, lively *brochure*, and many of the *sketches* bring the ridiculous portions of their originals vividly to our remembrance.

#### Fulcher's Poetical Miscellany.

We have been latterly much surprised, and in no small measure gratified, at finding in a little volume, whose exterior promised nothing more than is to be found in the generality of pocket-books, a collection of original poetical contributions, which it would be creditable to most existing periodicals to acknowledge. The Editor has succeeded in procuring the valuable assistance of Mary Howitt and Bernard Barton, who have both supplied pieces in no respect unworthy of their reputation. Our attention, however, has been more particularly called to a poem in two parts, entitled "The Two Pictures," which, although published anonymously, we judge, from certain internal evidences, to have emanated from the pen of a lady. Whoever may be the author of this truly delightful lyric, we are warranted in pronouncing an opinion, that if not yet generally acknowledged, the talent which has been equal to its production cannot remain long unknown, or without the appreciation it deserves; nor are we transgressing in any degree the limits of strictly-merited commendation; when we assert that the strength of conception and spirited versification in the specimen before us need but a more extended field and a favourable opportunity to ensure a high place in the elegant literature of a period distinguished for no mean proficiency of attainment in the mysteries of the "joyeuse science." Whether our prediction be correct or not it remains for a future day to determine. We congratulate Mr. Fulcher on his acquisition of so valuable a correspondent.

#### Bagster on Bees.

We have derived much amusement and instruction from a little volume written by Mr. Samuel Bagster, of Paternoster-row, on the habits and economy of the bee. It is an interesting subject, and he has treated it in a popular manner; showing a laudable anxiety to preserve the lives of these industrious insects, instead of destroying them ungratefully in their own sweets to furnish our enjoyment. Mr. Bagster informs us that he has invented what he calls "The Lady's Safety Hive." We intend to investigate its structure and report thereon; in the mean time we recommend this pretty book to all who love this interesting portion of natural history, as being replete with information and amusement.

#### Advice to a Nobleman on the Instruction of his Children on the Piano-Forte.

A fourth edition of this little treatise affords evidence that it is fulfilling the didactic desires of its author, who, if he writes with something of quaintness and inelegance, manages, nevertheless, to convey in small compass much useful matter, and a variety of hints that may be profitably followed out into practice by the careful student. We like greatly his sound and explicit remarks on all that constitutes the ground-work of playing, and his marked reprobation of the flippancies and fastastic tricks which have lent their false recommendation to the performances of so many professors and amateurs of the present day, and have made piano-forte playing, in too many instances, a mere game of leap-frog over the keys. He is a favourer of the chiroplast and the metronome; but it is a *reasoning* support which he lends to these and other mechanical appliances.

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## LITERARY REPORT.

The new, revised, embellished, and cheap edition of Colburn's Modern Novelists, which commenced last month with Mr. Bulwer's popular story of "Pelham," is now carried forward by the publication of the second and concluding volume of that story. The March Number will comprise, in a single volume, complete, Lady Morgan's spirited and diverting novel, called "O'Donnell." It will be embellished with a Portrait of the Authoress and an interesting Scene.

Sir Egerton Brydges has announced a third volume of his Autobiography, with Anecdotes of Mrs. Montague, chiefly literary, and some of Mrs. Carter; also, a few words on Hannah More.

The Poetical Works of S. Rogers, illustrated by above a hundred Vignettes from designs by Stothard and Turner, are to appear in monthly parts.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.—We omitted to mention in our last Number the announcement of the publication of a new and cheaper edition of Sir Jonah Barrington's Important Memoirs of Ireland and the Union, to be completed in six monthly Parts, and to comprise all the Portraits and other Embellishments of the original expensive publication. The cheap republication of this work at the present moment, by which means it may obtain a place in the various libraries of circulation, is certainly a great desideratum.

A History of the Belgic Revolution has been undertaken by Capt. White, whose "Narrative of the Siege of Antwerp" appeared some time ago, with so much effect in the pages of the "United Service Journal." The Captain's new work will be shortly before the public, as it has been sent to the press.

In the western capital of England, a prospectus has been issued of a quarterly periodical, to be entitled the West of England Journal of Science and Literature.

A Synoptical List of the Members of the English Bar, containing the Dates of their Calls, the Inns of Court to which they belong, &c., by J. Whishaw, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, is in the press.

An Excursion in North Wales, embellished with Plates, from Drawings by Cattermole, Cox, Cieswick, and Walker, of Derby, in monthly Numbers, by T. Roscoe, is in progress.

The Garrick Papers, a new and cheaper edition of the Life and Correspondence of David Garrick, will appear early in February.

Early in February will be published a History of the Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain, with a Notice of its early History in the East, and in all the Quarters of the Globe; a Description of the great Mechanical Inventions which have caused its unexampled extension in Britain; and a View of the present state of the Manufacture, and the Condition of the Classes engaged in its several Departments. By Edward Baines, Junr. Esq.

The following are likewise announced as being in the press:—Penruddock, a Tale, by the Author of "Waltzburg."—Narrative of the

Campaigns of the Twenty-eighth Regiment, since their return from Egypt in 1802, by Lieut. Col. C. Cadell.—An Universal Gazetteer, founded on the works of Brookes and Walker, by G. Landmann, Esq. C.E.—A new Work, by the Author of "Sayings and Doings," "Love and Pride," &c.—The Rustic Muse: Poems, by John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant.—Pantika, or Traditions of the most Ancient Times, by W. Howitt.—The History and Description of Fossil Fuel, the Collieries and Coal Trade of Great Britain.—The Exile of Erin, or the Sorrows of a Wretched Irishman, a Satirical Novel.—The History of the Overthrow of the Roman Empire, and the Formation of the principal European States, by W. C. Taylor, B.A.—The Natural and Civil History of Algiers, by B. P. Lord, of the Bombay Medical Establishment.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Classic and Connoisseur in Italy and Sicily, with an abridged Translation of Lanzi's History of Painting, by the Rev. G. W. D. Evans, 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.

Oriental Memoirs, by J. Forbes, Esq., second edition, revised by his daughter, 2 vols. 8vo. 32s. bds.; Illustrations to ditto, royal 4to. 3l. cloth.

Facts and Fictions, or Gleanings of a Tourist, fcp. 8vo. 6s.

The Maid of Padua, a Venetian Tale, by Mrs Golland, 4 vols. 12mo. 24s.

The Mysterious Bridal, by W. S. Stone, 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.

Treasury of Scripture Knowledge, fcp. 8vo. 12s.

The Treasury Bible, fcp. 8vo. 30s., or demy 4to. with space for MSS. same price.

Burke's Commoners of Great Britain, Vol. II. royal 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d. cloth.

The Revolutions of the Globe familiarly described, by A. Bertrand, M.D., 12mo. 7s.

History of Lvesham, by George May, with plates, 8vo. 9s.

Treatise on Friendly Societies, by C. Ansell, Esq., F.R.S., 8vo. 5s.

The Riches of Chaucer, by C. C. Clarke, 2 vols. 12mo. 18s.

The Village Churchyard, and other Poems, by Lady E. S. Wortley, post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

The History of Greece, by Thos. Keightley, 12mo. 6s. 6d.

Collection of all the Statutes in Force respecting the Relief and Regulation of the Poor, with Notes, by J. T. Pratt, 8vo. 21s.

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## FINE ARTS.

THE British Gallery is about to open, and the Gallery of British Artists in Suffolk-street to close. We believe we may refer to the latter as having been successful, if we bear in mind the season of the year, and that the principal patrons of art are absent from the metropolis. Several of the pictures are marked "sold," and we understand the visitors have been numerous. Next month we shall be enabled to notice the British Institution,—of the present exhibition report speaks highly.

### PUBLICATIONS.

*High Life and Low Life*. Drawn in Lithography by R. Lane, from Paintings by E. Landseer, R.A.

"High Life" is represented by a stately hound, with all the accompaniments of a noble hall; "Low Life" is the butcher's mastiff, with the appropriate tokens of his master's calling and his own pursuits beside him. The prints are capital: the picture is one of Landseer's best; and the lithography is from the pencil of one who is still unrivalled in this department of art.

Engravings from the Works of H. Liversege.

This publication is now drawing towards a close. It will form an interesting volume of the works of one who died young—of whose genius we had the promise rather than the fruit; yet who has left a name that will rank high in the list of British artists.

Thomas's Library Atlas, No. I.

We are induced to notice this very neat Atlas chiefly because of its extraordinary cheapness;—six clearly-engraved maps, distinctly coloured, for eighteen-pence! or plain, two-pence each! The whole, it seems, will be complete in about 12 Numbers: thus, for a few shillings, any one may possess an Atlas of the World! The work is well engraved; and will, we doubt not, be as successful as it deserves. It is remarkably elegant and attractive, and, as far as we have yet ascertained, very accurate.

## THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE, COVENT GARDEN, &c.

WE made allusion last month to the Christmas entertainments; they have not exhausted their wonders yet. The attractions of "King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table" would seem, indeed, to be only in their spring; so youthful and easily-contented is the spirit that sustains them—the good humour and enjoyment of the holiday people and of the school-emancipated children. The giant Cormoran still stalks about to the great delight of boys learned in giant history, whose only regret is that he cannot, like the clever St. Denis, continue to stalk about after his

head is cut off. Ulfo, the goblin dwarf, still plays his most fantastic and elf-like tricks before the high gods of the delighted gallery, and to the equal delight of applauding pit and boxes. We shall never believe but that the soul of some limber ape has been infused into the trunk of Mr. Wieland. He drives us, with those extraordinary antics of his, to take refuge in the school of Pythagoras, and we shall immediately set about to ascertain what sort of excellent, and highly-judicious, and unobjectionable animal we have ourselves the honour to represent. It is just possible we shall find ourselves out to have been a lion. If so, the reader shall find that we can roar gently. We will not presume on the discovery; we will aggravate our voice to such a nightingale pitch, that it shall do any reader's heart good to hear us. We will roar so that we will make the reader say, "Let him roar again! let him roar again!"

The only thing that at all afflicts us in the success of these grand spectacles is the injury they have done to the pantomimes. These old friends of ours have ceased to hold up their heads. Harlequin, indeed, seems to have very little head to hold up, and less heel. The rotatory persuasiveness of both, in which we delighted of old, and which seemed so exquisitely fitted to keep the heart of that fluttering little Columbine constant and still, is gone—gone utterly. Harlequin is a senseless fellow, and will soon have scarcely a leg to stand upon. But his decline, sad and serious as it is, is nothing to the decline and fall of our ancient friends Pantaloon and Clown—or rather, the no fall; for the truth is, their bruises now are not worth mention. They take as much care of each other as if they had feelings like other men—senses, affections, passions. What degeneracy is this! Where are the tumbles, and thumps, and bumps of the old time? Where is that moving epitome of bruises—that choice piece of battered high-life in the gout, the Pantaloon of our childhood? Where, oh where is the Clown? Him we hanker after. His memory is the memory not only of our childhood, but of the happy years that followed, awaking maturer thoughts, and ripening us into manhood. Our first political lesson we imbibed at a pantomime. There we first witnessed the self-seeking aristocratic spirit—there we first beheld that system of tricks and changes which governs nations and perplexes monarchs—and there we first saw the acquisitive principle of statesmen developed, pockets picked, heels tripped-up, and the suffering silly victims laughed at! Oh, where is the Tory gusto with which the Clown then did his office, with fingers ever trembling and itching at his neighbour's purse, with eyes ever goggling, and mouth ever watering, and appetite insatiable! It is gone—it can be seen nowhere, except in places where the joke has become too serious. The original flourisheth again; the prototype hath assumed all the confidence of its youth; but where is the merry indication of it, which, while it wrung our sides with laughter, wrung nothing from our pockets, yet taught us to hold them warily! It is gone, and we are left to lament it. We should ask pardon for these moral reflections, but that they have been forcibly educed by the fallen state of pantomime in the theatre at Covent Garden; and we are now about to change the subject, and present the reader with certain other opinions of ours, not quite so grave and moral perhaps, but equally judicious and wise.

We hope that considerate person is not greatly startled. There is nothing very dreadful, we can assure him, in our immorality. When we intrigue, it is in a very harmless way; and when we inculcate our own example, it may be followed with perfect innocence. What we have to say at present has to do indeed with a most pure matter—to wit, pure comedy. Now pure comedy we take to be comedy merely, that is to say, comedy with no admixture of the real—comedy where nothing actual is; where no "cold moral reigns" to convict any passages beside it of immorality; and where intrigue therefore may run riot with idle gallantry and an occasional license of speech, and no harm done, meanwhile, to the real and substantial inte-

rests of virtue. Such is the artificial comedy of Congreve, and Wycherley, and Farquhar. It is now banished from the stage, to our very sincere regret, and, we think, we may add, to the regret of all the lovers of wit and genius. "Congreve and Farquhar," said Charles Lamb, some years ago, "show their heads once in seven years, only to be exploded and put down instantly. The times cannot bear them." The times have not improved. The "Constant Couple" of Farquhar, cut and mangled, and pieced out and interlarded with fifty impertinences, was played the other evening at Covent-garden, under the title of "Off to the Continent." The alterations were to suit the times, but even they would not carry off the spice of wit and idle gaiety which was left to indicate the original. The thing, it is true, did not at once explode, nor was it put down instantly—that is to say, the people in the pit did not rise up and hiss, and say they would have no more of Farquhar, but they did what was just as effectual. We cannot blame them—we suppose they could not help it. They sat yawning most of them, sleeping the more fortunate of them, and the rest, who could neither indulge themselves with a yawn nor a sleep, sat looking round them, and pitying each other. The play has not been acted since. We dare not hope it might have been otherwise, if the original comedy had been acted. And yet we wish it had, that the thing might have been fairly tested. But to test such comedies fairly, we again say morality must be set upon the shelf. It will not grow stale there during the short two hours of Sir Harry Wildair's light amusing pranks—we shall not be less worthy or less fit recipients of its doctrines, because we have been carrying on for even so short a time an intrigue with Lady Lurewell, in the light fancy of the passing evening. For it is no more.—In itself, indeed, supposing it actual and a part of life, it is scarcely reducible to the point of strict morality—and what are we in reference to it, even considered in this view? Merely its spectators. But it is not actual, it is not a part of life. We make ourselves worse than ridiculous to consider it so. Nor is this all. We do an impertinent thing when we plume ourselves up with morality at a sight so harmless as this—flinging about us with monstrous profusion all sorts of grave reprobates, of which, when a serious occasion comes, we find we have but few to spare. We set up a pedantry of virtue, and discover too late that the substance is wanting. We bark and make noises at a shadow, while we sneak past the reality in quiet. We have been afraid to dally even for one harmless hour with the mere names and images of wrong, and the next minute we may be seen sitting down quietly face to face with substantial wrong itself. Hear what one of the profoundest of critics, one of the noblest of humanists, has to say on this point. "I do not know how it is with others," says Charles Lamb, "but I feel the better always for the perusal of one of Congreve's—nay, why should I not add even of Wycherley's?—comedies. I am the gayer at least for it, and I could never connect those sports of a witty fancy in any shape with any result to be drawn from them to imitation in real life. They are a world of themselves almost as much as fairy land." This is precisely what we seek to establish. Let us not try these unreal creatures as if they were real. Let us resolve to enjoy the wit of such as Farquhar and Congreve, and treat their creatures by the test of their own usages, and not by the virtue or the morality of our's. They cannot break through that which never united them—they cannot violate that which exists not for them. Sir Simon and Dapper Wit may both or either carry off Miss Martha, and what has virtue to do with it? Sir Harry Wildair, or Captain Standard, or Vizard, may have been the Oxford youth who bribed Lady Lurewell's maid out of her honesty, and soothed her own soft innocence to ruin, but what consequence to virtue who it was? Lord Froth's or Sir Pliant's children—what has morality to do with the question, as to who may have been their father? Infinitely, infinitely less, let the well-disposed reader be assured, than with the "images of notional justice and notional benevolence" with which the sentimental

comedy pampers its admirers. The artificial comedy is, far more honest. It may not take its spectators into the gross conceit of having part and parcel in the saving of lives which has cost them no risk, nor flatter them with the grosser persuasion that they had put hands into their own pockets to give away a fortune which in reality cost them nothing, and cost the author less. It accomplishes something higher and better and more moral than this, by virtue of its very want of pretension to the high, the good, or the moral.

But, alas! we fear after all that this artificial comedy is very seductive. We hope we have not been arguing all this time against the truth. For see, even the mere talking about it has "seduced" us into saying so much, that we find ourselves fairly obliged to stop without indulging in one of those brilliant things we had meant to entertain the reader with concerning divers other matters. There is the pleasant and witty "Telemachus" at the Olympic; the very humorous "Man-Fred" at the New Strand, with a piece of capital burlesque by Mr. Mitchell; the re-opening of the Queen's Theatre with a nice set of entertainments, and under very charming auspices,—to wit, those of Mrs. Nesbitt, whose radiant eyes are to us the most delightful of visions, the assurance of sweetness, good-nature, and truth. Then there are two farces which have been acting at the Olympic and the Adelphi, against which we meant to have entered our protest. We allude to the "Scene of Confusion" and "The New Actress," in which the actors distribute themselves in various quarters of the theatre, in the orchestra, boxes, pit, and gallery, and play their parts among the audience. This is excessively impertinent,—an equality of pretensions which nothing should sanction. Besides it is very injudicious on the part of the actors, and for their own sakes we greatly wonder to see them resort to it. They will lose by it sadly in the end. Then, but for this most tempting artificial comedy, we should have said something of Mr. Jerrold, who has been writing a piece for the Olympic, and who is the best writer of the "intermediate" style of comedy in our day. Why is he not writing for one of the large houses? Have the horses pranced him out,—or do the poor translations which are being crammed down there at present, king's seals and king's words, go down better with the audience than his power of dramatic situation, his fine-hearted vein of sentiment, his wit, and his honest satire? We should like to have an answer to this; for indeed it strikes us as something extremely disgraceful that the only really good and original writer of domestic comedy in our day should be precisely that person whose efforts are discountenanced by the managements of Drury-lane, of Covent-garden, and the Haymarket, where we have a right to demand something better than gross farce or stupid translation, and where we should have had reason to hope that the original talent of our own country would not be, as far as possible, anxiously pushed aside. One word in conclusion on the talent of a neighbouring country. The French players are here—at the New English Opera-house—with a good company. M. F. Lemaitre is, indeed, a company in himself,—an actor of the first order, a comic genius, a good tragedian, and a man altogether very remarkable. His performance of Robert Macaire, in "Auberge des Adrets," is unique. We never witnessed anything like it. There may be a sublimity, it seems, in the very coxcombs of blackguardism.

## PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting Major Felix read a portion of his interesting account of a journey to Mount Sinai. The convent on the mount was founded by Justinian, who endowed it with the whole peninsula of Sinai. When

Mahomet was spreading his religion with fire and sword over the East, he is said to have spared this convent in gratitude for an opportune supply of water and provisions; and, as the monks assert, gave them a firman, written by Ali, which confirmed to their order Justinian's grant of the peninsula. Not being able to write, Mahomet spread ink over his hand, and laid it on the paper as his signature. This firman was sent to Constantinople, where Sultan Selim collected all the relics of the prophet; and the monks received another to the same effect, which, they say, is now at Cairo. It appears that the monks of the convent are very ill used by the Arabs. The gardens are spacious and highly cultivated; vines are trained on trellises, and form shady walks. The apples and pears are excellent, and are sent to Cairo; melons, apricots, pomegranates, almonds, and mulberries, are in great numbers; so also oranges and lemons. There is a Greek church on the mount, which glitters with the golden portraits of saints and worthies. The floor is of Mosaic work; and the hands and skull of St. Catherine, to whom it is dedicated, are carefully preserved; but the great object of interest—"the Holy of Holies"—is the spot where tradition has placed the *burning bush*, and over which a small chapel has been erected. This bush is called *Seneh*, which means a thorny shrub, and may be the species of *Acacia* called *Lenx* by the Arabs, of which there are many in the desert. The word Sinai is probably derived from *Seneh*; and as the Lord said to Moses, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," this custom is strictly enforced by the monks; and the Major and his party entered the small chapel barefooted. Horeb and Sinai form but one mountain; and this is the reason that they are frequently confounded in Scripture. A chapel has been built over the cave, which the prophet Elijah is supposed to have occupied during the forty days when he was miraculously supplied with food. Mass is sometimes said, and pilgrims perform their devotions in it. The author compared the account of Moses with the present aspect of the mountain; and observes, he and his party had the satisfaction of reflecting that the features of the country could not have changed since the advent of the Israelites: for though the general face of nature is ever varying, and destruction or decay effaces the works of man, the firm and lonely desert, and the granite mountain, remain the same throughout time—undisturbed—unshaken. Leaving Mount Sinai, the summit of which the author reached, and proceeding northward, he came to Sarabit-el-Khadan, where, on a small plain, he found a number of sand-stone tablets, from five to eight feet in height, three feet in width, and two in thickness. The greater number was enclosed by a wall, parts of which remained, but some stood on mounds outside the wall: within were several small chapels, erected at different periods, one of which had columns. The tablets were covered on all sides with hieroglyphics—were erected by different kings—and recorded some event that had occurred in a particular year in their reigns. The enclosure had certainly the appearance of a burying-ground; but the monuments were not sepulchral, nor was there the slightest reference to the well-known funereal forms which are found on every tomb, and on every mummy-case. They appeared to be memorials, not of victories or national events, but of some private act of the Pharaohs who set them up.

#### ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

The translation of a paper by Dr. Olbers on the approaching return of Halley's comet was read at a recent meeting. After some preliminary observations, the author proceeds to show that a probability exists of the comet's being seen in February or March next, before its conjunction with the Sun. This probability arises chiefly from the circumstance that other comets, in particular that of 1811, have been visible at greater distances from the sun and the earth than Halley's will be in the spring of 1836. Dr. Olbers does not suppose that Halley's comet is so large that, under

similar circumstances, it will be so easily seen as the splendid comet of 1811; still it is described by former observers, especially at its appearance in 1682, as having been sufficiently remarkable. Besides, it will be more strongly illuminated by the sun, in the proportion of 8 to 5, than the comet of 1811 was on the 17th August, 1812, when it was finally observed by Wisniewsky; and, which is an important consideration, the latter comet was seen in July and August, 1812, with very inferior telescopes, whereas telescopes of great power may be employed in observing Halley's comet. In reasoning on the probability of its being visible in February and March next, from the splendour of its appearance in 1682, Dr. Olbers, of course, assumes that it has not since that time sustained any sensible diminution of its mass. Many astronomers believe in the gradual dissipation of the matter of comets; but we have as yet no facts to warrant this conclusion in respect of Halley's comet. In 1607, and at its last return in 1759, it appeared pale and dim, but in 1682 it shone forth with great splendour; and the diminished appearances of 1607 and 1759 may be explained by its position at those times between the sun and the earth, without supposing its mass to have undergone any change. It ought, however, to be stated that Halley's comet became invisible to Messier in 1759, so early as the 4th of June, when its distance from the sun was only about  $1.68$  and from the earth  $1.42$ . About the beginning of next March, the comet's distance from the sun and earth will be nearly the same, and  $= 3.78$ ; but, according to the received theory of light, the intensity of the light of a heavenly body not self-luminous is proportioned to  $\frac{1}{R^2 D^2}$ ,  $R$  representing its distance from the sun, and  $D$  its distance from the earth. Hence, in the beginning of March, the intensity of the comet's light will be about thirty times less than when Messier lost sight of it; but, at that time, it was close upon the confines of the evening twilight; whereas in March next it will still be at a considerable height in the sky, when the twilight has entirely disappeared. There is a very remarkable fact connected with the appearance of Encke's comet, unquestionably proved by the experience of 1822 and 1833, to which Dr. Olbers thinks sufficient attention has not been given, viz. that it was visible at a far greater distance from the earth and sun before it had passed its perihelion than after. Should this turn out to be the case also with Halley's comet, the probability of seeing it in the spring of 1835 will be increased.

#### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Mr. Aikin read a paper on the natural history and commercial history of cotton. The word *cotton*, observed the lecturer, has been adopted in modern European languages from an Arabic word, meaning the same thing, and which, when put into English letters, would be pronounced *kutun*: in Egypt it is called *gotün*. The Spanish word *algodon* is evidently the Egypto-Arabic word, with the article *al* prefixed. The Germans, who in general avoid intercalating into their language words of foreign origin, call it *Baum-wole*, i. e. tree-wool. Mr. Aikin then laid before his numerous auditors the most important notices which are to be found in ancient classical authors, respecting the growth of cotton in India and on the coast of Arabia; and the importation of cotton fabrics of various qualities from India to Egypt by the way of the Red Sea. He likewise noticed the establishment of the culture of the cotton-plant on the coasts of the Mediterranean—but, though exceedingly interesting, our space calls upon us to pass on to more modern times. Cotton-wool was imported by the Genoese and Venetians into England and the Netherlands in the very beginning of the fourteenth century; but the use to which it was applied, except for candlewicks, is not known. In 1430, fustians were made, perhaps invented, in Flanders—being probably intended as an imitation of the velvets manufactured in Italy. In 1534, several ships from London and Bristol traded to the Levant, and imported, among other articles, cotton-wool. It might be expected, therefore, that at this time some



cotton fabrics should have been established in England; and this seems at first sight to be confirmed by a statement in "Leland's Itinerary," in the reign of Henry VIII., that cottons were made at Bolton-le-Moors, in Lancashire, and in the villages about; as also by the mention in an Act of Parliament, passed in 1552 (Edward VI.), of Manchester, Lancashire, and Cheshire cottons. In this manner Mr. Aikin came down to the present period; noticing, however, as he went along, the invention of the "spinning-jenny" in 1767. This engine draws several threads at once; and as it derives its principal motion from a mechanical first mover, produces them more even than had heretofore been done by hand. It was soon discovered that an improved method of carding the cotton before it was subjected to the action of the jenny, was essential to the good performance of the machine. This was attempted with some success by Mr. Hargreaves, was very much improved on by Mr. Peel, and was brought to perfection in the carding machine of Mr. Arkwright. Egyptian cotton was introduced in 1823; it is of a long, strong, and silky staple, and has since been improved by the introduction of seeds of the Sea Islands' cotton. The demand for raw cotton in the British market has gone on progressively increasing; the following are the details of the importation of cotton wool for the last year, viz. :—

Uplands and New Orleans . . . . .	262,885,000 lbs.
Sea Islands . . . . .	3,500,000
Brazil . . . . .	26,540,000
Surat and Bengal . . . . .	11,570,000
West Indies . . . . .	1,610,000
Egypt . . . . .	1,540,000
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	303,645,000 lbs.

On comparing the above with the importation of 1831, it appears that there is an increase in the last year in the proportion of 303 to 288; but that the quantity furnished from all the above-mentioned countries, except the United States, has diminished. In the year 1832 the whole quantity of cotton spun in Great Britain was 277,260,000 lbs., of which about one-ninth, or 30,325,000 lbs. was loss, from dirt and waste in spinning, and the produce was 246,935,000 lbs. of yarn. Of this quantity 222,596,000 lbs. was spun in England, and was thus disposed of:—Exported in yarn, 71,662,000 lbs.; ditto in thread, 1,041,000 lbs.; manufactured goods, 61,251,000 lbs.; or about 134 millions of lbs. Besides the above, there were candlewicks and mixed goods, of which part were exported, 12,009,000 lbs.: supply of home-market and stock on hand, 70,941,000 lbs.; sent to Scotland and Ireland, 5,700,000 lbs.: total 88,641,000 lbs. Therefore, in whole numbers, about 62 per cent. of the entire quantities of cotton manufactured in England is exported; and of this, 33 per cent. is in the state of yarn and thread, and 28 per cent. in woven goods. According to Macculloch, the total value of every kind of cotton-goods annually manufactured in Great Britain at present may be estimated at 34,000,000*l.*; from which, if we deduct 7,000,000*l.* as the cost of the raw material, and 21,000,000*l.* as wages to 900,000 workmen, there will remain for the cost of superintendence, coals, materials of machinery, and profit, 6,000,000*l.* The amount of capital vested in buildings and machinery is computed at 20,000,000*l.*

#### VARIETIES.

*Eclipses, &c. for 1835.*—There will be two eclipses of the sun this year, and one of the moon; neither of the solar eclipses will be visible in England, and the lunar eclipse will be but partially visible.—*May 27.* At

32 min. past ten in the morning, an annular eclipse of the sun will occur, in long. 59 deg. 3 min. W. and lat. 24 deg. 20 min. S. which will be visible throughout all South America, the South Atlantic Ocean, Africa, part of Spain, and the Mediterranean, and terminates in long. 21 deg. 50 min. E. and lat. 5 deg. 8 min. N. at 37 min. past four in the afternoon.—*June 10.* There will be an eclipse of the moon, visible at Greenwich, commencing 32 min. past eight in the evening; the middle 35 min. past ten; the end 30 min. past twelve. The digits obscured will be 0.7. deg. on the northern limb.—*Nov. 20.* The sun will be totally eclipsed. This eclipse will be visible in the South of Ireland, and in a slight degree at the Land's End, and will be a very great eclipse to nearly the whole land of the southern hemisphere, extending throughout the South of Africa, the Indian Ocean, and approximating upon New Holland. It will commence at 54 min. past seven, in long. 20 deg. 13 min. W. and lat. 23 deg. 7 min. N.; and ending in long. 73 deg. 31 min. E. and lat. 10 deg. 50 min. S. at 8 min. past one in the afternoon.—*Transit of Mercury.* The planet Mercury will make a transit over the sun's disc the 7th of November, which will be visible to the western shores of Africa, when it commences at half-past five in the evening; and in its progress to the west part of North and South America, New Holland, and closing on the north-east of Africa, at 40 min. past ten at night. The above calculations are for the meridian of Greenwich. Jupiter's satellites will not be visible from the middle of May till the middle of July.—*Halley's Great Comet.* The comet originally seen by the celebrated and original astronomer-royal, Halley, in 1665, and called by his name, will re-appear in the northern hemisphere on the 7th of August, and will remain visible until the 7th of February, 1836, being exactly six months.

*Total Produce and Consumption of Cotton in all Places.*—The following is extracted from the evidence given before the Court of Peers in Paris on the 10th inst.

The total production of cotton in all countries is thus estimated:—

	Kilogrammes.
United States . . . . .	175,000,000
East Indies . . . . .	30,000,000
Brazil . . . . .	12,000,000
West India Islands and Colonies, Bourbon, &c.	3,000,000
Egypt and Levant . . . . .	10,000,000
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	230,000,000

The consumption is as follows:—

In England . . . . .	150,000,000
France . . . . .	40,000,000
United States . . . . .	18,000,000
China, half the crops of India . . . . .	15,000,000
Switzerland, Saxony, Prussia, Belgium . . . . .	17,000,000
	<hr/>
	240,000,000

(Note.)—50 kilogrammes are about equal to an English hundred-weight, and 1 kilogramme rather more than 2lb. 2½ oz.

This shows the consumption to surpass the produce by 70,000 bales, and confirms the annual falling off of stocks, and continual advance in price.

*New Classification of Vessels.*—The first fruits of the arduous and important labours of the Committee, to whom the task was consigned of preparing a new Register of British and Foreign Mercantile Shipping, have lately been presented to the subscribers, and are of a character to entitle the originators and prosecutors of this measure to the thanks, not only of the merchant, the shipowner, and the underwriter, but every man who feels an interest in the prosperity of our commercial navy.

The object which it has been proposed to work out is the formation of a register in which the classification of vessels shall not depend, as was the case in the two registers heretofore in use, on the arbitrary and uncertain standard in the port of building, and on the peremptory and unchecked decisions of surveyors; but, on the reports of surveyors specially appointed for the purpose, after a severe scrutiny into their professional and moral fitness for the office—such reports, containing the most ample details of the results of the surveyors, being in every case submitted to a Committee, who will thereupon assign to the vessel under consideration the character it shall bear in the register.

The constitution of the committee, on whose decision the character of every vessel thus depends, is such as to ensure a due regard to each of the conflicting interests concerned in the classification, it being composed of an equal number of merchants, of shipowners, and of underwriters, together with the chairman of Lloyd's and the chairman of the Shipowners' Society.

The list of ships registered in the United Kingdom, of fifty tons measurement and upwards, has been furnished to the commissioners of customs; that of foreign ships trading with the United Kingdom, and of colonial-built ships having British registers, is as yet necessarily less complete. The classification depending upon an actual re-survey of all the existing tonnage, as well as of the repeated inspection of such vessels as are in a course of construction, has already been effected to a considerable extent; and it is expected that, before the expiration of many months, the reports of the several surveyors will leave few blanks to be filled up in the register—a work which, when complete, cannot fail to be the basis of security and just confidence in the relations of the various branches which constitute the shipping interest of the country.—*Nicholson's Commercial Gazette*.

## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

*Recent Discoveries at Pompeii.*—At Pompeii there has been lately opened the street leading from the Temple of Fortune to the Gate of Isis, passing nearly through the middle of the town. On reaching a central point from which streets diverge to the theatres and to the walls of the city, there was found an altar, placed before the protecting genius of the town, in the form of a serpent; the faces of the altar are ornamented with paintings, representing the priests offering libations and other sacrifices. On exploring two shops in the streets of Fortuna, there was discovered a pair of bronze scales, and a weight in the shape of a pear, a bronze dish with handles, a hatchet, and some small cylindrical objects made of bone and perforated, supposed to have been used either in some female works or for making calculations. A house has been discovered behind the grand Mosaic, comprising a vestibule, several sleeping-rooms, ornamented with simplicity, and a tabulum or host adorned with the most exquisite paintings in stucco. In this house were found a bronze shell of elegant workmanship, an earthen lamp, black with smoke, vessels containing colours, and a wooden chest lined with iron, and surrounded by figures formed of brass nails.—*German Paper*.

In 1833 there were 46 rail-roads completed in America, and 137 in contemplation. Pennsylvania has the greatest number of both, having 14 completed, and 67 in contemplation; the next state to it in both respects is New York, which has six completed and 25 in contemplation; Massachusetts comes next after these; and Ohio has 12 in projection, but none completed.

*Population of the Kingdom of Poland in 1833.*—(From a Petersburg Paper.)—Males, 2,002,382; females, 2,035,543; total, 4,037,925. Warsaw

has a population of—males, 63,212; females, 66,493; total, 129,705. This is an increase of 4837 since 1832. The female population exceeds the male everywhere except in the provinces of Plozk and Augustino.

*Shower of Meteorolites.*—The little village of Raffhatan, on the frontiers of Wallachia, was visited early in the morning of the 29th ultimo by this singular phenomenon. About six o'clock in the evening of that day the inhabitants were aroused from their sleep by a noise as of a heavy shower of hail, which was immediately succeeded by a violent crashing of windows. Great was their astonishment, however, to find that the earth for the space of nearly two leagues in circumference was covered with a multitude of small stones, the smallest being about one quarter of an inch in diameter, and the largest about the size of a marble. These stones were of a light slate colour, and very heavy, and when put in the fire burnt like coal, emitting, however, a considerable quantity of gas. A French naturalist, M. Fouchard, who was at the time on a visit to the Hettman of Krunow, has collected an immense quantity of these meteorolites, and is now actively engaged in drawing up a memorial on the subject, to transmit to the different Philosophical Societies of Europe.—*Kaiserliche Staats Zeitung.*

*Rail-Road across the Isthmus of Panama.*—The project for this very desirable undertaking has been lately revived by the government of New Grenada, to which state the isthmus of Panama belongs. We understand that an agent has recently arrived in England for the purpose of obtaining contractors for the work, according to the terms of the decree of that republic of the 27th of May, 1831. From a perusal of this decree, we find that the passage in question is to consist either of a common road for carriages and waggons, or an iron rail-road, as contractors may be found. The principal inducement held out to speculators consists in a grant of 20,000 fanegadas, or about 21,000 acres, of waste land upon the isthmus, with a free possession of the products from the road for a term of years which shall not be less than ten, nor exceed fifty years. The state toll-dues, a list of which is appended to the decree, are, however, to commence with the opening of the road. Upon the waste land to be granted, colonies of foreigners may be settled, and these are to be exempted, for twenty years, from taxation, military service, and the like. Failing in contractors from abroad, it is said that Santander, the president of New Grenada, is himself sanguine enough to commence the undertaking with the resources of the state, believing that a sum of 350,000*l.* would be sufficient for the completion of the work. If this has reference to an iron railway, our readers will perceive that such a sum is totally, and even absurdly, insufficient for the completion of an undertaking in a country where labour is so scarce, and for which the whole of the machinery, iron-work, and mechanical ability, must be brought from Great Britain, or some other of the European States. The distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific is certainly very short, from Panama to Porto Bello being only a distance of thirty-seven miles; but then this narrow isthmus is covered with an almost uninterrupted range of mountains, of a height so stupendous as to have always been considered an insuperable bar to the junction, by a canal, of the waters of the two seas. Hitherto the projects for a canal have all been laid down as passing by the very circuitous route of the Lake of Nicaragua. No particular route is specified, however, in the decree of the 27th of May last. If properly executed and protected, there can exist no doubt of the very extraordinary consequences which would arise to the world from thus cutting off a navigation of two thousand miles round Cape Horn, to all the countries on the great Southern Ocean. Much as we should rejoice in seeing so truly noble an undertaking brought into a practicable shape, we fear, however, that in the present condition of the states of South America, the time for its proper and profitable accomplishment is really not yet come.

Still we have thought it interesting to the public to be informed of the present state and probabilities of a project which, at a future day, will become of such extensive importance to the world.

M. Macaire has been trying experiments on the effect of gases on vegetation; and the "Annal. des Sciences Naturelles" reports the results. M. Macaire "introduced some plants of *Euphorbia*, *Mercurialis*, *Senecio*, *Sonchus*, &c., into vessels along with chloride of lime, in the morning. When evening arrived the plants had not suffered, and the odour of the chlorine was as strong as at first. Next morning they were found withered, the smell of chlorine had disappeared, and was replaced by a very disagreeable acid odour. The same result was obtained on repeating the experiment several times. Nitric acid withered the plants during the night, but in the day-time merely rendered some of them brown-coloured. Sulphuretted hydrogen produced no alteration when light was present, but destroyed them in the night by the absorption of the gas. Muriatic acid gas acted in a similar manner."

*Island of Ascension.*—A moss which grows in abundance on the Island of Ascension has been brought to England by Rear-Admiral Warren. On examination it has proved to be the Archill, Archilla, Racella, or Orseille, a whitish moss of the same description as is found upon the rocks in the Canary and Cape Verde Islands, which yields a rich purple tincture. This discovery, together with the many judicious arrangements respecting turtle, water, cattle, &c., which have been introduced into the island by the Rear-Admiral, will, it is believed, enable that hitherto expensive island to nearly pay its own expenses.—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

*The Champagne Vintage.*—The following is a statement of the champagne vintage of the present year:—Verzenay 3000 casks, Verzy and Willers-Marmery 1500, Rely, Chigny, and Lude 1000, Bouzy 1000, Ambouney 1000, Ay 10,000, Marcuil and Aenay 3000, Haut-Villiers, Dizey, and Cumieres 4000, Epernay 4000, Pierry 4000, Moussy 2500, Choilly 1500, Cramant 2000, Avize 8000, Oger and Mesnil 16,000, Vertus 2000—total 64,500 casks, containing 220 bottles each, making in all 14,190,000 bottles. According to the estimate of the number of bottles which can be procured at the different manufactories, it appears that next year, when this vintage comes to be bottled off, there will be a deficiency to the number of 3,390,000. The manufactory of M. de Poilly can furnish 2,000,000, that of M. Dauhe 1,500,000, that of M. de Colout 1,200,000, that of M. de Violaine 1,800,000, that of Messrs. Pallier and Calegois 600,000, the Auzin factory 400,000, two others in the north 600,000, the four Lorraine factories 2,500,000, and that of Croyen 200,000—total 10,800,000. The number required is 14,190,000; deficiency 3,390,000.—*Le Reformateur*.

*Coffee in the United States.*—By accounts from New York, it appears that the amount of coffee imported into the United States during the first three quarters of the year 1834 was 60,344,701 lbs., valued at 6,473,469 dollars. The amount during the same period of 1833 was 99,955,020 lbs., valued at 10,567,299 dollars. The amount exported during the first three quarters of the present year was 32,715,599 lbs., valued at 3,969,906 dollars. During the year 1833, the export of coffee was only 24,897,144 lbs., valued at 3,041,689 dollars.—*Morning News and Public Ledger*.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Of all the multifarious transactions of commerce, there is no one branch which so entirely baffles calculation or experience as the trade in corn. Limited even by legal restraint, as is that of England, it is still so vast in

the objects and interests it embraces, that what seems most certainly to favour a well-digested and matured opinion, is often frustrated by the circumstances contingent on the very accident itself. Thus, at this juncture, when the long depressions arising out of a supply demonstrated by the experience of two years to be more than equal to the demand—when the price has fallen to a lower point than at any preceding time within the memory of the present generation, the close of the year 1822 only excepted, the best informed merchants are beginning to expect a rise. This expectation must of course be connected with a diminished stock. Thus it is the low price, the necessity of money to meet the rent, and other outgoings, which fall in at the close of the year, have occasioned a much greater quantity to be sent into the market than is customary. The consequence has been, that wheat has been employed for purposes hitherto confined to other grain, to malting, feeding of pigs and fowls, &c. &c. The barns, they say, are emptied. There has been no mercantile speculation, no middle man holds stock, and the miller has only bought from week to week. The early period of the harvest has occasioned an earlier use of the year's crop, and should that of next year be late or protracted, it is probable that from one to two months' consumption will be requisite, and draw from the growth of this year more than from that of others. It is also computed that the farmer must now turn his attention to threshing out his summer corn, which will of course lessen the quantities of wheat in the market. All these facts superinduce an opinion that a rise of price will, ere long, commence, and circumstances occurring in coincidence with the imagined trains will continue to rise until the prospects of the ensuing harvest, both in relation to the quality and quantity, shall have been clearly ascertained. Such are the reasonings of the men most conversant with the trade in all its bearings. In the mean time the nature and effects of the foreign harvest throughout all Europe have been as accurately ascertained as so extensive an inquiry will allow. And although the graduated duty denies admission to foreign grain when the price is low in this country, although it should seem that the home and colonial growth has been for the last two or three seasons adequate to the consumption, there is, nevertheless, a lurking belief drawn from the facts of a foreign supply amounting to an average of 500,000 quarters of wheat being absolutely indispensable during nearly forty years, that with an increasing population, and the augmented consumption a very low price naturally invites and occasions, must at no very remote time create a demand for foreign corn. The prosperous state of the manufacturing districts will also add to this probability, for no other circumstance perhaps contributes so largely to the consumption of the staff of life as the full employment of the manufacturing population. Even the waste of the elections and extensive treating will tend to produce the same results. If, then, a rise do not take place, it will amount to a demonstration, that the average production is fully equal to the average demand of the country. Should this so turn out, it makes some assistance to agriculture, some relief from partial taxation more imperative on the part of the government. It happens, however, curiously enough, that while it is announced by the Marquis of Chandos that he had declined to take part in the government, simply and expressly because Sir Robert Peel has declared his inability to concede the repeal of the malt-tax, a gentleman on the other side should have made known the fact that he was expressly employed by the late administration to prepare a plan for its removal, and that this alleviation so intensely desired by the agriculturists would actually have been granted had Lord Melbourne's ministry remained in office during the coming session. Of what importance cheap beer is to the landholder is shown by the fact, that the importation of British barley into the metropolis has increased in the following ratio:—

	1832.	1833.	1834.
English . . . . .	114,099	132,106	103,212
Scotch . . . . .	5,337	6,105	37,422
Irish . . . . .	45	2,312	26,105
	119,481	140,523	166,739

And this in the face of the failing crop of the last harvest. The consumption of malt in London and the neighbourhood has increased between 1832 and 1834 (both inclusive) near sixty thousand quarters. Such an augmentation should seem to prove, on the part of the population, a power of commanding an increase of luxuries, and it is to be hoped, also, a change from spirits to the wholesome, and less pernicious, and exciting beverage—beer and porter. The effect upon agriculture, coinciding with a deficient crop, has been to raise barley nearly to the price of wheat, and this result shows, perhaps, more than any reasoning could do, how much the interests of the landholder would be benefited by the repeal of the malt duty, although the advantage to the farmer, who is merely a tenant, is still extremely problematical.

Notwithstanding these facts, this month has witnessed a depression in the price of barley of from 5s. to 6s. a quarter, (owing to the immense supply of 45,972 quarters in one fortnight) in Chevalier; in Norfolk and Suffolk, for malting, from 4s. to 5s., and in other qualities, from 2s. to 3s. In this article, as in wheat, there is an anticipation that another rise will take place towards the close of the season, and that even the finer German qualities will get into sale with advantage to the importers. The arrival of wheat, flour, barley, and oats, in London, during the quarter ending December 27th, was as follows:—

	Wheat.	Flour (Sacks).	Barley.	Oats.
English . . . . .	117,079	100,949	94,559	17,717
Scotch . . . . .	2,318	829	35,320	90,496
Irish . . . . .	3,244	2,805	25,875	189,072
British and Colonial	510	—	12,171	—
Baltic . . . . .	—	—	—	—

The foreign harvest accords, we apprehend, in a great degree with that of England. First it was two or three weeks earlier, and the quality of the wheat, particularly in the north, is peculiarly fine. Throughout the whole of Poland, Prussia, Pomerania, Mecklenburgh, Holstein, and in Brunswick, it is said to be short of an average, an announcement to be received with some hesitation and doubt. The barley, even in Bohemia, and upon the Saale, is said to be inferior in quality, and short in quantity. In Holstein and the Danish isles the produce is fine in every respect. Oats are a deficient crop all over those districts from which England generally receives her supplies, and in some they are said not to be sufficient for the domestic consumption.

The agricultural operations of the season have been continued, but nothing has assisted their general course. The absence of frost and snow, and the mild weather, have been very favourable in the dearth of the dry crop. If the wind, which has already succeeded the late fall (Jan. 22), continue, the turnips which root will amply hold out.

## RURAL ECONOMY.

*Hints to the Country Reader.*—A correspondent of a country journal says—I have often been much surprised at the tardiness exhibited by the agricultural population in adopting any improvement in their modes of conducting their business, especially when I have compared it with the

eagerness and celerity with which the manufacturing districts communicate to each other the most trifling improvement of machinery or mode of carrying on their manufacture, whereas many very useful practices prevail in rural districts which are entirely neglected even in a parish a few miles off; such, for instance, as the scalding of milk, in general practice in Devonshire for more than a century, and attended with the greatest advantages where the dairy is small, or the milk is produced in very small quantities, as is generally the case at this season of the year; for it enables the dairyman to keep his cream sweet for a long time, so that, instead of having butter rancid from being made with stale and often sour cream, the butter is as sweet and fresh as if it were made from one day's cream, as in the summer. The trouble of doing it is trifling; the milk is put into a shallow brass pan, and gently simmered over a stove, or hot dresser, or over a wood fire (but the latter is apt to give it a smoky taste), until a bubble rises, then take it off, and let it stand until cold, and then take off the cream from the top of it, and it will more readily churn into butter than raw cream. This simple process, so advantageous to dairymen at this season of the year, is almost entirely confined to Devonshire. Again, that very useful and advantageous use of unthreshed straw, for covering houses and ricks, commonly called reed, is known only to the three western counties; although every traveller must have observed the superior neatness of thatched buildings in those counties, yet they seem not to have inquired into its merits, or discovered that it is not dearer, and infinitely more durable, than threshed straw, or surely we should have seen the practice become more general.

*Remarkable Foreign Trees in England.*—The largest tulip-tree that I ever saw in England is at Mount Edgecumbe; the largest cork-trees and ilices at Mamhead; one of the largest cypresses is at Powderham Castle; the largest cedars are at Wilton; a remarkable one is also at Althorp; a large deciduous cypress at Port Eliot, and another at Ken Wood.—*Correspondent of Gardener's Magazine.*

*Matlock.—The Elder Tree.*—A singular instance of the remarkable retention of vitality in the elder-tree may now be seen at a farm on Ribber Hill. About ten years ago an old elder-tree was cut down, and the following hay-harvest a portion of the trunk was placed under a hay-stack. At the expiration of more than a year, the stack being consumed, the piece of wood was next used as a corner post to a temporary shed, and was observed in the following spring to begin to sprout. The shed has long since been removed, but the corner post remains—a healthy-flourishing elder tree.

## USEFUL ARTS.

A LECTURE has been given by Mr. Faraday at the Royal Institution on some discoveries relative to heat, recently made by M. Melloni, an Italian philosopher residing at Paris. The lecturer stated that he considered these discoveries to be important as regarded the opinions hitherto entertained respecting radiant heat. It had long been known that the rays of the sun passing through glass, and, as had also been discovered by Parry and Franklin, through ice, did not warm the plates, and at the same time the rays lost a portion of their heat. Herschel and Brande had made some important observations on the transmission of heat, but as they had not the instruments which M. Melloni had been able to avail himself of, they had made but little progress. The only instrument formerly known for measuring, with any degree of nicety, the various degrees of heat, was the differential thermometer; but Melloni had been able to apply to that purpose an instrument made on the same principle as the electrometer



it is composed of a number of disks of bismuth and antimony, and by the application of even an extremely small quantity of heat to one end, a deflection of the magnetic needle is produced as in the electrometer. This instrument has afforded means of making experiments hitherto deemed impossible. By it M. Melloni has been able to measure the different transmissive powers of a great number of substances. As with respect to light, some bodies are more diaphanous and transparent, so with respect to heat, some bodies are more diathermous than others. He found that a ray of heat passed through glass gave but 50 on the thermo-indicator, while a similar ray passed through rock-salt gave 92 out of the 100. Again, he found that similar rays passed through plates of alum and other crystallized solids gave different results. Mr. Faraday then proceeded to show, by a number of interesting experiments, that by means of a common lamp, a ray of heat transmitted through various substances produced the results he had stated, and that while flint-glass lost 50 per cent. of heat, rock-salt only lost 8 per cent., and that it made little difference as to the thickness of the articles: the glass he used was extremely thin, while the rock-salt was nearly an inch thick. He also showed that this power of passing heat was six times greater in rock-salt than in alum of equal thickness which has almost the same transparence and refractive powers. One of the most important and remarkable circumstances attending this discovery is, that the effect is, if possible, better produced by heat of a lower source than by heat of a higher source—that is, that rock-salt is nearly equally transparent for heat of all degrees—that the heat of the hand loses as little in passing through a given thickness of it as any other kind of heat. In all cases, whether the ray of heat was transmitted from red hot iron, the flame of a lamp, or water only warm, the result was the same, and the transmission was as 92 out of the 100 of the incident ray. There was obviously then a considerable difference between diaphanous and diathermous bodies; and, in point of fact, rock-salt was the only body that was transparent for heat: for all other bodies that had been tried stopped more or less of the rays of heat. M. Melloni also asserted that heat and light were entirely different things, but the lecturer stated that he did not consider the evidence adduced to be sufficient to authorize the opinion. It was well known that the rays of heat want that colour possessed by the rays of light, and therefore it must be obvious that an attempt to measure a ray of the latter must be extremely difficult. M. Melloni found that there was a considerable variation in the quantity of heat transmitted through different coloured glasses. Mr. Faraday performed some interesting experiments indicative of this part of the subject. He stated that lenses and prisms of rock-salt produced, with regard to caloric rays, effects quite analogous to those produced by optical instruments on rays of light, and that all other transparent bodies were but partial or incomplete diathermal bodies. Mr. Faraday then proceeded to explain the discoveries that had been made by M. Melloni respecting the polarization of light in its passage through the planes of tourmaline.

Two ingenious young men of the name of Bertram, both blacksmiths, Cranshaws, Berwickshire, have lately invented an instrument, by which their labour in forming hoops for carriage-wheels of every diameter is wonderfully abridged, and the fuel generally used completely saved. They can produce twelve cart-hoops in one hour, without the use of fire, except in joining the two points, and without the use of the hammer at any other part of the process. This instrument must soon come into general use: indeed, drawings of it have been sought, and one of these little machines is already at work at Innerwick, in East Lothian.

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## BANKRUPTS,

FROM DECEMBER 26, 1834, TO JANUARY 23, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

Dec. 26.—A. EMERSON, Lawtence Pountney-lane, City, lead-merchant. T. P. DUNN, Cain's-cross, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, wool-merchant. J. WIGGLESWORTH, Liverpool, grocer. J. GOODACE, Barnsley, Yorkshire, linen-manufacturer. J. ROBINSON, Whitehaven, bookseller. W. EMBEELIN, Upton, Oxfordshire, paper-maker. W. SHERRARD, Harrop-green, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, merchant. B. HEIGHINGTON, Darlington, Durham, wine and spirit merchant. J. RACK, Wells-next-the-Sea, Norfolk, grocer. B. EZZKIRL, Tiverton, Devonshire, draper.

Dec. 30.—R. M. STEPHENSON and C. J. BLUNT, Great Ormond-street, civil engineers. H. H. NEWINGTON, Southwark, chinaman. J. GILBERT, sen., Woburn, Bedfordshire, inn-keeper. C. CLARK, Stowey, Somersetshire, chemist and druggist. J. PARKINS, King William-street, London Bridge, tailor. R. YATES, Manchester, innkeeper. R. WINTERBOTTOM, Furlane, within Saddleworth, woollen manufacturer. W. C. WINTERBOTTOM, and W. DICKSON, Oldham, fustian-manufacturers. J. VOLLANS, sen., D. VOLLANS, and J. VOLLANS, jun., Leeds, woollen-cloth manufacturers. W. ELLIS, Portsea, timber-merchant. G. BOYCE, Tiverton, Devonshire, bookseller.

Jan. 2.—S. ASHBY, Upper Thames-street, City, flour and groat dealer. J. WINDROSS, Bishopsgate-street Without, linen-draper. H. J. A. G. RICHARDSON, Clement's-lane, commission agent. P. D. L. HILDESHIMER, otherwise P. LEVI, Woolwich, Kent, grocer. I. SOLOMAN and B. AARON, Bristol, woollen-drappers. P. BLIGHT, Phillack, Cornwall, grocer.

Jan. 6.—H. RIX, Harp-lane, Tower-street, cork-merchant. S. SPEIGHT, Brick-lane, Spitalfields, chemist. F. GREEN, Clifford-street, Bond-street, auctioneer. L. FLKRSKIM, Birmingham, merchant. H. OWEN, Liverpool, miller. W. GREENWOOD, Sutton-upon-Trent, Nottinghamshire, coal-dealer.

Jan. 9.—S. HALES, Newgate-street, butcher. W. C. NEWPORT, Rognor, Sussex, scrivener. J. HAYWARD, Tottenham-court-road, butcher. W. BROWN, High-street, Camberwell, carpenter. G. DAVIES, Lisson-grove, Marylebone, ironmonger. T. HOLBROOK, Calthorp Arms, Gray's Inn-road, victualler. B. SHADGETT, Loose, Kent, carpenter. W. ROBINSON, Manchester, coach-proprietor. W. HOLDSWORTH, Sheffield, spoon-manufacturer. T. BASSFORD, Bilston, Staffordshire, bookseller. J. MARSH, Hepworth, Yorkshire, clothier.

Jan. 13.—T. MATTHEW, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, coach-maker. J. SADD,

Jewry-street, Amgate, victualler. W. ROTHERHAM, Shoreditch, draper. J. SIMPSON and J. WINDROSS, Bishopsgate-street, City, linen-drappers. N. COPLING and T. WOOD, King-street, City, woollen and stuff-agents. J. PHILPOTT, Belle Sauvage-yard, Ludgate-hill, innkeeper. J. BUXTON, Barnard Castle, Durham, woolstapler. C. C. BERRY, Liverpool, merchant. J. STRACHAN, Bristol, tailor. J. LANGLEY, Bristol, wine-merchant. J. GLOVER, Walsall, iron-founder. J. COWAN, Gosport, slater. W. D. PRICE, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, innkeeper.

Jan. 16.—G. JOSHUA, Brownlow-street, Drury-lane, currier. W. INGLIS, Houndsditch, currier. B. MORRIS, Oxford street, druggist. G. BAGLEY and J. EVANS, Lad-lane, warehousemen. W. RICHARDSON, Godstone, Surrey, innkeeper. W. STIVENSON, Princes-street, St. James's, dealer. J. NEVATT, Petworth, Sussex, tailor. W. RAYMOND, Streatam-place, Brixton-hill, ship-owner. J. WIGAN, Pine Apple-place, Edgware-road, music-seller. F. MOORE, jun., Westmoreland-place, Walworth-common, vinegar-merchant. J. CARNLEY, Kingston-upon-Hull, upholsterer. J. MARSTON, Nuneaton, Warwickshire, grocer.

Jan. 20.—T. LAYFIELD and W. LAYFIELD, Silver-street, St. James's, tailors. J. HARVEY, Dartford, timber-merchant. T. JONES, Liverpool, broker. I. MILLER, Liverpool, merchant. J. GARSIDE, Portwood, within Brinnington, Cheshire, machine-maker. J. EDWARDS, Wanchelygen, Breconshire, draper. E. BROWN, J. J. DAVY, and T. DAVY, Culloption, Devonshire, woollen-manufacturers.

Jan. 23.—T. W. SHARLAND, Lime-street, City, tea-broker. A. L. WIGAN, Brighton, surgeon. G. H. WALKER, White Lion-street, Spital-square, coach-maker. S. FITCH, Cambridge-hen, Hackney, victualler. G. MILLS, Stroud, Gloucestershire, clothier. J. T. REEVE, Red Lion, Whitechapel High-street, victualler. W. KEY, London-wall, City, cheesemonger. G. GIDLEY, Wood street, Cheapside, button-manufacturer. N. J. LYONS, South Lambeth, master mariner. D. JAMES, Dartford, banker. R. JOHNSTON, Dover-street, Piccadilly, milliner. J. WAKFIELD, Hallow, Worcestershire, machine-maker. H. W. KING, Bristol, attorney-at-law. A. HARVEY, Penzance, Cornwall, watch-maker. J. PERRY and J. RAYMENT, Manchester, paper-dealers. J. PARK, Wortley, Leeds, woollen-cloth manufacturer. M. SCHOLEY, Kingston-upon-Hull, draper. J. B. BILLAM, Wakefield, Yorkshire, manufacturer.

## COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE general condition of trade is little altered during the last month ; the impediments created by the operation of the elections are not yet removed, but the impression is, that industry will now shortly fall into its accustomed channels, and probably flow in a somewhat more vigorous current from its temporary obstruction. The tone of the Money Market has been preserved in a healthy state by a course of firm but temperate restraint upon the issues of the currency, which, by checking the wildness of speculation, has brought us to the commencement of a new year without any of those general and distressing embarrassments which too frequently mark the period.

There has been some dulness of late in the sale of West India Muscovades, and a depreciation of 6*d.* to 1*s.* per cwt. may be noted generally within the last few days. A parcel of Barbadoes with difficulty realized former prices, by public sale, a part being taken in : new Demerara has brought 53*s.* to 56*s.*

The new Mauritius Sugars have been brought into the market ; a sale of 3700 bags took place lately ; they were low middling to fine yellow, of good colour and quality, and brought from 56*s.* to 62*s.*, an advance of 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* upon former prices.

East India Sugars have maintained their prices with tolerable firmness. Among the recent public sales have been 3000 bags Siam, low to fine white, 27*s.* to 30*s.* ; middling to fine yellow, 26*s.* to 26*s.* 6*d.* ; about 2400 baskets Java, middling to fine greyish yellow, 28*s.* to 29*s.* ; brown, 27*s.* to 27*s.* 6*d.* ; and a small parcel of Bengal, fine bright white, 33*s.* to 33*s.* 6*d.*

Foreign Sugars have been equally steady ; middling to good yellow Havannah have sold at public auction for 28*s.* 6*d.* to 29*s.* 6*d.* ; low brown, for 26*s.* to 27*s.* ; a parcel of good white, by private contract, at 34*s.*

There is a considerably increased demand for West India Molasses, and the holders are not disposed to listen to offers of former prices ; good Demerara have brought 24*s.* and 24*s.* 6*d.*

The Refined Market is improving ; the holders now ask 34*s.* for fine crushed, but the offers are generally limited to 33*s.*

There has been little alteration of late in the prices of British Plantation Coffee, except that the ordinary unclean descriptions, which have been so long

depressed, have brought prices about 2*s.* higher. In Foreign and East India Coffee there is little to note ; St. Domingo has been last sold at 51*s.*, and a parcel of good Ceylon at 54*s.* 6*d.*

The Market for Rum is brisk, and commands better prices, the stock remaining in importer's hands being low ; proof Leewards are at 2*s.* 3*d.*, and Jamaica proportionately high. Little doing in Brandy or Geneva.

Cotton is firm, and a good deal of business doing ; it is, however, anticipated by some who are well acquainted with the Market, that even the appearance of angry feeling lately manifested between the Governments of France and of the United States will have the effect of bringing to this country much of the raw Cotton, which would otherwise have been shipped direct to France, and hence some slight depression in prices may be expected. The prodigious demand of our manufacturers, which seems to outrun the powers of production, will not permit this depression to go to any considerable extent.

The Wool Market is once more reviving from its long-continued lethargy.

The first part of the January sales of Indigo at the Public Rooms in Mincinglane produced a full attendance and animated biddings. In every description there has been a considerable advance ; in Bengal, it amounts to 1*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* ; in Madras, 6*d.* to 9*d.* ; and in Kurpahs, which were of low quality, and purchased for home consumption, to 1*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 4*d.* upon the prices of the preceding sale. In every instance the highest rate of advance has been in the middling and ordinary descriptions.

The fluctuations on the Corn Exchange are within such narrow limits as to present little matter of interest : the almost sole variations from one market day to another are from a brisker to a more moderate demand, and the accompanying oscillation of 6*d.* or 1*s.* per quarter. The present scale of duty on Foreign Corn is, for Wheat, 46*s.* 8*d.* ; Barley, 15*s.* 4*d.* ; Oats, 13*s.* 9*d.* ; Rye, 21*s.* 3*d.* ; Beans, 15*s.* 6*d.* ; and Peas, 8*s.*

The Consol Market has, with a trifling intermission, maintained its firmness throughout the elections : at the commencement of the month they were 92 to  $\frac{1}{4}$  for the opening, and have now risen to 91 $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  ex dividend. Bank Stock has not exceeded the limits of 222 to 223 in its fluctuations ; but in India Stock a large depreciation has occurred :

from the quotation of 268 it has fallen to 258 ex dividend, which is a difference of 5 per cent. India Bonds and Exchequer Bills, within the same time, have not varied more than 2s. to 3s.

In the Foreign Market, Portuguese and Spanish Stock still furnish the chief ground of speculative interest; the former has, by a gradual progress, risen from 86 to 91; the latter from about 54 had risen to 56½, when the appearance of the scrip of the new loan in the Market created a large number of sellers, who were desirous of going into the lighter Stock, and caused a relapse in the prices nearly to the full extent of the former advance, but which is now showing symptoms of recovery. The loan is taken at 60, with a provision that should it, within a certain specified time, maintain a quotation in this Market of 66 and upwards, the contract price shall be increased to 63. The scrip came out at ½ premium, and has since fluctuated between ½ and 1½ premium.

The last prices of the principal securities on the 26th are subjoined:—

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 222½ 3—Three per Cent. Reduced, 91½ 1—Three per Cent. Consols, 91½ 1—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 90½ 7—Three and a Half per Cent. New, 99 1—Long Annuities, expire Jan., 1860, 17½ 1—India Stock, 25½ 8½—Ditto Bonds, 19 21—Exchequer Bills, 1000/., and Small, 41 3—Consols for Account, 91 ½.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 8½, 9½ — Bolanos, 132½ 7½—British Iron, 32½ 3—Brazilian. Imperial, 38½ 9½—Canada, 44 5—Colombian, 13½ 14½—Real del Monte, 31 2—United Mexican, 4½ 5.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 99½ 1—Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 83½—Chilian, 6 per cent. 39 40—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 32½ 3½—Danish, 3 per cent. 76½ 7—Dutch, 2½ per cent. 54½ 1—Ditto, 5 per cent. 100½ 1—Mexican, 6 per cent. 41½ 1—Peruvian, 6 per cent. 26 7—Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent. 90½ 1—Russian 0/., sterling, 5 per cent. 108½—Spanish. 1821, 5 per cent. 54½ 5—Scrip, 1½ 1½ premium.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the							
	Qrs. ended Jan. 5,		In-	De-	Yrs. ended Jan. 5,		In-
	1834	1835.	crease.	crease.	1834.	1835.	crease.
Customs, £	3,594,287	4,305,731	711,434	.....	14,946,988	16,936,695	1,989,707
Excise ....	4,264,493	3,484,200	.....	780,293	14,940,962	13,166,055	.....
Stamps ....	1,575,112	1,555,462	.....	19,650	6,198,686	6,582,234	383,548
Taxes, ....	1,808,701	1,633,120	.....	175,581	4,892,058	4,550,614	.....
Post-Office ..	324,000	323,000	.....	.....	1,386,000	1,361,000	.....
Miscellan. ....	27,046	34,947	11,401	.....	57,133	56,919	.....
	11,593,639	11,339,950			42,621,827	42,653,517	
Repayments of Advances for Public Works, &c.,	103,886	59,611	.....	44,275	315,018	390,359	75,341
Total, £	11,697,525	11,399,561	722,835	1,020,799	42,936,845	43,043,876	2,148,596
	Deduct Increase .....			722,835	Deduct Decrease ....		
	Decrease on the Quarter ....			297,964	Increase on the Year 107,031		

As compared with the preceding financial year, that just concluded shows, by these returns, an increase of income to the amount of 107,031/., but a falling off, upon a contrast of the two corresponding quarters, of a sum of 297,964/.. The Customs and Stamps alone display any improvement upon the whole year; all the other sources of public income a defalcation upon both the periods. Under the head of Customs the dissimilarity

of amount from that received during the year ended January, 1834, appears enormous, being little short of two millions; while the defalcation in the Excise receipts, upon a comparison of the same periods, is also striking. But this difference is one of form more than substance, and arises from the new arrangement of accounting under one head for duties which used to be credited under another. The apparent advantage in the last year over the preceding one in the Customs is 1,989,707*l.*, and upon the quarter 714,434*l.*; whilst the defalcation in the Excise is for the two periods—upon the one, 1,674,907*l.*, and 780,293*l.*, respectively. The Stamp duties have proved more productive upon the year by 83,548*l.*, but fallen off upon the quarter to the amount of 19,650*l.* The Assessed Taxes already show a falling off upon the year and quarter, the first to the amount of 341,444*l.*, and the latter to 175,581*l.* The returns for the Post Office prove deficient on the year in the sum of 25,000*l.*, and ought upon the quarter to show a deficit of 1000*l.*, though such a result does not appear upon the tables, which is a slight error. Certainly, upon a comparison of the receipts of the quarters ending January 5, 1834, and January 5, 1835, 324,000*l.* and 323,000*l.* respectively, the 100*l.* difference ought to have been carried to the account of decrease of the quarter. The accounts, however, are necessarily made up in haste at the latest moment, and therefore allowance must be made for them. The “miscellaneous” have increased upon the year to the amount of 11,401*l.*, but fallen off in an inconsiderable amount on the quarter. There is in this quarter a trifling increase in the charges upon the Consolidated Fund. The sum wanted for the service of the quarter, to be raised by Exchequer Bills, is estimated at 5,304,809*l.*

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## THE COLONIES.

### WEST INDIES.

THE Jamaica papers mention the committal to prison by the House of Assembly of Mr. Abbott, a Baptist missionary, on account of his having declined to take the oath preparatory to his being examined before a committee of the House. He refused to take the oath from conscientious motives, not conceiving the committee in question to be a judicial authority. The above appears to be at once an arbitrary and unconstitutional mode of procedure.

The accounts from the island continue to be of a very unsatisfactory nature. The report of the committee of the House of Assembly, appointed to inquire into the state of the colony, gives a gloomy, and, indeed, alarming view of the aspect of things. The general conclusion at which the committee arrive is, “that the new system is not succeeding.” They say that the hours of work fixed by the Abolition Act are inadequate to enable the cultivation of the country to be continued; that the negroes are performing no fair proportion of work during these limited hours; that idleness and contempt of authority are becoming more apparent and alarming; and that the crops are in danger of being lost, to a considerable extent, from the want of cultivation and care. For these evils they propose several remedies, the first and chief of which is the appointment “of a more numerous and competent magistracy, possessing local experience and knowledge, to preserve order, repress crimes, and enforce industry.” They further recommend amendments in the law, defining more accurately the relative duties of master and apprentice, and regulations as to the time of labour, so as to secure the safe gathering in of the great staple of the island, the sugar crop.

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## FOREIGN STATES.

## RUSSIA.

According to a decision of the Council of the Russian Empire, the administration of the department of the public buildings has authorized the Imperial Academy of the Fine Arts to educate, at the expense of the Government, fifty young men, who, after having finished their studies, shall be obliged to serve in the first administration in the quality of architect for a certain number of years. The registrar of the department of the public buildings has consequently published a notice, stating that twenty-five pupils will this year be admitted into the Academy; and requests parents who wish for the admission of their children, to present themselves at the principal office in order to register their demands. The sons of nobles and of public servants will be employed in preference; and failing in these, other children of free birth. The candidates are to be at least fourteen years of age, and will have to undergo a preliminary examination on religion, the Russian and French languages, history, geography, arithmetic, and plain drawing.

## UNITED STATES.

The American President's Message to Congress, delivered on the 1st of December, is, as usual, extremely lengthy, but that is scarcely to be avoided in the exposition of a state policy so varied and so widely extended, and this document in all respects well sustains the character of the Government for moderation, dignity, and sound political views. In its matter it is more important than usual, inasmuch as it brings to issue the two questions of differences with France on the subject of the indemnities, and of those hardly less formidable between the Government and the Bank of the United States.

The case of General Jackson against the French Government is a very strong one. The negotiation for satisfying the claims of American citizens for losses sustained through the different Governments of France from 1800 to 1817, and especially under the operation of the Berlin and Milan Decrees, was nearly brought to a close at the abdication of Charles X., and, notwithstanding the interruptions which followed, was completed by a Treaty signed by Louis Philippe on the 4th July, 1831, by which France agreed to pay an indemnity of 25,000,000 of francs (1,000,000*l.* sterling) in six equal annual instalments, the first becoming due within one year from the ratification of the treaty. Interest at the rate of 4 per cent. was to be paid on the remaining instalments. On the part of the United States, counter claims, on exactly similar conditions, were allowed in favour of French subjects to the amount of 1,500,000 francs, and advantages were further mutually given in the remission of a portion of the duty on French wines imported into the United States, and that on cotton imported into France. After the due ratification of this treaty, the appropriation of the funds requisite for its fulfilment was delayed, from various causes, and finally, on the 26th of April, 1834, refused by the French Chambers. The commercial stipulations of the treaty were passed over without notice, and left wholly inoperative. In the mean time, however, a Bill had been drawn by the United States for the first instalment, which became due in February, 1833, but no legislative provision having been made for it, it was of course dishonoured. Remonstrances followed, which led to the despatch of a vessel specially with instructions to the French Minister at Washington on the subject, but still it was found that the French Chambers met again on the 31st of July without any provision for the fulfilment of the treaty. The President feels therefore that he is bound by a regard for the honour of his Government to take some decisive step, to declare as a principle of international law his right to make reprisals on the property of French subjects,

and to recommend that a law authorizing them be passed, unless provision is made for the payment of the debt during the present Session of the French Chambers. From the tone of this part of the Message, sufficient opening is left for accommodation, and its spirit is as much an assertion of national dignity as a threat of actual warfare. It, however, caused great alarm on the Paris Bourse, and a considerable decline in the funds, both those of France and other Government securities.

The fate of the Bank of the United States, as an appendage to the Government, and so far as depends on the President of the United States, is decided. A contest so extraordinary has never been carried on in any country, but the Bank has clearly had the worst of it, and the President has achieved the triumph of showing that not only the Government, but the trading community also, could do very well without that establishment. So completely was it reduced to a nullity, that, according to the terms of the Message, it exhibited on the 1st of October "the extraordinary spectacle of a National Bank, more than one-half of whose capital was either lying unproductive in its vaults, or in the hands of foreign bankers." The connexion with the Bank is to be broken by degrees, and the Government business apportioned among the different State Banks, the President declaring against the impolicy of ever again intrusting so enormous a power to any one corporation.

The whole of the debt of the United States would be paid off on the 1st of January, but no remission of import duties is on this account contemplated.

The relations with other foreign Governments are in general declared to be satisfactory. The delay in the settlement of the north-boundary question with Great Britain is adverted to, but for both parties credit is taken for the disposition to bring it to an amicable adjustment. The breaking off of the commercial treaty with Belgium is also noticed, but in the same friendly spirit. Arrangements are stated to be in progress with Mexico for establishing a south-boundary line to the vast territory of the Union.

The remaining topics of the Message relate principally to internal affairs. The state of the army is affirmed to be satisfactory, and the naval power of the State, its chief defence, as having greatly and efficiently increased. It recommends a revision of the laws regulating the election of President and Vice-President, and suggests that these offices ought to be held for either four or six years. It deprecates strongly the adoption of any measures which might bring the republic into collision with particular States.

#### PORTUGAL.

On the 2nd of January the Queen re-opened the Chambers of the Cortes with a speech from the Throne, which contains nothing of any moment, beyond the usual assurances of the friendly disposition of the old allies of the Portuguese nation towards the Queen's government, and her Majesty's expressed hope that the Chambers will endeavour to improve the revenue, raise the public credit, and of course grant the necessary supplies. The general state of Portugal is said to be exceedingly prosperous, considering the recent termination of the civil war.

#### PERSIA.

The death of the Shah of Persia will, according to the statements in the German papers, rather add to the troubled politics of the East. In the disorderly and ill-constituted Governments of Asia, there is no security for the hereditary succession to the Throne, for which several competitors often arise, and the strongest generally turns out to be the Sovereign. Several of the relatives of the Shah are governors of provinces, where they have collected troops and treasures from the oppressed inhabitants, as if preparing for any struggle that might ensue. Throughout the East, the

policy has always been to rule over the distant provinces by delegated power; and in the weakness of the supreme authority, these provincial governors are always in the practice of aspiring to independence. This was the origin of sovereign power throughout Hindostan. The military chiefs and provincial governors, the Soubahs, the Rajahs, the Zemindars, and the numerous petty feudatories of that vast empire, all rose to independent power on the ruins of the Mogul authority. They were indeed the fragments of that broken empire, which are now again put together, and re-united into one vast structure under the powerful and all-conquering sway of Britain. In Persia the same principle of anarchy and division prevails, and the provincial rulers are there, as elsewhere, ever ready to convert their delegated into independent authority; and hence the danger of a disputed succession in the kingdoms of Asia: and in this case, Russia would no doubt lend a helping hand to settle all internal disputes. Already several of the frontier provinces of Persia are incorporated into her empire, and have long since subsided into tranquillity under her powerful sway. They form advanced stations, from which the Persian empire may be at any time assailed; and the work of conquest, thus advancing step by step, has a greater chance of being permanent. How far Russia may be disposed to take advantage of any internal dissensions in Persia, remains to be seen. We should imagine that her rulers would find ample employment at present in the affairs of Turkey; and that they would have little leisure for any fresh adventures of this nature on the side of Persia.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

### MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ROBERT TRAVERS.

Major-General Sir Robert Travers, who lost his life by being thrown from his horse in Cork, was an officer of distinguished merit and talent. He entered the service in 1794, obtained a company in the following year, and was reduced on half-pay in 1796. In 1798, being still on half-pay, he volunteered his services with the Sligo regiment of militia, during the rebellion of that year in Ireland, and he was wounded while doing duty with that corps.

Sir Robert Travers was placed on full pay as captain in the 79th regiment in 1799, and served with it on the expedition to Holland in that year. In 1800 he was engaged in the attack on Ferrol, on which occasion he was again severely wounded, and on his return to England he joined the Rifle Brigade, at that time forming. He was promoted to a majority in that gallant corps in 1814, without purchase, and accompanied it in the succeeding year to Germany, under Lord Cathcart. Sir Robert embarked with a detachment of the Rifle Brigade for South America in 1807, and was a third time severely wounded, during the attack on Buenos Ayres. In 1808 he commanded the Rifle Brigade at the battles of Roleia and Vimiera, was with it on the retreat of Sir John Moore's army to Corunna, and was immediately after appointed to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy, without purchase, at the request of the Duke of Wellington. He was nominated to the command of the 10th Foot in 1810, and served with it in Sicily, and on the east coast of Spain. Sir Robert commanded the advanced guard in the attack on Genoa in 1814, under Lord William Bentinck. Upon the restoration of peace, he was appointed to the situation of President at Cephalonia, and in 1823 he returned to England, and was promoted to the rank of Major-General in 1825.

Sir Robert Travers was a Companion of the Order of the Bath, Knight



Commander of the British Order of St. Michael and St. George, a Knight Commander of St. Ferdinand, and he also wore medals for his services in the Peninsula.

The melancholy and distressing accident which deprived Sir Robert Travers of life will be deeply and sincerely lamented by all who knew him, whether in the capacity of a brave and zealous officer, an active and impartial magistrate, or a sincere friend.

#### HENRY BONE, ESQ., R.A.

Among those of the past year distinguished by their talents in art, science, or literature, whose death it has been our painful duty to announce, we have to record that of this admirable artist and truly estimable man. The event had been long expected, and might rather be considered the decay of nature than the effect of any particular malady; and his exit was calm and tranquil. He died at his house in Clarendon Square, on the 17th of December, at a very advanced age, we believe little short of eighty years.

With his abilities as an artist the public are in general well acquainted. To his character as a man, his social disposition, the suavity of his temper, and other of his amiable qualities, his friends, and those who best knew him, will readily testify. Mr. Bone carried the art of enamel painting to a degree of excellence hitherto unknown in this country, by increasing its dimensions, and applying its powers to subjects of history as well as to works of imagination. Independent of his numerous copies from the works of the first masters, ancient and modern, his series of enamels from portraits of the most eminent characters in the reign of Queen Elizabeth is a lasting memorial of his talent, as well as of his unwearied application and industry: a work so unique, indestructible, and interesting, that we cannot help entertaining a hope that it will find a place among our national collections of art, as its final destination.—*Literary Gazette.*

#### MR. MALTHUS.

We extract from the "Morning Chronicle" a notice of this remarkable man. Few men have obtained greater celebrity as political economists than the Rev. Mr. Malthus, whose death it is our duty to communicate to our readers. The work on Population took a strong hold of the public, and ever since its appearance the doctrines he advanced have more or less entered into all speculations with regard to the condition and future prospects of mankind. He is also the author of various tracts on the Corn Laws, &c., and a work on Political Economy; but these publications did not add much to his reputation. He committed the capital blunder of supposing that a glut could exist in all commodities at the same time, which amounts to a positive contradiction in terms.

With respect to the great work on Population, it appeared first as a moderately-sized octavo, in answer to the extravagant views of perfectibility advanced by Mr. Godwin and others. It was next published as a quarto, with great additions, and modifications. Several succeeding editions were also greatly altered.

Mr. Malthus has neither correctly expounded the doctrine of population, nor done justice to the many able modern writers who, long before the appearance of his work, advanced opinions on the subject similar to his own. He has uniformly placed the tendency of our species to increase beyond their means of subsistence under a somewhat gloomy aspect. It is, however, to this tendency that we are indebted for all our advancement in civilization. The ingenuity of individuals is sharpened by necessity to escape the evils of poverty, and mechanical inventions of all kinds, whereby man has obtained such a wonderful power over the material world, are the result. Besides, he has not done sufficient justice to the power of habit over mankind. When habit has once made certain commodities necessary to a people, they will not willingly forego the enjoyment of them. And we

find, in fact, that except in the few cases in which the natural order of things has been deranged by absurd legislation, the history of any given society has been, in general, that of progressive amelioration in the condition of the great body of the people. The labouring Englishman of our days commands a far greater share of the necessities and luxuries of life than the labourer of a century back. The fear of sinking stimulates to invention, and every addition thereby made to the enjoyments of mankind enlarges their notions of what they ought to obtain, and becomes then a point from which further advances are made.

The doctrine of population is, in fact, the revival of an old doctrine. The old English writers seem to have had constantly present to them the danger of multiplication beyond the means of subsistence. Sir Matthew Hale, in his "Primitive Originations of Mankind," may be referred to with profit on the subject. Ortes, an Italian Economist, and several French writers, and Townshend, among ourselves, before Malthus, laid down the doctrine in a less exceptionable form. Justus Moeser, a German, in a work of essays, published about the middle of last century, complained of the modern notion of the strength of a nation being in the ratio of its population, and endeavoured to show that, from the remotest periods, all the nations of Teutonic origin had constantly endeavoured to repress population by restrictions of various kinds, direct and indirect.

Mr. Malthus was principally indebted for his celebrity to the period when his work first appeared.

Mr. Malthus was beloved by all who had the advantage of knowing him. He was, in truth, a most amiable and accomplished gentleman.

#### THE REV. THOMAS BARNE, M.A.

At his brother's mansion of Sotterly Hall, Suffolk, aged 68, the Rev. Thomas Barne, M.A., of the Manor House, Crayford, Kent, Chaplain in Ordinary to our three latest Sovereigns, and for fifteen years rector of Sotterly. He was descended from an ancient English family, one of whom, Sir George Barne, was Lord Mayor of London in the time of Edward VI. Mr. Barne was educated at Westminster School, and took his degrees at Oriol College, Oxford. He was twice married, and is survived by his second wife, Sarah, the only daughter of the Hon. and Rev. St. Andrew St. John, sometime Dean of Worcester.

The intellectual attainments of Mr. Barne would have entitled him to shine in the higher departments of literature, but Providence, in granting him an early independence, released him from that stern necessity for mental exertion by which so many of our greatest scholars have been formed. He therefore devoted his attention solely to those subjects which immediately interested him, without any aspirations after posthumous fame: but the playfulness of his wit, and the correctness of his judgment, enlivened his social circle, whilst they elevated the tone of its ordinary discourse; and from his familiar knowledge of the Latin poets, his conversation was enriched by the happiest and most appropriate classical allusions.

But these accomplishments, however they might charm in the intercourse of society, are but as "dust in the balance" compared with those Christian virtues, upon whose remembrance it is *now alone* consolatory to reflect. It was stated by the excellent curate of Crayford, in a sermon preached upon the occasion of Mr. Barne's death, that he had never been asked for charity in vain, and the poor of his parishes were all remembered at his death. His kindness as a landlord and a master could not be surpassed, and this brief notice is a small tribute to the sincerity and steadiness of his friendship, which was neither repelled by adversity, nor obtained by the factitious influence of wealth or station.

In concluding this sketch we cannot wholly omit allusion to politics at such a spirit-stirring period as the present: for, though the clerical pro-

fession is happily less concerned in them than any other, yet, as a considerable landholder, Mr. Barne, though always willing to offer the clergy of his neighbourhood gratuitous assistance, could not be wholly engrossed by the duties of a vocation whose *temporal* advantages he had relinquished. He was a true lover of his country, liberal in his views, and independent in his conduct; supporting the principle of disfranchisement, though it deprived his family of a borough they had long possessed, and refusing to influence the votes of his tenantry, though his brother held an important office under a Tory Ministry.

The life of a clergyman—of a country clergyman more especially—is not a life of action. The biography of such can contain therefore little to excite, and less to startle the reader; but inasmuch as the example of a good man is of importance to society—and, to his immediate circle, even of more value than written precepts—we are conferring a benefit on our readers in not permitting one of so pure a life, so exalted a character, and so enlightened a mind, to descend to the grave without some slight record to do honour to his memory.

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

*Married.*—Adolphus Frederick Molyneux Capel, Esq., son of Lady Caroline Capel, and nephew to the Earl of Essex, to the Hon. Charlotte Mary Maynard, eldest daughter of Viscount Maynard.

At St. Marylebone, J. M. Elwes, of Boscington, Hants, Esq., to Emily, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Canston, Prebendary, of Westminster.

Colonel Russell, C.B., of Ashlesteel, Selkirkshire, to Katherine Mary, daughter of the late Sir James Hall, Bart., of Dunglass.

The Rev. Alexander Berni Russell, youngest son of the late Cland Russell, Esq., of Binfield, Berks, to Louisa Ansley, eldest daughter of George Hannam, Esq., of Bromston House, near Ramsgate.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sir A. Malet, Bart., to Miss Spalding, daughter of Lady Brougham and Vaux.

Gilbert Affleck, Esq., eldest son of Sir Robt. Affleck, of Dalham-hall, Suffolk, Baronet, to Everina Frances, eldest daughter of Francis Ellis, Esq., Royal Crescent, Bath.

At Stapleton, near Bristol, Gilbert Farquhar Grieme Mathison, Esq., of the Royal Mint, to Filiza, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Jones Grieme, of Oldbury Court, Gloucester.

On the 15th ult., at Offchurch, the Rev. Ernest Adolphus Waller, youngest son of Sir Wathen Waller, of Pope's Villa, Twickenham, Bart. and G.C.H., to Louisa Wise, youngest daughter of the Rev. Henry Wise, of Offchurch, Warwickshire.

July last, at St Helena, William Alexander, Esq., son of the Bishop of Meath, to Miss Janet Dallas, eldest daughter of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of that Island, and niece of General Sir Thomas Dallas, G.C.B.

On the 22nd ult., at St. Pancras New Church, Henry, son of C. Stainbank, Esq., of Peckham, to Mary, youngest daughter of William Essex, Esq., of Upper Woburn-place, Tavistock-square.

At Littleton, Miss Dorothy Wood, youngest daughter of Thomas Wood, Esq., to Major George Gustavus Tuite, of the 3rd or King's

Own Light Dragoons, second son of Hugh Tuite, Esq., of Sonna, in the county of Westmeath.

At St. Clement's, Ipswich, on the 20th ult., Edward, son of the late Charles Hanbury, Esq., of Halsted, Essex, to Harriet Anne, daughter of John Cobbold, jun., Esq., of the Cliff, Ipswich.

*Died.*—At Southampton, Anne, Countess of Mountnorris, daughter of the late Viscount Courtenay, and sister of the present Earl of Devon.

At Greenwich, in his 62nd year, Clement Chapple, late of Pall-mall, Bookseller.

In his 82nd year, the Right Hon. Reginald Pole Carew, of Antony House, Cornwall.

Major-General the Hon. Granville Anson Chetwynd Stapleton, in his 77th year, brother to the late and uncle to the present Viscount Chetwynd.

At Forthampton House, near Tewkesbury, Hopewell Tyler, Esq., a descendant of the ancient family of Hayward of Forthampton.

At Musselburgh, Major-General James Stirling, of the 42nd Royal Highlanders.

Henry Bone, Esq., R.A., the celebrated painter in enamel, at the age of 80 years.

Aged 88, the Rev. Isaiah Phillips, who for upwards of forty years officiated as principal reader to the Synagogue in Birmingham.

At Port Eliot, Cornwall, the Lady Susan Lygon, second daughter of the Earl of St. German's.

In Holles-street, Cavendish-square, on the 8th ult., Lieut.-Colonel Mark Watt, Colonel-Commandant of the Trafford and Hulm Local Militia.

At his residence, Hyde Park-place West, in the 62d year of his age, the Right Hon. Thos. Charles Earl of Portmore.

In North Audley-street, Lady Harriet Maria Villiers, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clarendon.

Mr. Henry Warren, Printer of the "Courier" newspaper.

# PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

## LONDON.

*Christenings and Burials during the Year.*—From the annual report just prepared of the christenings and burials which have taken place during the year, it appears that from the 10th December, 1833, to the 9th December, 1834, there have been christened in the 97 parishes within the walls of the City, 969 children, and 1,162 persons have been buried in the same time. Several of these parishes are very small, and the number christened and buried amounts only to three or four in the year. In St. Alban, Wood-street; St. Botolph, Billingsgate; St. Margaret, Lothbury; and St. Olave, Silver-street, only one christening has taken place in each parish in the year, and burials have been equally scarce. In Christ Church, Newgate-street, 100 christenings and 58 burials have taken place during the year. In St. Ann's, Blackfriars, the christenings and burials have been equal—viz., 59 of each. In St. Dunstan's in the East there have been 20 christenings and 30 burials, and in many other parishes the mortality has been equally great; in Allhallows, Barking, there have been 47 burials and 39 christenings; in Allhallows, London-wall, 24 burials and 9 christenings. In St. Alphage, Sion College, 17 burials and 2 christenings; St. Gregory and St. Paul, 29 burials and 17 christenings. In St. Stephen's, Colman-street, the christenings amount to 95, and the deaths to 71.

In the 17 parishes without the walls, there have been christened 4247, and 3507 buried; viz:—

	Christ.	Bur.
St. Andrew, Holborn . . .	1175	653
St. Bartholomew the Great . .	42	37
St. Botolph, Aldersgate . . .	10	5
St. Botolph, Aldgate . . .	305	207
St. Botolph, Bishopsgate . . .	293	222
Bridewell Precinct . . .	2	12
St. Bride . . .	139	161
St. Dunstan-in-the-West . . .	34	111
St. George, Southwark . . .	654	737
St. Giles, Cripplegate . . .	489	900
St. John, Southwark . . .	277	275
St. Olave, Southwark . . .	109	235
St. Saviour, Southwark . . .	568	456
St. Sepulchre . . .	153	120
St. Thomas, Southwark . . .	60	70
Trinity in the Minories . . .	11	6

In the 24 out-parishes, and their district churches, in Middlesex and Surrey, the following are the returns of christenings and burials; viz:—

	Christ.	Bur.
St. Ann, Middlesex . . .	490	347
Christ Church, Surrey . . .	296	455
Christ Church, Middlesex . . .	419	444
Stepney . . .	122	620
St. George, Bloomsbury . . .	399	148
St. George, Middlesex . . .	1057	576
St. Giles-in-the-Fields . . .	642	339
St. James, Clerkenwell . . .	1077	585
St. John, Clerkenwell . . .	45	62
St. John, Hackney . . .	483	897
St. Leonard, Shoreditch . . .	3287	898
St. John Baptist, Hoxton . . .	355	591
St. Mary, Haggerstone . . .	199	266
St. Luke, Middlesex . . .	568	533
South Hackney . . .	10	7
St. Mary, Islington . . .	811	686
St. Mary, Lambeth . . .	1089	1122
St. John, Evangelist, Lambeth . .	1206	675
St. Luke, Norwood . . .	39	19
St. Mark, Kennington . . .	333	318
St. Matthew, Brixton . . .	164	139
St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey .	714	927
St. James, Bermondsey . . .	6	125
St. Mary, Newington . . .	1251	696
St. Mary, Rotherhithe . . .	431	417
St. Mary, Whitechapel . . .	612	366
St. Mattheus, Bethnal-green . .	771	675
St. Paul, Shadwell . . .	110	240

Total christened in the above-mentioned 24 parishes, &c., 17,986; buried, 13,402.

Poplar, St. George, Queen-square, and Wapping, neglected to make a report.

In the 10 parishes in the city and liberties of Westminster the following return was made:—

	Christ.	Bur.
St. Ann, Westminster . . .	471	284
St. Clement Danes . . .	412	396
St. James, Westminster . . .	795	974
St. John, Westminster . . .	289	616
St. Margaret, Westminster . . .	1254	807
St. Martin-in-the-Fields . . .	636	338
St. Mary-le-Strand . . .	64	40
Precincts of the Savoy . . .	11	38
St. Paul, Covent-garden . . .	82	115

St. George, Hanover-square, made no return.

The total number in the city and liberties of Westminster—christened, 4014; buried, 3608.

Consumption carried off the greatest number of persons in the year—viz., 3792; old age and debility, 2333; convulsions, 1875; inflammation, 1723; dropsy, 836; asthma, 796; dropsy on the brain, 682; cholera, 630; whooping-cough, 602; measles, 528; scarlet fever, 523; small-pox, 334; childbirth, 289; teething, 395; fevers (intermittent, typhus, and common), 599; inflammation

of the bowels and stomach, 347; inflammation of the brain, 207; inflammation of the lungs and pleura, 375; insanity, 150; diseased liver, 287; mortification, 225; paralysis, 158; thrush, 90; unknown causes, 948; gout, 70; still-born, 1009. A number of other complaints make up the awful catalogue of deaths.

Of the casualties that have occurred in the course of the year, it appears that 125 persons have been drowned; 38 died by the visitation of God; 49 excessive drinking; 16 found dead; 185 killed by various accidents; 5 murdered; 10 poisoned; 42 committed suicide.

The number of persons christened in the course of the year—Males, 13,601; Females, 13,615; Total, 27,216.

The total number of persons buried in the same time—Males, 10,811; Females, 10,868; Total, 21,679.

Of the number buried were—

Still-born	1099
Under 2 years of age	4956
2 and under 5	2044
5 " 10	988
10 " 20	850
20 " 30	1520
30 " 40	1192
40 " 50	2025
50 " 60	1979
60 " 70	1978
70 " 80	1611
80 " 90	739
90 " 100	86
100 " "	1
101 " "	1

Decrease in the burials reported this year, 4898.

There have been executed this year, within the limits of the bills of mortality, 3; but none reported to have been buried as such.

#### KENT.

A curious gold medal was discovered a short time ago by a labourer who was excavating a part of the road, on the Ashford line, near Tunford-bridge. It is one of the Roman *Kufperors*, and the obverse is a Roman head in relief, with an inscription, which is said to denote its being commemorative of Severus. The head is encircled with small garnets, inlaid. It appears to have been worn as an ornament, as a rudely-chased suspender is attached to the top of it. This piece of antiquity is now in the possession of Mr. Eastes, of Canterbury.—*Kentish paper*.

#### LANCASHIRE.

*Port of Liverpool.*—The gross amount of Customs' duty collected at this port for the year ended the 5th January last, was 3,733,132*l*, of which 3,555,955*l* was remitted to the Exchequer, although upwards of 100,000*l* was paid in debentures to the merchants.

#### WORCESTERSHIRE.

*Aurora Borealis.*—A few weeks ago, soon after 5 p.m., our attention was attracted by an unusual luminous appearance in the north and north-western (true) part of the horizon. At half-past 5 the coruscations of the aurora borealis were brilliantly distinct, and presented that ever-changing variety in their radiations which so peculiarly distinguishes this most interesting phenomenon. About half-past 6 the coruscations themselves ceased, but at 7, and for some time after, that part of the horizon was again illuminated by the same silvery brightness, but unattended, at least as far as we could observe, by those lengthened rays of light which had been before so conspicuous. We do not recollect that we have ever witnessed a more brilliant display in this latitude. At a quarter-past 6 we distinctly traced one coruscation, shooting its rays from the northern horizon between  $\gamma$  and  $\alpha$  of the constellation Ursa Major, and, leaving the Pole Star to the west, penetrate as far as Cassiopeia, which at that hour was nearly at the zenith. The extent of the whole was grand. On the north-east we did not perceive any coruscations beyond Dubhe in Ursa Major, but to the west they were bright and vivid for a considerable extent, during up even as far as  $\epsilon$  and  $\zeta$  in the tail of Aquila (then at an altitude of about 30°), thus illuminating apparently the whole space upon the horizon, included between 11h. and 18h. or 19h. right ascension. The usual electrical appearances were beautifully visible, such as the shooting of the stars, &c. To the east Orion was rising in all his majesty; Jupiter was high in the heavens, between the Pleiades and Aldebaran, in beauteous splendour, his four moons to be plainly seen with the aid of a common telescope; whilst Mars, in fiery redness, held a conspicuous place near  $\tau$  in Gemini.—*Worcester Journal*.

# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## ON THE STATE OF THE RURAL POPULATION.

IN our Number for March, 1832, was given a rapid, but general and faithful portraiture of the relations and condition of this large, and perhaps most important portion of the community whose numbers at least equal a moiety of the whole—whose business it is to furnish subsistence for the entire people—whose solid property lies in the inalienable soil—whose prosperity ought, from the nature of their employment, to be certain—whose morals should necessarily be, from their domestic habits, isolated position, and the absence of those temptations which the crowded city exhibits to a dense population, uncontaminated and pure—whose manners should, for the same reasons, be simple—and whose happiness, from all these causes combined, might be considered to be amongst the most sure and enduring of all human calculations. The result of our examination demonstrated the absolute contrary of nearly all these conclusions. Property depreciated and pledged to dealers in money—the trade of agriculture (so to speak) fluctuating, all but profitless, and in many instances ruinous—morals depraved, habits estranged from the natural place and pursuits of the several classes constituting rural society—manners not according either with natural place or objects—the peace of the rural districts disturbed—a compulsory idleness, as it were, superseding industry—the labourer pauperised—the farmer discontented—the land-owner distracted between reduced income and established expenses—perpetual disputes calling for the no less perpetual interposition of the magistracy—last, and worst of all, the desperate symptom of incendiarism, and the unshunned consequence of all these evils—universal distrust, division, and discontent. The causes of this conversion from the naturally wholesome and healthy state of rural affairs to this terrific declension were traced and laid bare. Why then, it may be asked, is it necessary to recur to a subject which has been already so completely dissected and demonstrated? Because it is amongst the most interesting and important that can engage the attention of the statesman or the economist, the philosopher or the moralist, and because new agents have been introduced, and new facts elicited. We would, if possible, note the present, and indicate the probable future effects; for to confess the truth at once, it appears to us that little which can correct or reduce the evil has yet been attempted, though both branches of the legislature have employed days and nights in the inquiry; though a commission of very able men has been appointed to investigate; though private societies are engaged, and a mighty machinery, reared at the instigation of Government, has been set into action to provide a remedy. Pray let us be rightly understood. Our objection lies, not

against the present inefficiency of those provisions; for although we regard the case as much too urgent to brook much delay, we are quite aware of the time and patience necessary to such an undertaking. The present inefficacy is not, we repeat, the ground of our objection,—which is, that although in a matter so complicated no one fact or phenomenon can be referred to as the absolute and final cause, and consequently no single remedy applied; yet that the principal sources of poverty, crime and depravation, have been overleaped, so that the great principles have either been mistaken or not provided against. This is the point we shall now endeavour to substantiate.

The land-owner is the first person to be considered, and here we think there is much of error. His condition is represented to be that of suffering in a parallel degree with the other rural classes. In examining his situation we are to take the two sides of the account: on the one, his income, and on the other, his involuntary outgoings: for his expenses voluntarily contracted bear the same relation to those of the anterior date when he was prosperous and happy, as they now do when he is apparently impoverished and positively dissatisfied. The rent of land fifty years ago was not more than one-third of its present amount, even in the districts most fertile by nature; and in those the least so, but which have been brought into cultivation by skill and capital, many of them thus raised to as great production as the lands where Providence has been most bountiful, the value has been augmented in a much higher degree. There are some estates of this quality which even now produce from five to ten times their value at the period to which we refer. The landlord's income ought, therefore, to place him in an infinitely better condition. His involuntary outgoings are taxation, tithe, and poor-rate. The total net revenue of the year 1790 was 15,986,068*l.*; the total net revenue of the year 1834 is 43,043,876*l.* The tithe, so far as it can be ascertained, bears harder upon him at the present moment by about twenty-five per cent.

The burden of the poor-rates has been constantly increasing till it has reached about eight millions: this must be divided into two parts; one, the portion paid by cities and large towns; and the other by land, fairly speaking. When we perceive that of this sum Middlesex pays nearly a million, Lancaster nearly half a million, Yorkshire the same amount, we suspect that, without going into a minute calculation, the proportion which falls upon the land-rent is not so considerable as has been represented; and that the whole is not actually discharged by the land-owner is clear from two circumstances—one, the competition for farms, which keeps up rent to the highest possible pitch, leaving the tenant burdened to the utmost; and the other, the allowance to make up wages, which draws from every inhabitant of a rated house a share of the amount, diminishes the outgoing to the farmer, and enables him to pay a higher rent. Thus, in truth, the landlord is far less affected by poor-rate than is generally believed.

If, then, the portion of the taxes which fall upon the rent of land, and which form but a very small part of the whole, be set against the rise in rent, it should seem that the land-owner has nothing to complain of. On the contrary, he is far better off than in 1790, and the years a little anterior to that period. And to diminish still further the pressure which the increase of these, his involuntary burdens, bring upon him,

comes the decrease in general price\* in every article of his consumption, amounting to a ratio it is not easy to calculate. But upon both these heads I need only refer to Lord Milton's very generally circulated pamphlet. His reasoning is conclusive, his inferences inevitable and unanswerable.

The case of the occupier (the mere tenant) is decidedly worse. In the first place, the price of his produce bears no proportion to the rise of his rent, tithe, and parochial charges, while the competition for farms compels him to conform to, and struggle with, the general rate of hire and tenure. The average price of wheat for thirty years previous to 1793 was about 49s. per quarter. It is now not more than 44s. We noticed in our former essay that his capital has been drained by four accessions of depression from 1816 to 1821; but it now appears to be almost established that he has but little chance of rescue from the permanent depression of the price of his commodity. Every one knows the pains bestowed by the Government upon the elucidation of this momentous topic. Ministers determined, about the year 1825-6, that it should undergo a thorough investigation by an individual deemed to be amongst the most competent in the kingdom, and Mr. Jacob was selected and commissioned. In 1827 that gentleman made his first report on the state of the trade in corn in the northern parts. He endeavours to prove, and had his grounds been solid he did prove, that wheat could not be imported from the northern ports at an average much below 48s. per quarter.

In 1828 he delivered to Government a much more extended report, and the points he laboured to establish, and (as before) seemed to establish, were—

1st. That population, not only in England, but all over the continent of Europe, is increasing in a proportion greatly exceeding the increase of subsistence.

\* In elucidating the effects of the corn-laws, and their tendency to produce high prices, Lord Milton (the present Earl Fitzwilliam) has put this matter in a strong light, though rather by analogy than by direct application to the investigation in which we are engaged. His Lordship says, "that the corn-laws are a heavy tax, no man can doubt, not that you yourselves pay a large portion of it; do not flatter yourselves you pay a large portion of it—do not flatter yourselves that you escape from this impost. Consider what are the habits of the landed gentry, from the smallest to the most extensive proprietors, who reside upon their estates, and derive their incomes from the rent of lands occupied by others. Let each individual among you enter seriously upon this inquiry. Examine your respective expenditures in the gross, analyse them in detail, and you will find that the price of corn affects their amount most materially. The wages of your day-labourers, whether employed upon the farm or in the garden—the wages of your menial servants—the feeding of your dogs—of your horses—your travelling expenses—the repairs of your buildings, whether for use or recreation—the amount of all these, and other sources of expense, which form the great bulk of your annual outlay, whether upon a large or upon a small scale, is materially affected by the price of provisions. As far therefore as you, and those in your employ, are either directly or indirectly consumers of agricultural produce, you suffer together with the rest of the community—you partake of the injury you inflict upon your fellow-citizens—you are fellow-sufferers with them. I am far, however, from contending that you derive no advantage from extra prices, and their consequence, extra rents; you do derive an advantage, and an unjust advantage from them. Its value, however, is not to be measured by the extra rent which you receive; it is only a portion of the extra rent that goes into your pockets, for while the extra rent is augmenting your receipts, the extra prices are augmenting your expenditure."



2nd. That the stocks of corn are reduced so low, that, in the event of a greatly deficient harvest, all Europe could not supply the wants of England.

3rd. That any very large disproportionate increase of the growth of foreign corn is precluded by circumstances which render the probability so remote as to be all but impossible.

Mr. Jacob went further. He entered into an elaborate calculation to show that, from the harvest of 1816 to the commencement of that of 1823, the stock in hand in England, consisting then (in 1818) of upwards of 6,000,000 of quarters of wheat, was reduced to nothing, or less than nothing, for that 957,029 quarters imported would leave less than that quantity in stock. Going back only to 1823, his figures showed, that even with the Irish and Colonial importations, and a foreign addition of more than 300,000 quarters annually, in five years the country had consumed nearly 7,000,000 of quarters more than it had grown. Nothing short of famine seemed to hang over us. The last two years, both as to quantity and price, have proved the utter fallaciousness of all these statements. There has been no important quantity of foreign corn in the market, the supply has always more than met the demand, and the price has fallen very low. The refutation of all Mr. Jacob's inferences is as succinct as it is complete. And it is no less worthy of remark, that the reasonings of the paper in a late "Edinburgh Review," attributed to Mr. McCulloch, are equally made valueless by the same facts.

Thus the last few years have completely overturned all the calculations, though drawn from authorities apparently the most authentic and comprehensive, embracing, indeed, not only all the information that our domestic statistics could afford, but the widest inquiries into foreign sources.

The increased price of wool has in some measure, and partially, assisted to counterbalance these facts. But there is likewise this very important consideration, that whatever portion of the taxes light upon the farmer he is compelled to discharge with inmoderate loss: for the depression of his commodity has been so vast, that he is now compelled, on a fair average, to give from two to three times the quantity of his production to defray the same money-charge. This, indeed, constitutes the fatal exception in the farmer's case. What would a merchant say were it proposed to him to sacrifice two or three hundred per cent. upon his *profits*? Why, that immediate ruin would infallibly be his fate. Yet computing not from the highest years, but from a fair average, the farmer has been reduced to the amount of two hundred per cent. upon his whole *return*. The astonishing fact is that farmers have been able to go on at all,—not that so many have been exhausted under the drain of their capital into the hands of the landlord, the clergyman, and the tax-gatherer.

Two powerful agents have been addressed to the state of the labourer since the date of our last inquiry: the one the effect of opinion, the other legislative. The first is an almost universal allotment of small pieces of land, seldom less than half an acre and rarely more than an acre to each individual, according to the number of his children. The other is the new Poor Law Act.

The first has been promoted chiefly by the conviction of the landed

proprietors that it was become positively imperative to give the labourer an interest in the soil, to furnish him with the means of helping himself; and last, not least, as a corollary from these two principles, to convince him that his situation and comforts are still the care of his superiors in wealth and station. Societies, both general and local, have also been formed, and are still forming, to promote the same end. The object has certainly been in some considerable degree effected by this very simple expedient. But still it is a mere expedient, and not without its disadvantages. As thus:—Suppose a village or neighbourhood where one hundred families have been thus accommodated with acres and half-acres, and suppose that the average, amounting to seventy-five acres, has been apportioned; it is quite clear that a farm of that extent must have been reduced, and the means of so much employment and profit taken away from the farmer, without adding a single shilling (except what the better and more careful cultivation of the labourer may possibly have raised) to the general produce,—that is, to the national fund for the maintenance of labour. This expedient is, therefore, merely a matter of distribution; so much is taken from the farming class and given to that of the labourers. It forms a curious point in the application of this principle, that it militates directly against the objection to the large and the only adequate project,—the inclosure of wastes for domestic colonization, so strongly insisted upon by the committees of parliament and by some economists;—namely, that such inclosure will render the country more populous, and bring England to the condition of Ireland, in respect to the minute division of cultivated land. It seems to have escaped the benevolent providers of acres and half-acres that their plan must reduce us to such a state much sooner than by enlarging the area of employment and production through the inclosure of wastes\*. For this is to people *a limited and small space with the same rapidity* (human means alone considered) that would attend the growth of population upon a larger, where the means of raising food are augmented with the augmentation of numbers. This, indeed, is all that is required to meet the imputed (but imaginary) evil of an increasing population, which can never “press against subsistence” till the area upon which it is raised becomes too contracted. It is, however, in every respect very curious that, while the advocates for the cultivation of wastes have been so strongly condemned on account of the supposed tendency to perpetuate the miseries of a redundant population, the very same philanthropists should applaud and assist this

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\* The best mode of assisting the poor, bringing fresh land into cultivation, adding to production, and rearing a small tenantry, have been employed by Mr. Marsham, of Stratton Strawless, in Norfolk, now the High Sheriff of that county, the descendant of the naturalist of the same name who devoted so much of his attention to arboriculture. Mr. Marsham is the proprietor of large heath grounds which adjoin the cultivated parts of his estate. Year by year he brings a certain number of acres into tilth, in small inclosures of from four to eight acres. When they become profitable he adds one or more of these reclaimed fields, at a low rent, to the nearest occupation: thus gradually creating a series of farms of smaller or larger size, giving employment to labour, and augmenting the value of his property. A better or more benevolent plan cannot be devised; and accordingly Mr. Marsham's villages, from being once amongst the most profligate and disorderly, are now neat, comfortable, orderly, and prosperous beyond most. He pays also great attention to his cottages, which have all two and most of them three chambers,—a most important provision for the morals of such families.

much more efficient and speedy method of bringing on the catastrophe they so deprecate, and the dread of which has hitherto had the effect of stopping the most effectual plan for present relief to which we must come at last.

But to the results upon the labouring class; there can be no question that it has administered much relief, and in ways most beneficial. First, it has set aside that most active and fatal cause of depravation, the reduction of the individual to a pauper begging parish relief, and to the degree it has extended and has operated to the restoration of the spirit of independence. Secondly, it has superseded the incalculable evils of a discontented mind brooding over its evils in idleness, for the garden always affords employment, and pleasurable because hopeful employment. The poor man anticipates future comfort in every effort—he sees in the nascent grain or spreading vegetable not only relief from want, but the enjoyment of a hearty meal (to him amongst the first of enjoyments) both to himself and family—he has the proud delight of creating by the labour of his hands and the sweat of his brow his own subsistence. Thirdly, he is kept from the beer-shop and its depraving companionship, as well as its expense; and better still, he is perhaps saved from the gravel-pit or the road. All these have unquestionably acted to stay the danger which in 1830 had gone to so terrific a head; and this single agent, we have sufficient proof, has stopped the country in its dire descent towards anarchy, down which it was travelling with such tremendous velocity at that period of partial insurrection. One of the worst evils still in progress is the departure of the gentry from their estates, driven away by the expensive establishments their altered modes of life have rendered, if not indispensable, yet so difficult to be rescinded, that they rather abandon their estates and the country itself than relinquish them. But for the general principle of leaving persons to expend their property, how and where they please, no law against absenteeism would be too severe. Economists may argue at leisure, and at distance, that it entails no evil; but those who see the practice are sufficiently aware of the contrary truth. The writer of this article has witnessed the almost total ruin, and the extraordinarily sudden depravation, of a large village, together with countless injury brought upon the estate, by the absenteeism of only two years.

We come now to the second agent—the new Poor Law Bill; and here we waive all discussion as to the necessity of this measure. We regard that point to be settled. Without some decided alteration, both in the law and in the morals and habits of those who ought to be the industrious classes, and who, we believe, would be such, were the opportunity fairly afforded them, it has become quite clear that the proceeds of the entire landed property of the kingdom must sooner or later be shared by the claimants for parish relief. Whole parishes had already been given up to the maintenance of paupers, and more are rapidly advancing to the same condition\*; it had therefore become indispensable to apply some radical remedy.

\* The writer is acquainted with more than one very fine estate (one especially of twelve hundred acres) which could not find an occupant on the condition of paying no rent, but merely the poor-rate. The town of Shelford, in Cambridgeshire, in the Report of the Commissioners, it is stated, must, in ten years, descend to such a condition. The thing indeed is so palpable in its principle and progress

The main principles of the poor-law bill are to put an end to fraudulent applications for relief, and to make every man earn his own subsistence. These grand ends are to be effected by refusing relief (for to this it must come, or nothing is done) to the able-bodied, except by employment in a workhouse. Now, it should seem that however right the principle, the *modus operandi*—the method of effecting the object—is alike dangerous and inadequate. First, for its danger: a fine, athletic young fellow, with a family of two or more children, applies for relief—or, if the instance be thought better, a single man. He is offered the workhouse. No, he says, he will try anything else rather, for such is the universal feeling of the labourer, particularly before he has become utterly reckless through idleness and privation, and he keeps his word. He tries to get employment, fails, and turns to poaching or theft. We have seen this in more than one instance. Not long since, a youth was observed on a Sunday by a gentleman, in a state nearly of nakedness, in passing through his village, containing a population of twelve hundred. He asked the lad if that was his best garb. It was his only one. "Come to me to-morrow morning," said the gentleman. The lad came, and on being questioned, said, "He had sought work for three weeks without obtaining a day's employment; all he had in the world was gone, the overseer refused relief, and he had lingered on in hopes till he was reduced to that miserable pass; he would do anything rather than go into the house." The gentleman gave him some clothes and some advice, and the next week heard he was committed to gaol for fowl-stealing. The same person questioned a very industrious, honest, most peaceably-disposed and intelligent labourer in his own employ, as to what would be his conduct were he deprived of his place and reduced to go to the workhouse. "I would go, Sir," said the man, "and help to pull it down the moment I got there, if others would join me." And this is the feeling which must be engendered, when we know that the men are willing to work but can find no employment.

Now let us take it in another point of view. In the parish where this is written, there are upon the roads or in the gravel-pit twenty-eight able-bodied labourers during the period of winter. If these men and their families were transferred to the house, not fewer than one hundred men, women, and children would have to travel to that abode of wretchedness, discontent, and force (for nothing else would restrain them) some fine morning. And when they are so placed, there are about four hundred children hourly growing up to increase the redundancy, beside the continual additions from new births. Is it not obvious? If you will not enlarge the field of employment by the reclamation of lands not under cultivation, must you not enlarge the area of the workhouses in equal proportion to the increase? Can anything be so palpable?

And what is the gain? The paupers are maintained at nearly the same expence (we think at greater) in than out of the workhouse. What matters it to the country? They add nothing to production—nothing to the fund created by labour for the support of the labourer, or

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that it is self-evident. The proposition is a simple truism—an area capable of sustaining only a given population will not sustain a greater. Yet do we go on in the hope to remedy, by legislation, an evil, through means which it is physically impracticable should effect the cure.

so little as to be almost out of the calculation. What they do produce is generally sold at a price below the actual cost of manufacture, and thus operates to the injury of the regular trader in the article. But the demoralizing effect is dreadful; it goes to what we have described—to drive the poor man to crime in order to avoid the house; and where he cannot evade it, to the utter extinction of hope and energy. And after all, is it right? Does it belong to the rightful power of the State to *punish* undeserved poverty? Let us not deceive ourselves. To take a man from his home, however homely, to pen up himself, his wife, and children, in a crowded lazzaretto, consorted with the vilest in character as well as the most wretched in condition—to take from him all superintendence and direction over them, and to place them under the most absolute authority of a task-master (however mildly exercised)—is a degree of punishment second only to the discipline of a prison. Is this a right inherent over mere involuntary poverty in any government? leaving out of our sight for the moment the almost certain issue of driving the man to previous crime.

The mild theory of former times went to a directly contrary purpose. When pauperism first began to press strongly upon the public attention, about the time Sir Morton Eden wrote his book, the object of the benevolent men who had most profoundly studied the subject, was to assist the labourer at his home, and to preclude by such assistance the utter breaking down of his habits and character. It is but too true, that the indulgence has assisted in leading to wider claims, and a reckless dependence upon parochial allowance; but this evil effect is not from the same cause: indeed, we look upon it rather as a consequence—a necessary consequence—first, of the making up wages out of parish allowances, which arose from the enormously advanced price of subsistence during what were called the high times—the most interested, dishonest, and fatal of all the errors which have been committed; and secondly, of the indifference to the receipt of such allowance, thus originated and confirmed in the poor man himself. But what then? Will the increased privation and pressure laid upon him in a workhouse remove the cause? Yes, say the Poor Law Commissioners; the man will be the more strongly impelled to find employment. Do we not know the fallacy of all this? does not their own political science teach that employment in agriculture is the combination of soil and capital; and that where these are not, or where the temptation of profit to combine them exists not, no efforts produced by the bare necessity of the labourer, *or any thing he can do*, will effect the purpose? Alas! alas! it is but too evident that the fault does not lie with him. That there is much of fraud in such a mass of festering pauperism is not to be doubted; but it is also not less manifest that the additions to the area of employment stopped when the enclosures stopped, between twenty and thirty years ago—that since that period the additions to the numbers of the people have gone on with accumulating velocity—that the profits of agriculture have been immensely reduced—that an entirely false and artificial system prevails which it is in vain to endeavour to bolster up by voluntary but inadequate returns of rent and tithe to the occupier, whilst the altered habits of the land-owner and farmer alike contribute to a confusion which it is wholly impossible to correct, except by a recurrence to first principles, extended enough in their operation to embrace the difficulty and remove it.

And if we examine those details of the operations of the new poor laws which have reached the public eye, to what do they amount, and what do they prove? They amount to a few attacks upon the aged, infirm, and impotent, lessening in no degree worth considering the sum paid to parishes, but increasing upon the wretches submitted to its penalties, in a manner most revolting, the miseries of their destitution. These, and the escapes of a few profligate seducers from the consequences of their villainy, and the transfer of the suffering to their victims and their deserted offspring, are all the known results, except the Bledlow case, where the humanity of an individual was exerted to prevent that desperation to which such a body of men must have been driven by the stoppage of all means of maintenance. And what do these instances prove? not alone, we think, the reluctance of the Central Commission to exercise their vast power—not alone the necessity for the most careful and gradual introduction of the new system—but the utter inapplicability of the provisions of the act, both as regards time and consequences; for as time flows on, the consequences redouble upon us.

A still more urgent symptom is, that the almost stationary depression of the price of wheat has compelled the farmer to contract the employment, and to reduce the wages of labour, being the only item of expense (except his mode of living) which it is in his power and discretion to bring down. This reduction has been to a certain degree universal, amounting perhaps to about fifteen per cent. generally, but much more in partial instances, and in districts largely over-peopled. Thus, in point of amount of wages, the labourer is brought back to the state in which he stood previously to the outbreak in 1830. He is pressed also by the further accession of competitors, which every year adds to our redundant numbers and (perhaps from decrease in the farmer's capital and remuneration) the reduced quantity of employment, of which the only mitigation is to be found in the small allotments. The consequences are visible in the petty frauds—poaching—fowl-stealing—slaughter of sheep in the fields by night—and, last and direst, incendiarism. We have ascertained the total of losses paid for incendiary fires by one of the largest insurance offices in the kingdom, and the sum is horribly great. But if these are the open palpable effects, what must be the amount of the demoralization in the whole community? what the disorganization? what the habitual though secret disregard of those ties which bind society together? What the curses, not loud but deep, which are whispered during the daily privations and perpetual suffering of the involuntarily idle pauper? In our former essay we have recapitulated these circumstances, and now we need only say they remain unchanged, except it be, that from their longer endurance and their unredressed notoriety, their force is the more extended, the more violent, and the more subtle.

Emigration has been tried within the last three years to some extent, but with a decreasing effect, principally because no system has been established, and still more, because the individuals who have embarked in the scheme, as a matter of business, have had regard only to their own profits. Nor have the societies instituted for this purpose succeeded much better, owing to the cupidity of those they employ. Not only is the rage for emigration checked, but even the natural desire, which had been widely diffused over the country, and was likely to operate bene-

ficially, has been much abated by the dismal accounts of the failure of individuals and the sufferings of large associated bodies.

It has been amongst the most fatal effects of the political agitation of the times that the legislature has not given that attention to the subject which the urgency of the case requires. Committees have met and inquired! True. A new poor law has been enacted! True again. But both these things have diverted the consideration from the one simple point—the one, the only thing necessary—*employment*, which ought to have directed, and must soon have driven, the mind to the first postulate—an *increased area*. Indeed, upon this hangs the whole recommendation of emigration; for what is demanded for the exile? land—space. For this he braves the solitude of the wilderness—for this he is willing to face the dangers of climate—the fatigues of incessant labour—the separation from social life. It is of the deepest importance to bear this in mind; for it takes us to the very root and foundation of all the benefits of social institution. *Give me but land*, says the exile, *and from that single element my labour shall create all the rest!* And has not the God of nature declared the same great truth?

We need not repeat at any length what has been bandied about till the fatigue of listening to the same thing disgusts us even with facts so momentous—namely, that we have land; that we have more—we have accumulated capital; and that we suffer that land to lie useless, and waste that capital in keeping men in idleness, thus training them on to crimes more expensive to the nation than the pauperism which engenders them. All these things are as notorious as they are disgraceful to a nation and government not having now to learn that the union of the three elements—soil, capital, and labour—is the source of wealth, and, as far as wealth is concerned, of national prosperity.

But, says political science, governments ought never to interfere in such cases: self-interest will always induce individuals to combine these elements, where they can be so combined with profit; and out of individual profit rises the prosperity of the whole. Very well; we do not gainsay the maxim; but we may ask how it happens that, in our advanced stage of social progression, this interest avails not? Have we reached the point when the combination of soil, capital, and labour ceases to be profitable—when the great axiom of the production of wealth no longer holds? It has been well observed that “*the new circumstance of society is, that population increases too fast for the interest of the individual to keep pace with, and absorb, its accumulating industry.*” Let us endeavour to discover the reasons; this, perhaps, may be done negatively as well as positively.

*It is not the want of capital.* Upon this head we spoke in our former article: besides the fact there noticed, that, were a want of capital the cause, the rich farmer would give full employment; whereas it is ascertained that if *the land be under-tilled*, the proportion of labour employed by the wealthy very little exceeds the proportion employed by the poorer tenantry. Still more irresistible confirmation may be drawn from the low interest of money. Could agriculture be made more profitable to any, the smallest, extent by mere outlay for labour, not only would capital, agreeably to the laws of political science, immediately flow towards it, but especially in the late and existing state of the money-market. Touching this point a singular delusion prevails. It has been

asserted, and is imagined, that the country bankers have withheld accommodation from "solvent industry," as it has been termed, upon Heaven knows what absurd grounds connected with the system of banking: whereas the truth is, that advances have been withheld, simply because the banker is aware that the trade of agriculture is not *certainly* profitable. The advocates for a paper currency can never overlook the fact, that any quantity of money may be obtained even for a speculation which bears a face of promise, and which is conducted by men of character. It is probable that the entire loan-capital of the country, which fluctuates from man to man, according as this or that operation of commerce creates a demand for it, does not now realize more than from three to four per cent.\* at the very utmost. That an addition to the note-circulation of the private banker would make loans more easy, is true; but that a loan would be more accessible to persons engaged in a trade which the banker knows to be hazardous, is amongst the most vague notions ever entertained by ignorance. The true reason for the ready advances made in the high and palmy times of agriculture was its prosperity; the true reason of the contracting those advances is its adversity.

*It is not the want of labour, or of the desire to labour;* for in all branches competition is redundant, and has brought down labour below the cost of the subsistence of the labourer; while the deficiency is made up from other sources—rates, alms, and plunder.

It resides, then, it we think demonstrated, in want of space—in that proportionate enlargement of the field of employment—land, upon which all the subsequent processes of production and of barter depend. We explained this in our essay of March, 1832. "It is," we must repeat, "it is because we decree that millions shall be kept in idleness; it is because we thus limit them to the consumption of the lowest possible quantity of food and raiment that will keep life and soul together; it is because we thus obstinately stop at its very beginnings the spring of production, and the universal vivifying current of circulation, that all classes languish."

What constitutes the difference between America and England?—what confers so much of comfort upon the inhabitants of the former country beyond what the industrious classes enjoy in the latter? Neither more nor less than the single simple fact, that land may be had in America for little or nothing. And has England, then, no land?—is her area fully peopled? The astounding answer is—"England possesses, at this minute, fifteen millions of uncultivated, but cultivable, acres; millions of capital, for which it is difficult to find employment at the low rate of three per cent. per annum; a redundancy of industrious, hardy, willing, and skilful people, driven to privation and crime by want of employment, (whilst the nation bitterly complains of the burdens

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\* People are very apt to talk of *unemployed capital*. There can be no such thing, unless we can suppose that persons lock up large sums of gold, which is not only incredible, but never done, except at banks, to be ready for any demand. If a man take up a mortgage, or buy into the funds, or lend on security of any sort, he only furnishes so much capital to some one who engages it in traffic of some kind or other. Even the daily currency—the small change of the country—is employed capital. If, as Colquhoun states, the wealth of the country amounts to 2,736,640,000*l.*, the unemployed part of it does not amount to half the comparatively trifling fractional part of thirty-six millions.



and the competition thus brought upon them;) together with a perfect knowledge of the fact that wealth, individual and national, results from the combination of soil, capital, and labour.

But, say these same economists, "we must do nothing that may at any period, however remote, increase an evil. There may—nay, there must—come a time when all the land in England will be over-peopled, if, by making the industrious man comfortable—if, by removing the pressure of numbers against subsistence, we diminish privation, misery, and death, the great 'preventive checks' to increasing population." Such is the nonsense of over-cautious, over-calculating science. Millions *are* in a state of positive wretchedness—the whole community *is* borne down with the burden of their maintenance and their competition—life, property, and our social existence itself are in hourly danger;—but all this must be endured, lest the State should incur the same peril some centuries hence, and that, too, under the impossible supposition that knowledge, experiment, and experience will effect nothing for the better arrangement of social relations, and the disposition of that power of production, which we already know to be more than equal to the wants and luxuries of all, by the labours of comparatively few. *O curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!*

### STANZAS SPENSERIAN,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

I SAW a horrid thing of many names  
And many shapes: some call'd it wealth, some power,  
Some grandeur. From its heart it shot black flames  
That scorch'd the souls of millions hour by hour,  
And its proud eyes rain'd everywhere a shower  
Of hopeless life and helpless misery;  
For, spous'd to fraud, destruction was its dower!  
But its cold brightness could not hide from me  
The parent base of crime, the nurse of poverty!

All-unmatch'd Shakspeare, and the blind old man  
Of London, hymn in every land and clime  
Our country's praise; while many an artisan  
Spins for her glory school-taught lays sublime.  
Them in her bosom, be they blank or rhyme,  
Oblivious spirits gently will inter;  
But three unborrow'd strains will to all time  
Give honour, glory, highest laud to her—  
"Thalaba!" "Peter Bell!" "The Ancient Mariner!"

Even here, on earth, not altogether fade  
The good and vile. Men, in their words and deeds,  
Live, when the hand and heart in earth are laid;  
For thoughts are things, and written thoughts are seeds  
Our very dust buds forth in flowers or weeds.  
Then let me write for immortality  
One honest song, uncramp'd by forms or creeds;  
That men unborn may read my times and me,  
Taught by my living words, when I shall cease to be.

## LOVE\* IN THE LIBRARY.\*

Edith Linsey was religious. There are many *intensifiers* (a new word, that I can't get on without: I submit it for admission into the language;)—there are many intensifiers, I say, to the passion of love; such as pride, jealousy, poetry, (money, sometimes, *Dio mio!*) and idleness:† but, if the experience of one who first studied the Art of Love in an “Evangelical” country is worth a para, there is nothing within the bend of the rainbow that deepens the tender passion like religion. I speak it not irreverently. The human being that loves us throws the value of its existence into the crucible, and it can do no more. Love's best alchymy can only turn into affection what is in the heart. The vain, the proud, the poetical, the selfish, the weak, can, and do, fling their vanity, pride, poetry, selfishness and weakness into a first passion; but these are earthly elements, and there is an antagonism in their natures that is for ever striving to resolve them back to their original earth. But religion is of the soul as well as the heart,—the mind as well as the affections,—and when it mingles in love, it is the infusion of an immortal essence into an unworthy and else perishable mixture.

Edith's religion was equally without cant, and without hesitation or disguise. She had arrived at it by elevation of mind, aided by the habit of never counting on her tenure of life, beyond the setting of the next sun, and with her it was rather an intellectual exaltation than a humility of heart. She thought of God because the subject was illimitable, and her powerful imagination found in it the scope for which she pined. She talked of goodness, and purity, and disinterestedness, because she found them easy virtues with a frame worn down with disease, and she was removed by the sheltered position of an invalid from the collision which tries so shrewdly in common life the ring of our metal. She prayed, because the fulness of her heart was loosed by her eloquence when on her knees, and she found that an indistinct and mystic unburthening of her bosom, even to the Deity, was a hush and a relief. The heart does not always require rhyme and reason of language and tears.

There are many persons of religious feeling who, from a fear of ridicule or misconception, conduct themselves as if to express a devout sentiment was a want of taste or good-breeding. Edith was not of these. Religion was to her a powerful enthusiasm, applied without exception to every pursuit and affection. She used it as a painter ventures on a daring colour, or a musician on a new string in his instrument. She felt that she aggrandized botany, or history, or friendship, or love, or what you will, by making it a stepping-stone to heaven, and she made as little mystery of it as she did of breathing and sleep, and talked of subjects which the serious usually enter upon with a suppressed breath, as she would comment upon a poem or define a new philosophy. It was surprising what an impressiveness this threw over her in every thing; how elevated she seemed above the best of those about her; and

\* Continued from Vol. xliii., No. clxx., p. 169.

† “La paresse dans les femmes est le présage de l'amour.”—La Bruyère.

with what a worshipping and half-reverent admiration she inspired all whom she did not utterly neglect or despise. For myself, my soul was drunk up in hers as the lark is taken into the sky, and I forgot there was a world beneath me in my intoxication. I thought her an angel unrecognised on earth. I believed her as pure from worldliness, and as spotless from sin, as a "cherub with his breast upon his lute;" and I knelt by her when she prayed, and held her upon my bosom in her fits of faintness and exhaustion, and sat at her feet with my face in her hands listening to her wild speculations (often till the morning brightened behind the curtains) with an utter and irresistible abandonment of my existence to hers, which seems to me *now* like a recollection of another life,—it were, 'with this conscious body and mind, a self-relinquishment so impossible!

Our life was a singular one. Living in the midst of a numerous household, with kind and cultivated people about us, we were as separated from them as if the ring of Gyges' encircled us from their sight. Fred wished me joy of my *giraffe*, as he offensively called his cousin, and his sisters, who were quite too pretty to have been left out of my story so long, were more indulgent, I thought, to the indigenous beaux of Skencateles than those aboriginal specimens had a right to expect; but I had no eyes, ears, sense, or civility for anything but Edith. The library became a forbidden spot to all feet but ours; we met at noon after our late vigils and breakfasted together; a light sleigh was set apart for our *tête-à-tête* drives over the frozen lake, and the world seemed to me to revolve on its axle with a special reference to Philip Slingsby's happiness. I wonder whether an angel out of heaven would have made me believe that I should ever write the story of those passionate hours with a smile and a sneer! I tell thee, Edith! (for thou wilt read every line that I have written, and feel it, as far as thou *canst* feel anything) that I have read "*Faust*" since, and thought thee Mephistopheles! I have looked on thee since, with thy cheek rosy dark, thy lip filled with the blood of health, and curled with thy contempt of the world and thy yet wild ambition to be its master-spirit and idol, and struck my breast with instinctive self-questioning if thou hadst given back my soul that was thine own! I fear thee, Edith. Thou hast grown beautiful that wert so hideous—the wonder-wrought miracle of health and intellect, filling thy veins, and breathing almost a newer shape over form and feature: but it is not thy beauty; no, nor 'thy enthronement in the admiration of thy woman's world. These are little to me; for I saw thy loveliness from the first, and I worshipped thee more in the duration of a thought than a hecatomb of these worldlings in their life-time. I fear thy mysterious and unaccountable power over the human soul! I can scorn thee here, in another land, with an ocean weltering between us, and anatomize the character that I alone have read truly and too well, for the instruction of the world (its amusement, too, proud woman,—thou wilt writhe at that;—) but I confess to a natural and irresistible obedience to the mastery of thy spirit over mine. I would not willingly again touch the radius of thy sphere. I would come out of Paradise to walk alone with the devil as soon.

How little even the most instructed women know the secret of this power! They make the mistake of cultivating only *their own* minds. They think that, by *self*-elevation, they will climb up to the intellects of

men, and win them by seeming their equals. Shallow philosophers ! You never remember that to subdue a human being to your will, it is more necessary to know *his* mind than your own,—that, in conquering a heart, vanity is the first out-post,—that, while you are employing your wits in thinking how most effectually to dazzle *him*, you should be sounding his character for its undeveloped powers to assist him to dazzle *you*,—that love is a reflected light, and to be pleased with others we must be first pleased with ourselves !

Edith (it has occurred to me in my speculations since) seemed to me always an echo of myself. She expressed my thought as it sprang into my brain. I thought that in her I had met my double and counterpart, with the reservation that I was a little the stronger spirit, and that in *my* mind lay the material of the eloquence that flowed from her lips,—as the almond that splits equally leaves the kernel in the deeper cavity of its shell. Whatever the topic, she seemed using *my* thoughts, anticipating *my* reflections, and, with an unobtrusive but thrilling flattery, referring me to myself for the truth of what I must know was but a suggestion of my own ! Oh ! Lucrezia Borgia ! if Machiavelli had but practised that subtle cunning upon thee, thou wouldst have had little space in thy delirious heart for the passion that, in the history of crime, has made thee the marvel and the monster !

The charm of Edith to most people was that she was no *sublimation*. Her mind seemed of any or no stature. She was as natural, and earnest, and as satisfied to converse on the meanest subject as on the highest. She overpowered nobody. She (apparently) eclipsed nobody. Her passionate and powerful eloquence was only lavished on the passionate and powerful. She *never misapplied herself*: and what a secret of influence and superiority is contained in that single phrase ! We so hate him who out-measures us, as we stand side, by side before the world !

I have in my portfolio several numbers of a manuscript "Gazette," with which the Flemings amused themselves during the deep snows of the winter in which I visited them. It was contributed to by everybody in the house, and read aloud at the breakfast-table on the day of its weekly appearance, and, quite *apropos* to these remarks upon the universality of Edith's mind, there is in one of them an essay of hers, on what she calls *minute philosophics*. It is curious, as showing how, with all her loftiness of speculation, she descended sometimes to the examination of the smallest machinery of enjoyment.

"The principal sources of every-day happiness, (I am copying out a part of the essay, dear reader) are too obvious to need a place in a chapter of breakfast-table philosophy. Occupation and a clear conscience, the very truant in the fields will tell you, are craving necessities. But when these are secured, there are lighter matters, which, to the sensitive and educated at least, are to happiness what foliage is to the tree. They are refinements which add to the beauty of life without diminishing its strength ; and, as they spring only from a better use of our common gifts, they are neither costly nor rare. I have learned secrets under the roof of a poor man, which would add to the luxury of the rich. The blessings of a cheerful fancy and a quick eye come from nature, and the trailing of a vine may develope them as well as the curtaining of a king's chamber.

"Riding and driving are such stimulating pleasures, that to talk of any management in their indulgence seems superfluous. Yet we are, in motion or at rest, equally liable to the caprices of feeling, and, perhaps, the gayer the mood the deeper the shade cast on it by untoward circumstances. The time of riding should never be regular. It then becomes a habit, and habits, though sometimes comfortable, never amount to positive pleasure. I would ride when nature prompted—when the shower was past, or the air balmy, or the sky beautiful—whenever, and wherever the significant finger of desire pointed. Oh, to leap into the saddle when the west-wind blows freshly, and gallop off into its very eye, with an undrawn rein, careless how far or whither; or, to spring up from a book when the sun breaks through after a storm, and drive away under the white clouds, through light and shadow, while the trees are wet and the earth damp and spicy; or, in the clear sunny afternoons of autumn, with a pleasant companion on the seat beside you, and the glorious splendour of the decaying foliage flushing in the sunshine, to loiter up the valley dreaming over the thousand airy castles that are stirred by such shifting beauty—these are pleasures indeed, and such as he who rides regularly after his dinner knows as little of as the dray-horse of the exultation of the courser.

"There is a great deal in the choice of a companion. If he is an indifferent acquaintance, or an indiscriminate talker, or has a coarse eye for beauty, or is insensible to the delicacies of sensation or thought—if he is sensual, or stupid, or practical constitutionally—he will never do. He must be a man who can detect a rare colour in a leaf, or appreciate a peculiar passage in scenery, or admire a grand outline in a cloud; he must have accurate and fine senses, and a heart, noble at least by nature, and subject still to her direct influences; he must be a lover of the beautiful in whatever shape it comes; and, above all, he must have read and thought like a scholar, if not like a poet. He will then ride by your side without crossing your humour—if talkative, he will talk well, and if silent, you are content, for you know that the same grandeur or beauty which has wrought the silence in your own thoughts has given a colour to his.

"There is much in the manner of driving. I like a capricious rein—now fast through a hollow, and now loiteringly on the edge of a road or by the bank of a river. There is a singular delight in quickening your speed in the animation of a climax, and in coming down gently to a walk with a digression of feeling, or a sudden sadness.

"An important item in household matters is the management of light. A small room well-lighted is much more imposing than a large one lighted ill. Cross lights are painful to the eye, and they destroy besides the cool and picturesque shadows of the furniture and figures. I would have a room always partially darkened: there is a repose in the twilight dimness of a drawing-room which affects one with the proper gentleness of the place: the out-of-door humour of men is too rude, and the secluded light subdues them fitly as they enter. I like curtains—heavy, and of the richest material: there is a magnificence in large crimson folds which nothing else equals; and the colour gives everything a beautiful tint as the light streams through them. Plants tastefully arranged are pretty; flowers are always beautiful. I would have my own room like a painter's—one curtain partly drawn; a double shadow has a nervous

look. The effect of a proper disposal of light upon the feelings is by most people surprisingly neglected. I have no doubt that as an habitual thing it materially affects the character; the disposition for study and thought is certainly dependent on it in no slight degree. What is more contemplative than the twilight of a deep alcove in a library? What more awakens thought than the dim interior of an old church with its massive and shadowy pillars?

“There may be the most exquisite luxury in furniture. A crowded room has a look of comfort, and suspended lamps throw a mellow depth into the features. Descending light is always the most becoming; it deepens the eye, and distributes the shadows in the face judiciously. Chairs should be of different and curious fashions, made to humour every possible weariness. A spice-lamp should burn in the corner, and the pictures should be coloured of a pleasant tone, and the subjects should be subdued and dreamy. It should be a place you would live in for a century without an uncomfortable thought. I hate a neat room. A dozen of the finest old authors should be about, and a new novel, and the last new prints. I rather like the French fashion of a *bonbonniere*, though that perhaps is an extravagance.

“There is a management of one’s own familiar intercourse which is more neglected, and at the same time more important to happiness, than every other; it is particularly a pity that this is not oftener understood by newly-married people; as far as my own observation goes, I have rarely failed to detect, far too early, signs of ill-disguised and disappointed weariness. It was not the re-action of excitement—not the return to the quiet ways of home—but a new manner—a forgetful indifference, believing itself concealed, and yet betraying itself continually by unconscious and irrepressible symptoms. I believe it resulted ofteneft from the same causes—partly, that they saw each other too much, and partly that when the *form* of etiquette was removed, they forgot to return its invaluable *essence*—an assiduous and minute disinterestedness. It seems nonsense to lovers, but absence is the secret of respect, and therefore of affection. Love is divine, but its flame is too delicate for a perpetual household lamp; it should be burned only for incense, and even then trimmed skilfully. It is wonderful how a slight neglect, or a glimpse of a weakness, or a chance defect of knowledge, dims its new glory. Lovers, married or single, should have separate pursuits—they should meet to respect each other for new and distinct acquisitions. It is the weakness of human affections that they are founded on pride, and waste with over-much familiarity. And oh, the delight to meet after hours of absence—to sit down by the evening lamp, and with a mind unexhausted by the intercourse of the day, to yield to the fascinating freedom of conversation, and clothe the rising thoughts of affection in fresh and unhackneyed language! How richly the treasures of the mind are coloured—not doled out, counter by counter, as the visible machinery of thought coins them, but heaped upon the mutual altar in lavish and unhesitating profusion! And how a bold fancy assumes beauty and power—not traced up through all its petty springs till its dignity is lost by association, but flashing full-grown and suddenly on the sense! The gifts of no one mind are equal to the constant draught of a lifetime, and, even if they were, there is no one taste which could

always relish them. It is a humiliating thought that immortal mind must be husbanded like material treasure !

"There is a remark of Godwin's, which, in rather too strong language, contains a valuable truth. 'A judicious and limited voluptuousness,' he says, 'is necessary to the cultivation of the mind, to the polishing of the manners, to the refinement of the sentiment, and to the development of the understanding; and a woman deficient in this respect may be of use in the government of our families, but cannot add to the enjoyment, nor fix the partiality of a man of taste!' Since the days when 'St. Leon' was written, the word by which the author expressed his meaning is grown perhaps into disrepute, but the remark is still one of keen and observant discrimination. It refers (at least so I take it) to that susceptibility to delicate attentions, that fine sense of the nameless and exquisite tendernesses of manner and thought, which constitute in the minds of its possessors the deepest under-current of life—the felt and treasured, but unseen and inexpressible richness of affection. It is rarely found in the characters of men, but it outweighs, when it is, all grosser qualities—for its possession implies a generous nature, purity, fine affections, and a heart open to all the sunshine and meaning of the universe. It belongs more to the nature of woman, but indispensable as it is to her character, it is, oftener than anything else, wanting. And without it what is she? What is love to a being of such dull sense that she hears only its common and audible language, and sees nothing but what it brings to her feet, to be eaten, and worn, and looked upon? What is woman, if the impassioned language of the eye, or the deepened fulness of the tone, or the tenderness of a slight attention, are things unnoticed and of no value?—one who answers you when you speak, smiles when you tell her she is grave, assents barely to the expression of your enthusiasm, but has no dream beyond—no suspicion that she has not felt and reciprocated your feelings as fully as you could expect or desire? It is a matter too little looked to. Sensitive and ardent men too often marry with a blindfold admiration of mere goodness or loveliness. The abandon of matrimony soon dissipates the gay dream, and they find themselves suddenly unsphered, linked indissolubly with affections strangely different from their own, and lavishing their only treasure on those who can neither appreciate nor return it. The after-life of such men is a stifling solitude of feeling. Their avenues of enjoyment are their manifold sympathies, and when these are shut up or neglected, the heart is dark, and they have nothing to do thenceforward but to forget.

"There are many, who, possessed of the capacity for the more elevated affections, waste and lose it by a careless and often unconscious neglect. It is not a plant to grow untended. The breath of indifference, or a rude touch, may destroy for ever its delicate texture. To drop the figure, there is a daily attention to the slight courtesies of life, and an artifice in detecting the passing shadows of feeling, which alone can preserve, through life, the first freshness of passion. The easy surprises of pleasure, an earnest cheerfulness of assent to slight wishes, the habitual respect to opinions, the polite abstinence from personal topics in the company of others, the assiduous and unwavering attention to her comfort at home and abroad, and, above all, the absolute preservation in private of those proprieties of conversation and manner which are sacred before the world, are some of the thousand secrets of that rare happiness which age and habit alike fail to impair or diminish."

II.

Vacation was over, but Fred and myself were still lingering at Fleming Farm. The roads were impassable with a premature THAW. Perhaps there is nothing so peculiar in American meteorology as the phenomenon which I alone probably, of all the imprisoned inhabitants of Skeneateles, attributed to a kind and "special Providence." Summer had come back, like Napoleon from Elba, and astonished usurping Winter in the plenitude of apparent possession and security. No cloud foreboded the change, as no alarm preceded the apparition of the "child of destiny." We awoke on a February morning, with the snow lying chin-deep on the earth, and it was June! The air was soft and warm—the sky was clear and of the milky cerulean of chrysoprase—the South wind (the same, save his unperfumed wings, who had crept off like a satiated lover in October) stole back suddenly from the tropics, and found his flowery mistress asleep and insensible to his kisses beneath her snowy mantle. The sunset warmed back from its wintry purple to the golden tints of heat, the stars burnt with a less vitreous sparkle, the meteors slid once more lambently down the sky, and the house-dove sat on the eaves, washing her breast in the snow-water, and thinking (like a neglected wife at a capricious return of her truant's tenderness) that the sunshine would last for ever!

The air was now full of music. The water trickled away under the snow, and, as you looked around and saw no change or motion in the white carpet of the earth, it seemed as if a myriad of small bells were ringing under ground—fairies, perhaps, startled in mid-revel with the false alarm of summer, and hurrying about with their silver anklets, to wake up the slumbering flowers. The mountain-torrents were loosed, and rushed down upon the valleys like the Children of the Mist; and the hoarse war-cry, swelling and falling upon the wind, maintained its perpetual undertone like an accompaniment of bassoons; and occasionally, in a sudden lull of the breeze, you would hear the click of the undermined snow-drifts dropping upon the earth, as if the chorister of Spring were beating time to the reviving anthem of nature.

The snow sunk, perhaps a foot in a day, but it was only perceptible to the eye where you could measure its wet mark against a tree from which it had fallen away, or by the rocks, from which the dissolving bank shrunk and separated, as if rocks and snow were as heartless as ourselves, and threw off *their* friends, too, in their extremity! The low-lying lake, meantime, surrounded by melting mountains, received the abandoned waters upon its frozen bosom, and, spreading them into a placid and shallow lagoon, separate by a crystal plane from its own lower depths, gave them the repose denied in the more elevated sphere in which lay their birthright. And thus—(oh, how full is nature of these gentle moralities!)—and thus sometimes do the lowly, whose bosom, like the frozen lake, is at first cold and unsympathetic to the rich and noble, still receive them in adversity, and, when neighbourhood and dependence have convinced them that they are made of the same common element, as the lake melts its dividing and icy plane, and mingles the strange waters with its own, do *they* dissolve the unnatural barrier of prejudice and take the humbled wanderer to their bosom!

The face of the snow lost its dazzling whiteness as the thaw went on,



as disease steals away the beauty of those we love—but it was only in the distance, where the sun threw a shadow into the irregular pits of the dissolving surface. Near to the eye (as the dying one pressed to the bosom), it was still of its original beauty, unchanged and spotless. And now you are tired of my loitering speculations, gentle reader, and we will return (please Heaven, only on paper!) to Edith Lindsey.

The roads were at last reduced to what is expressively called, in New England, *slosh* (in New York *posh*, but equally descriptive), and Fred received a hint from the Judge that the mail had arrived in the usual time, and his *beau jour*s were at an end.

A slighter thing than my departure would have been sufficient to stagger the tottering spirits of Edith. We were sitting at table when the letters came in, and the dates were announced that proved the opening of the roads; and I scarce dared to turn my eyes upon the pale face that I could just see had dropped upon her bosom. The next instant there was a general confusion, and she was carried lifeless to her chamber.

A note, scarce legible, was put into my hand in the course of the evening, requesting me to sit up for her in the library. She would come to me, she said, if she had strength.

It was a night of extraordinary beauty. The full moon was high in the heavens at midnight, and there had been a slight shower soon after sunset, which, with the clearing-up wind, had frozen thinly into a most fragile rime, and glazed everything open to the sky with transparent crystal. The distant forest looked serried with metallic trees, dazzlingly and unspeakably gorgeous, and, as the night-wind stirred through them and shook their crystal points in the moonlight—the aggregated stars of heaven springing from their Maker's hand to the spheres of their destiny, or the march of the host of the archangel Michael with their irradiate spear-points glittering in the air, or the diamond beds of central earth thrust up to the sun in some throes of the universe—would, each or all, have been well bodied forth by such similitude.

It was an hour after midnight when Edith was supported in by her maid, and, choosing her own position, sunk into the broad window-seat, and lay with her head on my bosom, and her face turned outward to the glittering night. Her eyes had become, I thought, unnaturally bright, and she spoke with an exhausted faintness, that gradually strengthened to a tone of the most thrilling and melodious sweetness. I shall never get that music out of my brain!

"Philip!" she said

"I listen, dear Edith!"

"I am dying."

And she looked it, and I believed her; and my heart sunk to its deepest abyss of wretchedness with the conviction.

She went on to talk of death. It was the subject that pressed most upon her mind, and she could scarce fail to be eloquent on any subject. She was very eloquent on this. I was so impressed with the manner in which she seemed almost to rhapsodise between the periods of her faintness, as she lay in my arms that night, that every word she uttered is still fresh in my memory. She seemed to forget my presence, and to converse with her own thoughts aloud.

"I recollect," she said, "when I was strong and well, (years ago, dear Philip!) I left my books on a morning in May, and looking up to

find the course of the wind, started off alone for a walk into its very eye. A moist steady breeze came from the south-west, driving before it the fragments of the dispersed clouds. The air was elastic and clear—a freshness that entered freely at every pore was coming up, mingled with the profuse perfume of grass and flowers—the colours of the new, tender foliage were particularly soothing to an eye pained with close attention—and the just perceptible murmur of the drops shaken from the trees, and the peculiarly soft rustle of the wet leaves, made as much music as an ear accustomed to the silence of solitude could well relish. Altogether, it was one of those rarely-tempered days when every sense is satisfied, and the mind is content to lie still with its common thoughts, and simply enjoy.

“I had proceeded perhaps a mile—my forehead held up to the wind, my hair blowing back, and the blood glowing in my cheeks with the most vivid flush of exercise and health, when I saw coming towards me a man apparently in middle life, but wasted by illness to the extremest emaciation. His lip was colourless, his skin dry and white, and his sunken eyes had that expression of inquiring earnestness which comes always with impatient sickness. He raised his head, and looked steadily at me as I came on. My lips were open, and my whole air must have been that of a person in the most exulting enjoyment of health. I was just against him, gliding past with an elastic step, when, with his eye still fixed on me, he half turned, and in a voice of inexpressible meaning, exclaimed, ‘Merciful heaven! *how well she is!*’ I passed on, with his voice still ringing in my ear. It haunted me like a tone in the air. It was repeated in the echo of my tread—in the panting of my heart. I felt it in the beating of the strong pulse in my temples. As if it was strange that I should be so well! I had never before realised that it could be otherwise. It seemed impossible to me that my strong limbs should fail me, or the pure blood I felt bounding so bravely through my veins could be reached and tainted by disease. How should it come? If I ate, would it not nourish me? If I slept, would it not refresh me? If I came out in the cool, free air, would not my lungs heave, and my muscles spring, and my face feel its grateful freshness? I held out my arm, for the first time in my life, with a doubt of its strength. I closed my hand unconsciously, with a fear it would not obey. I drew a deep breath, to feel if it was difficult to breathe; and even my bounding step, that was as elastic then as a fawn’s, seemed, to my excited imagination, already to have become decrepid and feeble.

“I walked on, and thought of death. I had never before done so definitely; it was like a terrible shape that had always pursued me dimly, but which I had never before turned and looked steadily on. Strange! that we can live so constantly with that threatening hand hung over us, and not think of it always! Strange! that we can use a limb, or enter with interest into any pursuit of time, when we know that our continued life is almost a daily miracle!

“How difficult it is to realise death! How difficult it is to believe that the hand with whose every vein you are familiar, will ever lose its motion and its warmth? That the quick eye, which is so restless now, will settle and grow dull? That the refined lip, which now shrinks so sensitively from defilement, will not feel the earth lying upon it, and the tooth of the feeding worm? That the free breath will be choked, and the forehead be pressed heavily on by the decaying coffin, and the light

and air of heaven, be shut quite out; and this very body, warm, and breathing, and active as it is now, will not feel uneasiness or pain? I could not help looking at my frame as these thoughts crowded on me; and I confess I almost doubted my own convictions—there was so much strength and quickness in it—my hand opened so freely, and my nostrils expanded with such a satisfied thirst to the moist air. Ah! it is hard to believe at first that we must die! harder still to believe and realise the repulsive circumstances that follow that terrible change! It is a bitter thought at the lightest. There is little comfort in knowing that the *soul* will not be there—that the sense and the mind that feel and measure suffering, will be gone. The separation is too great a mystery to satisfy fear. It is the body that we *know*. It is this material frame in which the affections have grown up. The spirit is a mere thought—a presence that we are told of, but do not see. Philosophise as we will, the idea of existence is connected indissolubly with the visible body, and its pleasant and familiar senses. We talk of, and believe, the soul's ascent to its Maker; but it is not ourselves—it is not our own conscious breathing identity that we send up in imagination through the invisible air. It is some phantom that is to issue forth mysteriously, and leave us gazing on it in wonder. We do not understand, we cannot realise it.

“At the time I speak of, my health had been always unbroken. Since then, I have known disease in many forms, and have had, of course, more time and occasion for the contemplation of death. I have never, till late, known resignation. With my utmost energy I was merely able, in other days, to look upon it with quiet despair; as a terrible, unavoidable evil. I remember once, after severe suffering for weeks, I overheard the physician telling my mother that I must die, and from that moment the thought never left me. A thin line of light came in between the shutters of the south window; and, with this one thought fastened on my mind, like the vulture of Prometheus, I lay and watched it, day after day, as it passed with its imperceptible progress over the folds of my curtains. The last faint gleam of sun-set never faded from its damask edge, without an inexpressible sinking of my heart, and a belief that I should see its pleasant light no more. I turned from the window when even imagination could find the daylight no longer there, and felt my pulse, and lifted my head to try my remaining strength. And then every object, yes, even the meanest, grew unutterably dear to me; my pillow, and the cup with which my lips were moistened, and the cooling amber which I had held in my hand, and pressed to my burning lips when the fever was on me—everything that was connected with life, and that would remain among the living when I was gone.

“It is strange, but with all this clinging to the world my affection for the living decreased sensibly. I grew selfish in my weakness. I could not bear that they should go from my chamber into the fresh air, and have no fear of sickness and no pain. It seemed unfeeling that they did not stay and breathe the close atmosphere of my room—at least till I was dead. How could they walk round so carelessly, and look on a fellow creature dying helplessly and unwillingly, and never shed a tear! And then the passing courtesies exchanged with the family at the door, and the quickened step on the sidewalk, and the wandering looks about my room, even while I was answering with my difficult breath

their cold inquiries! There was an inhuman carelessness in all this that stung me to the soul.

"I craved sympathy as I did life; and yet I doubted it all. There was not a word spoken by the friends who were admitted to see me, that I did not ponder over when they were gone, and always with an impatient dissatisfaction. The tone, and the manner, and the expression of face, all seemed forced; and often, in my earlier sickness, when I had pondered for hours on the expressed sympathy of some one I had loved, the sense of utter helplessness which crowded on me with my conviction of their insincerity, quite overcame me. I have lain, night after night, and looked at my indifferent watchers; and oh! how I hated them for their careless ease, and their snatched moments of repose! I could scarce keep from dashing aside the cup they came to give me so sluggishly.

"It is singular that, with all our experience of sickness, we do not attend more to these slight circumstances. It can scarce be conceived how an ill-managed light, or a suppressed whispering, or a careless change of attitude in the presence of one whose senses are so sharpened, and whose mind is so sensitive as a sick person's, irritate and annoy. And perhaps, more than all these to bear, is the affectedly subdued tone of condolence. I remember nothing which I endured so impatiently.

"Annoyances like these, however, scarcely diverted for a moment the one great thought of death. It became at last familiar, but, if possible, more dreadfully horrible from that very fact. It was giving it a new character. I realised it more. The minute circumstances became nearer and more real—I tried the position in which I should lie in my coffin—I lay with my arms to my side, and my feet together, and with the cold sweat standing in large drops on my lip, composed my features into a forced expression of tranquillity.

"I awoke on the second morning after the hope of my recovery had been abandoned. There was a narrow sunbeam lying in a clear crimson line across the curtain, and I lay and watched the specks of lint sailing through it, like silver-winged insects, and the thin dust, quivering and disappearing on its definite limit, in a dream of wonder. I had thought not to see another sun, and my mind was still fresh with the expectation of an immediate change; I could not believe that I was alive. The dizzy throb in my temples was done; my limbs felt cool and refreshed; my mind had that feeling of transparency which is common after healthful and sweet sleep; and an indefinite sensation of pleasure trembled in every nerve. I thought that this might be death, and that, with this exquisite feeling of repose, I was to linger thus consciously with the body till the last day; and I dwelt on it pleasantly with my delicious freedom from pain. I felt no regret for life—none for a friend even: I was willing—quite willing—to lie thus for ages. Presently the physician entered; he came and laid his fingers on my pulse, and his face brightened. 'You will get well,' he said, and I heard it almost without emotion. Gradually, however, the love of life returned; and as I realized it fully, and all the thousand chords which bound me to it vibrated once more, the tears came thickly to my eyes, and a crowd of delightful thoughts pressed cheerfully and glowingly on me. No language can do justice to the pleasure of convalescence from extreme sickness. The first step upon the living grass—the first breath of free air—the first unsuppressed salutation of a friend—my fainting heart, dear Philip, rallies and quickens even now with the recollection."

I have thrown into a continuous strain what was murmured to me between pauses of faintness, and with difficulty of breath that seemed overpowered only by the mastery of the eloquent spirit apparently trembling on its departure. I believed Edith Lindsey would die that night: I believed myself listening to words spoken almost from heaven; and if I have wearied you, dear reader, with what must be more interesting to me than to you, it is because every syllable was burnt like enamel into my soul, in my boundless reverence and love.

It was two o'clock, and she still lay breathing painfully in my arms. I had thrown up the window, and the soft south wind, stirring gently among the tinkling icicles of the trees, came in, warm and genial, and she leaned over to inhale it, as if it came from the Source of life. The stars burned gloriously in the heavens; and, in a respite of her pain, she lay back her head, and gazed up at them with an inarticulate motion of her lips, and eyes so unnaturally kindled, that I thought reason had abandoned her.

"How beautiful are the stars to-night, Edith!" I said, with half a fear that she would answer me in madness.

"Yes," she said, putting my hand (that pressed her closer, involuntarily, to my bosom) first to her lips—"Yes; and, beautiful as they are, they are all accurately numbered and governed, and just as they burn now have they burned since the creation, never 'faint in their watches,' and never absent from their place. How glorious they are! How thrilling it is to see them stand with such a constant silence in the sky, unsteadied and unsupported, obeying the great law of their Maker! What pure and silvery light it is! How steadily it pours from those small fountains, giving every spot of earth its due portion! The hovel and the palace are shone upon equally, and the shepherd gets as broad a beam as the king, and these few rays that are now streaming into my feverish eyes were meant and lavished only for me! I have often thought—has it never occurred to you, dear Philip?—how ungrateful we are to call ourselves poor, when there is so much that no poverty can take away! Clusters of silver rays from every star in these heavens are *mine*. Every breeze that breaks on my forehead was sent for *my* refreshment. Every tinkle and ray from those stirring and glistening icicles, and the invigorating freshness of this unseasonable and delicious wind, and moonlight, and sunshine, and the glory of the planets, are all gifts that poverty could not take away! It is not often that I forget these treasures; for I have loved nature, and the skies of night and day, in all their changes, from my childhood, and they have been unspeakably dear to me; for in them I see the evidence of an Almighty Maker, and in the excessive beauty of the stars, and the unfading and equal splendour of their steadfast fires, I see glimpses of an immortal life, and find an answer to the eternal questioning within me!

"Three! The village clock reaches us to-night. Nay, the wind cannot harm me now. Turn me more to the window, for I would look nearer upon the stars: it is the last time—I am sure of it—the very last! Yet to-morrow night those stars will all be there,—not one missing from the sky, nor shining one ray the less because I am dead! It is strange that this thought should be so bitter,—strange that the companionship should be so close between our earthly affections and those spiritual worlds,—and stranger yet, that, satisfied as we must be that we shall know them nearer and better when released from our flesh, we still

cling so fondly to our earthly and imperfect vision. I feel, Philip, that I shall traverse hereafter every star in those bright heavens. If the course of that career of knowledge, which I believe in my soul it will be the reward of the blessed to run, be determined in any degree by the strong desires that yearn so sickeningly within us, I see the thousand gates of my future heaven shining at this instant above me. There they are!—the clustering Pleiades, with 'their sweet influences;' and the morning star, melting into the east with its transcendent lambency and whiteness; and the broad galaxy, with its myriads of bright spheres, dissolving into each other's light, and belting the heavens like a girdle. I shall see them all! I shall know them and their inhabitants as the angels of God know them; the mystery of their order, and the secret of their wonderful harmony, and the duration of their appointed courses,—all will be made clear!"

I have trespassed again, most indulgent reader, on the limits of these Procrustean papers. I must defer the "change" that "came o'er the spirit of my dream" till the changeful month of April—in which it will be fittest told. Meantime, you may consider Edith, if you like, the true heart she thought herself (and I thought her) during her nine deaths in the library; and you will have leisure to imagine the three years over which we shall skip with this *finale*, during which I made a journey to the North, and danced out a winter in your own territories at Quebec—a circumstance I allude to, no less to record the hospitalities of the garrison of that time (this was in, 27—were you there?) than to pluck forth from Time's hindermost wallet a modest copy of verses I addressed thence to Edith. She sent them back to me considerably mended; but I give you the original draught, scorning her finger in my poesies.

TO EDITH, FROM THE NORTH.

As, gazing on the Pleiades,  
We count each fair and starry one,  
Yet wander from the light of these  
To muse upon the 'Pleiad gone';—  
As, bending o'er fresh-gather'd flowers,  
The rose's most enchanting hue  
Reminds us but of other hours,  
Whose roses were all lovely, too;—  
So, dearest, when I rove among  
The bright ones of this northern sky,  
And mark the smile, and list the song,  
And watch the dancers gliding by,—  
The fairer still they seem to be,  
The more it stirs a thought of thee. \* \*  
The sad, sweet bells of twilight chime,  
Of many hearts may touch but one,  
And so this seeming careless rhyme  
Will whisper to thy heart alone.  
I give it to the winds. The bird,  
Let loose, to his far nest will flee;  
And love, though breathed but on a word,  
Will find thee, over land and sea.  
Though clouds across the sky have driven,  
We trust the star at last will shine;  
And, like the very light of heaven,  
I trust thy love—*trust thou in mine!*

## THE CONFESSIONS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

## CHAPTER II.

It has scarcely ever failed to be the lot of poets to play, at some period or other of their lives, the self-deceiving part of Pygmalion. They form their Galateas, and animate them to their wishes for a time, happy if, in the end, they find them no worse than stone!

I am about to add the name of Shakspeare to the list of those who have suffered from such unhappy and ill-starred passion. The story is a very strange one, and will startle many; but it is a story which must be told, even to the ears of the least charitable. We may refuse some work of fancy admission to our minds and hearts, but let us never shut out the truth. Truth once lost or wilfully rejected leaves a chasm never to be filled.

Shakspeare, I have said, quitted Stratford in 1586. He left behind him his wife, three children, his father, one sister, and a brother—named Edmond. The latter, however, must soon have been induced to try his fortune also in London; for we can trace him there as an actor in 1603; and, on the last day of 1607, it would appear that William Shakspeare buried his brother, “Edmond Shakspeare, a player,” at the church of St. Saviour, in Southwark. Such is the entry on a parish register there. The wife of the poet, at the period of his quitting Stratford, was thirty years old. She had just borne him twins—the second and last issue of the marriage. Anne Hathaway, after her husband left Stratford for London, though he visited that place annually, had no more children. I do not instance this circumstance as any presumption of actual disagreement between them; for I am inclined to think they lived together kindly to the last. I take even the celebrated interlineation in his will, which has been urged so often as a piece of coldness or contempt towards her, to mean something very different,—“Item, I give unto my wife my second-best bed, with the furniture.” It should not be forgotten, in reference to this seemingly poor bequest, that Anne Hathaway had been, at the death of her father, who was a substantial yeoman of Shottery (a village near Stratford), very amply provided for. Bearing this in mind, I should have accompanied Shakspeare through his affectionate bequests to his elder child, Susannah, and to his dear daughter Judith (more dear that her twin-brother had been taken by death),—even supposing he had omitted all mention of their mother, without the slightest suspicion of any coldness or indifference betwixt them. As the real circumstances are, however, I take the interlineation as a singular proof the other way,—as an especial and, as it were, undeserved self-rebuke—a recollection where he need not have recollected. And why does Mr. Malone harp so on its being his “second-best bed?” Why does he persist in adducing that as a proof of contempt and slight—as though Shakspeare wished to leave the mother of his children the scurviest thing he had? I entreat the reader rather to join with me in turning this reproach into kindness and affectionate remembrance. That “second-best bed” might have had dearer associations with it than the first best. May it not have been—

“The very bed that on his bridal night  
Received him to the arms of Belvidera?”

In no part of Shakspeare's life do we see coldness or indifference to old associations, however loosened in their grasp by change or time. He never deserted his birth-place: he "was wont to go to his native countrie once a yeare," says Aubrey; and it is certain that when his "task was smoothly done," and he had won himself an independence, as well as an immortal name, he retired to Stratford, that he might enjoy the one and listen to the music of the other, and finish life as he had begun it, with the soft flowings of his native Avon murmuring in his ear.

I dwell upon this characteristic, and upon these domestic circumstances, for a reason that will soon be obvious to the reader. If he has agreed with me thus far, he will perhaps not hesitate to accept the limitation I am now anxious to make. The turnings of such a heart as Shakspeare's require a subtle and delicate touch. Admitting that he remained on kind and familiar terms with Anne Hathaway, it is clear that her love was not of the character that his imagination, when awakened to its power, must have felt a thirst and longing for. He was a boy when he married her, she was a woman. His senses there took place before his imagination. It remained for his imagination afterwards to take the place of his senses, and to make his will a party against itself:—to engender passions which, hate them as he might, he yet, perhaps, would not willingly have parted with; and which, thwarting his purposes and disturbing his repose, continued still, it might be, scarcely less welcome inmates in his bosom than the hope and joy which they had dispossessed, to make room for sorrow and, for shame! When Anne Hathaway bade him farewell at the door of their house in Stratford, as he left it first to plunge himself into the world, she must have felt that circumstances were bringing some change between them—that the sentiment she entertained for him could scarcely hope any longer for entire sympathy or unconditional return,—that her dream of joy, if joy it had been, was almost out,—and that she might even then pronounce the sentence of willing divorcement, which Isabella utters to Brachiano,—

"Sir, let me borrow of you but one kiss—  
This is the latest ceremony of my love."

It is unlikely that she ever offered to follow him to London; it is certain she never went there. She remained in her home, and consoled herself with her children; willing thereafter, we are to suppose, to enjoy their father in them alone, and to wait patiently for their sakes his realization of those hopes which his imagination must already have shadowed forth to her;—preparing herself, meanwhile, to meet him at his return as they had never met before, but yet to meet him kindly and as a friend.

To London we have already followed Shakspeare. We have seen the glories he achieved there, and the gentle unassumingness with which he wore them—we have passed him on the stage at the Globe—we have sat with him at the Mermaid—we have thrown a glance after him into the solitude of his home. Were such anticipations then as we have placed into the heart of Anne Hathaway indeed realized? This it is now my business to show. I shall now follow him into the most private recesses of his life—trace him into the very depths of his spirit—"hang upon the beatings" of his heart, which are visible and audible still! He who has been known only as the painter of the passions of every nation and of every man, shall now describe his own; he who in his intellectual character stood, as it has been said, above the world, like a magician, pene-



trating with a glance all the depths, and mysteries, and perplexities of human character, and with a word calling forth into open day the darkest workings of the human heart—shall now be followed into private life and seen “constrained by mastery”—the mastery of strange individual sympathies and strange individual passions—helpless in control of them, weak and powerless as we! We shall not love him the less for this, but the more; when we have passed, even with him, such struggles as mortals seem ever destined to endure, he shall not appear a less powerful master, a less beneficent teacher; he will have earned a better right, as it were, to conduct us, at the close, to his immortal lesson—to the great world of his everlasting thoughts, and from them, to the haven we still desire to rest in—that middle ground between sympathy and intellect, the arms of dear humanity.

Shakspeare had not been long in London when, with a restless pen, he was doomed to confess to himself such secrets as these—

“Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,  
Which, like two spirits, do suggest me still;  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worse spirit a woman coloured ill.”

These two loves, and the remarkable circumstances which attended them, I shall now proceed to describe. I may first mention, once for all, that my source of information is the sonnets of Shakspeare. The circumstances which shall be stated have been derived from a very careful consideration, and a repeated perusal, of the sonnets *entire*. I have not opened them at random, and read now one and then another, as chance might be; when I looked into them in that fashion, I recollect having always left them uncertain and dissatisfied, and with no definite idea in my mind of their purpose or meaning. It must have been thus that the late Mr. Hazlitt regarded them, since that subtlest of critics has left an intimation in one of those masterly books of his, which will live as long as the immortal things they talk about, that he was able to make “neither head nor tail of their ultimate drift.” Nor, I confess, was the present writer, until he had repeatedly read the volume which contains them from its beginning to its close, and had discovered the strange and confused jumble of arrangement, or rather non-arrangement, into which the printer has flung them. The circumstances of their publication, already alluded to, sufficiently explain the cause of this, and there is no need, after what we have seen and said of the commentators with reference to these sonnets, to explain the cause of *their* stupidity. If the proof which I have already given, presumptive of their not having even read the matter they took under criticism, did not exist, the simple assertion made by every one of them that the first hundred and twenty-six sonnets are all addressed to a man, would quite amply prove it. An accomplished friend of mine has indeed suggested that these gentlemen may have had an especial purpose to serve in their treatment of the sonnets of Shakspeare—namely, that of deterring readers, so far as they could, from inquiry and perusal. This view of the matter is possibly the true one; for though I cannot understand why any inquiry into such confessions as those of Shakspeare should be fenced off, I can easily understand why the commentators should think so. Partial knowledge is more dangerous than absolute ignorance, and a mystery had far better remain one than that we should pluck only half its heart out. There are differences too in the

minds of men. While the indulgent reader learns wisdom and charity from the record of passionate experiences, folly and hypocrisy shall only cry out aloud, "We are contaminated."

In describing these "loves" of Shakspeare, it will be necessary to keep always in mind his peculiar character. We have already endeavoured to describe this, and need only repeat here the isolated position in which he would seem to have stood with reference to anything like intimate friendship with any of the great men of the time. What a want in that respect must his have been! Fancy his bosom almost bursting with visions of such as his own Horatio, and yet obliged to walk through his daily life without a shadow of their beauty there to comfort him and cheer him on. Had this continued, life would have been insupportable. A man of genius indeed, to whom the consciousness and exercise of his powers had brought with it also an extreme sense of his own identity and exertions, might not have felt it necessary, or even possible, to expend any portion of his heart in sympathy on another; but Shakspeare, whose genius was universal, the creatures of whose intellect are as various as the creatures of the world, who passes through every variety of untried being, and shadows forth the inmost movings of the souls of all—must have felt it as though a fatal, inevitable necessity hanging over him, to connect his heart in some way with some beings of the actual world, and so satisfy those individual yearnings and sympathies which still, with all his power above the earth, kept him bound a prisoner upon it; and which, in all the intellectual triumphs to which they served to contribute, found yet no outlet for themselves.

First, then, in accordance with this want, he sought round him for a friend. It is a wonderful evidence of the sweetness and refinement of his nature that he should have selected, to answer his necessity in respect of friendship, a youth unknown (when he first saw him) save by his virtues, and by the form of beauty which gave warrant of the beauty within. It is to this youth he addresses a vast number of the sonnets in question. This is his love "of comfort."

It is the attribute of genius to give life for ever to the objects it deigns to associate with itself, for good or evil. This youth, whose name we do not know, and cannot even guess at, is yet immortal—

"'Gainst death, and all-oblivious enmity,  
Shall you pace forth"—

says one of the sonnets addressed to him; and so it has proved. He was the friend of Shakspeare, and with the name of Shakspeare he must live for ever. Every emotion of the poet's heart was poured forth to this youth; emotions the intensest and most profound, acute sometimes even to selfishness, but expressed at all times with unequalled tenderness, modesty, purity, and love. Having selected him from out of the world he saw around, he communicated to him thereafter all he felt—all he thought—all he suffered. Here was the pillow his spirit reposed on—here was the object to which he clung, as connecting him in actual life with the moral beauty and sweetness of the world. Here was at last some peculiar and captivating medium, through which he could even look out upon the creatures that walked the street before him, and feel one of them not only in sympathy and love, but in the positive scale of being, without remorse or uneasy shame. All that his great heart sought for, he set up here. Here was something that it had thirsted for in vain among his fellow actors and fellow writers; something he might cordially

trust to; something which in its very simplicity was worthy to take place even in his intellectual judgment, of the learning of Ben Jonson, or the wild genius and wilder passions of Marlowe. Nothing can be conceived finer, and more full of a noble purpose, than the alliance of Shakspeare with this youth. When I come to describe the confidences and peculiar thoughts he reposes in him, the reader will judge this with me. It is, in all its results, as much an emanation of his moral and intellectual nature, and of the finest parts of it, as of his sensitive. Knowing and feeling this, it is really a matter of more than ordinary regret and shame to have to notice a suggestion that has been once or twice thrown out with reference to it, reflecting in a strange and unmanly way on the character of Shakspeare; thrown out, however, it is some consolation to add, by persons who cannot have read more than the innocent words that suggested such thoughts, and who must have been as utterly ignorant of the usages of the time, as they were eagerly suspicious of evil, and anxious to suggest it where they sought in vain to find it. Judge such expressions of the sonnets of Shakspeare, as "sweet love," "my love," "lord of my love," by the usages of modern times in reference to manly friendships; and in the same sentence, pray judge the plays of Shakspeare by the laws of Aristotle. The objection and the baseness founded on it, is not worth so much thought as that which was urged against Theodore Beza, and is laughingly alluded to by Voltaire, because he wrote in something of this strain in his Latin verses on Can didus. Recollect the language put into the mouth of Portia—

"This Antonio  
Being the bosom lover of my lord."

Recollect the rough Menenius in the Roman play—

"I tell thee, fellow,  
Thy general is my lover."

And observe in every letter of the time the phrases in common and most abundant use. The learned and rugged Ben Jonson is the ever-true lover of Dr. Donne; and Drayton shall write to Drummond to tell him that Mr. Davies (Joseph Davies) is in love with him. But it is unnecessary to say more on this point. Before these papers are concluded, the reader will have evidence before him against which all such false and ignorant insinuations shall avail nothing. And with whom, among those who are acquainted with the ever-prevailing characteristic of Shakspeare's genius, can such have ever for a single moment availed? From all the coarseness which prevailed in his age how wonderfully was he free! Read Beaumont and Fletcher, and read Shakspeare! Look at the women of the one, and the women of the other! Though he might, as the distinction has indeed been made, occasionally offend a sense of delicacy, he never injured the mind: he caused no excitement of passion which he flattered to degrade; never used what was faulty for a faulty purpose; carried on no warfare against virtue by which wickedness might be made to appear anything but wicked, and in which sympathy was to be entrapped by the misfortunes of vice. With Shakspeare "vice never walked as it were in twilight." Everything with him is flat sincerity.

And so in the case of the sonnets to which I am alluding. In every sentiment he utters throughout them, there is evidence of the deepest sincerity. The language in which they appear has been called hyperbolic, but, setting aside the usages of the time, I cannot discover the hyper-

bolism. In the expression of the individual feelings of Shakspeare, it is true, we find, as should surely be expected from a man of such imagination—that uneasy but exquisite sense of beauty and power which cannot be contained within those feelings merely; which is impatient of such actual restraint; which strives to link them with other images of kindred loveliness or beauty; and thus moulds them by the fresh thoughts the last inspire, into an infinite variety of shapes and combinations. But through all the unity is still preserved—the oneness of sincerity and passion.

The first four years of this remarkable friendship would seem to have passed without a cloud. I shall for the present therefore also pass them—with the world of noble and beautiful, as well as deeply interesting thoughts that they gave birth to. These shall form a separate chapter in exhibition of the moral and personal feelings of Shakspeare—and of the extreme sense of refinement with which he seems to have set up this youth, and to keep him ever present in his mind, as a sort of abstraction of the finest particles of earth—something that stood between his own mortal and immortal thoughts, partaking of many of the characteristics of either, and reconciling both. At present I am anxious more particularly to furnish to the reader, with as little interruption as possible, that particular portion of Shakspeare's *actual life* which is supplied by these confessions—to mark its actual course, so far as we may follow it—to tell the story of these two loves, “of comfort and despair,” how strangely they crossed each other, and how they affected the feelings and the life of the author of “Hamlet.”

The first intimation of anything having come between Shakspeare and his young friend, to interrupt the most equitable course of devotion, of confidence, and faith, is given in the sonnet which stands forty-first in the collection. Here, after glancing at some youthful gallantries which his friend seems to have been seduced into, and which the humane and good-natured poet alludes to with the most generous sweetness, he proceeds thus—

“Ah me! but yet thou mightst, my sweet, forbear,  
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
Who lead thee in their riot even there  
Where thou art forced to break a two-fold truth.”

Where had they led him? *To the affections of the mistress of his friend, to the possession of the very object of Shakspeare's strongest personal passion!*

This opens to me a strange story. The woman here alluded to, it is now my duty to trace through the confessions, for she occupies one of the most important places in them. Her strange history can be followed from the very commencement of Shakspeare's connexion with her, through all its gradations and most passionate interest, to what we must deem its disastrous close. This is she to whom I alluded in the commencement, “the woman coloured ill,” the genius of the poet's despair.

I shall have to describe the commencement of his passion for her—the void in his senses which she filled, as his young friend had occupied the vacant sympathies of his heart. I shall have to shadow forth its close, its desperate close, which saw the unhappy poet for a time—

“Frantic mad with ever more unrest!”

And what an interval is that between! Even in his unsuspecting days, her black eyes, in their glancing of some strange expression, alarming him with scarce the knowledge why—then the strange and sudden falling of his friend into her power—the rumours of her character which reach him afterwards, thickening and blackening as they come, while her spells all the while only bind him in the faster—his final discovery of her wretched nature—his affecting portraiture of the hell in which he then found himself, but which he could not quit—and the exquisite self-excuse with which he half-strives to reason the cause of his mistake of her, for how could

“ Love’s eye be true,  
That is so vex’d with watching and with tears? ”

It is certain, as I am now about to prove, in following out this strange history from first to last, that Shakspeare had no reason to suppose this woman other than good and true-hearted when he first formed a connexion with her. So shocked is he when the full discovery comes, that he compares his thoughts and his discourse, as they had been, with such as they have been forced to turn to, and calls them those of a mad-man,

“ At random from the truth vainly expressed—”  
for, he rejoins bitterly,

“ I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright  
Who art as black as hell, and dark as night.”

But let me not anticipate. I state this as a matter of fact merely, for in truth, had it been otherwise, I could scarcely have claimed exemption in his case, from a lot which has befallen so many men of genius. How sadly, in matters of this sort, have they been ever the creatures of excited imagination and unreasoning self-will! Fielding, in a very curious passage in his “Journey to the other World,” has perhaps touched upon one of the secret causes. Mr. Lamb, in one of his masterly articles, has also alluded to it.\* And is it surprising? Accustomed so much to the ever-constant action and excitement of their never-resting fancy, should we wonder that at last their attachment to certain objects should be far oftener in proportion to the strength of the impression they were likely to make, to their power, in fact, by any means, of riveting and fixing the attention, than to the pleasure or gratification they might look to derive from them? The subtle metaphysician will perhaps remark that we are more apt to dwell upon circumstances that excite and shock our feelings than on those of an agreeable nature. Besides, poetry and poets have worlds and beings of their own, or at least enjoy them as such, till they are awaked by sad reality. Their eyes even are made the fools of the other faculties. Nor does the delusion end here. “Poetry,” says Bacon, “conforms the show of things to the desires of the soul.”

[We regret to be obliged, from unavoidable circumstances, to postpone the conclusion of this paper until next month. It will be prefixed to the third chapter of the series.—Ed.]

\* I may perhaps be allowed this opportunity of stating, that an edition of such of the late Mr. Charles Lamb’s writings as can be recovered by his executors, with a large selection from his correspondence, is now preparing under the superintendence of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, and will be accompanied by a notice from that learned and accomplished gentleman, of the life and genius of his deceased friend.

## GILBERT GURNEY.

## CHAPTER V.

It is said that a certain place not mentionable to "ears polite" is paved with "good intentions." Whether it will ever be macadamized (for that I believe is the term for "unstoning," which is fast gaining ground as I am looking over my papers, which in all probability everybody else will overlook) I cannot pretend to say; but certain it is, that although I was beyond measure mortified by the results of the Twickenham prank, my exclusion from the society of the Miss Dods, and my absolutely necessary escape from an association with them, I was very soon reconciled to my fate after the arrival of Devil Daly (as I used subsequently to call him) at my lodgings in Suffolk-street.

The instant he had been dislodged from the cottage by the appearance of the young ladies whose family he had so seriously outraged on the previous evening, instead of walking his horse back to Smart's, at the Toy at Hampton Court, he cantered up to me in London; not so much from any particular affection for me, but because, although himself the victim, there was something so exciting and delightful to him in a joke, that he could not deny himself the pleasure of narrating to me the history of the arrival of the sylphs, and his extraordinary *ruse* of the bleeding nose. I never saw him in higher spirits, and *quoad* my resolutions, I could not for the life of me refuse to join him in a stroll about town, which, although the season was somewhat advanced, was yet agreeably full, with a pledge to dine with him somewhere afterwards.

In those days clubs were scarce, although *then* hearts were plenty; there were no clubs at that period but White's, Brookes's, and Boodle's. There was the Cocoa Tree and there was Graham's, but the number of members was small, the system confined, and therefore, although Daly and I were as proud as Lucifer, and as "fine as fine could be," we had no resource when we wished to enjoy the "feast of reason and the flow of soul"—the one in the shape of a cutlet and the other in the tapering form of a bottle of claret—but to repair to a coffee-house, a place which I find is now (I speak while I am arranging my papers) obsolete—a dear nice uncomfortable room, with a bar opening into it, a sauded floor, an Argand lamp smoking in its middle, and boxes along its sides, with hard carpet-covered benches, schoolboy tables, and partitions, with rods, and rings, and curtains, like those of a churchwarden's pew in a country church.

I selected Dejem's, at the corner of Leicester-place. Attention and civility, a good *cuisine*, and good wine formed its particular attractions, and the courteous attention of mine host gave a new zest to his cookery and his claret. I own I love attention and civility—not that which seems to be extracted by dint of money, or by force of the relative situations of guest and landlord—but that anxious desire to please—that consideration of one's little peculiarities—and that cheerfulness of greeting which, even if it be assumed, is always satisfactory. To Dejem's we resolved to go, and having "secured our box" and taken our stroll, we found ourselves seated and served by a little after six o'clock.

There was something irresistibly, practically engaging about Daly, and I never felt more completely assured of the influence over me of a  
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man with whom I had been so short a time acquainted, as I was when I found myself again—in the course of eight-and-forty hours—associated with him in a place which of all others was the most likely to afford him some opportunity of exhibiting his eccentricities, for the company consisted in a great degree of *émigrés* of the ancient *régime*, who, until the master hand of Wellington was raised to cut the Gordian knot of their difficulties, which negotiation had for years in vain attempted to untwist, made England their asylum from persecution. Yet, however much their misfortunes—the natural results of anarchy and revolution—might excite our sympathies and demand our assistance, some of them, it must be admitted, were to our then unaccustomed eyes extremely strange specimens of humanity: they were what Mr. Daly, in his peculiar phraseology, called “uncommon gigs;” and one very venerable *ci-devant* marquis, who wore spectacles, the said Daly, as he advanced up the room, somewhat too loudly I thought, pronounced to be “a gig with lamps.”

However, we got through dinner and had safely demolished our admirable *omelette soufflée* without any outbreaking on the part of my mercurial companion; the coffee-room began to thin, and I began to be more at my ease than before, when Daly proceeded to recount some of his adventures, which proved to me that, however deeply the scene of the preceding day at Twickenham might have impressed itself on me; it was to him a “trifle light as air.”

“But how,” said I, “shall I ever reconcile the Dods? I am destined to meet those people; you are not.”

“I was destined to meet them this morning,” replied Daly, “and if it had not been for this ‘bleeding piece of earth,’” laying hold of his nose, “I could not well have escaped; but for you, rely upon it, it will all turn out right—in a week they will have utterly forgotten you.”

“What,” said I, “will Fanny so soon lose all recollection of me?”

“To be sure she will,” said Daly. “As somebody says,

‘Fancy’s visions, like the sand,  
Every idle mark receive;  
Lines are traced by every hand,  
Which no lasting impress leave.’”

“But *her* hand,” said I.

“You took and shook,” replied he, “and very wisely too; but recollect it was nearly dark when we made our exit.”

“And you insulted the father.”

“Who first affronted me,” said Daly; “and even if the girls *did* know me this morning, and recognise me as the assistant clerk to the deputy assistant surveyor of the Paddington Canal Company, the deuce is in it if the whole family must not respect me as a high-minded, honourable, and conscientious assistant clerk.”

“Yes, but it was quite light enough when we arrived,” said I, “to see them and their beauties; why not light enough for them to see our deformities?”

“Deformities!” said Daly; “speak for yourself, Mr. Gurney; women don’t care so much for men’s beauty as you may suppose. Here am I—plain, but genteel, like a Wedgewood teapot—I make my way, and whatever you may think of yourself and Miss Fanny, I flatter myself

Gussy, as her ma' called her, was equally well pleased with your humble servant."

"And yet we may never see either of them again," said I.

"I am not so certain of that," said Daly; "I have done worse to a father than I did to Dod, in the course of my life, and yet have come to be domesticated in the family afterwards."

"As how?" said I.

"Some three years since," said Daly, "I was down at my friend's Sir Marmaduke Wigglesworth's, in Surrey—charming place—nice wife—excellent shooting—capital cook—and inexhaustible cellars. 'Marmaduke,' said I, 'I hate battues; here you have a party staying for the wholesale slaughter of pheasants—eleven double barrels all of a row—more chance of homicide than sport; do me the kindness to let me off, and permit me to 'range the fields' by myself, and I will consent to be laughed at for my small gains when the card comes in before dinner.' 'Do as you like,' said Wigglesworth; 'this is Liberty Hall—shoot alone or in company—with dogs or without—have the keeper or not—*comme il vous plaira*.' Accordingly away I went, more eager for the sport as having to render an account of my single exploits, young enough to do my day's work well, and strong enough to bring my day's work home. I admit I was not quite so well pleased with what I saw, or rather what I did not see, as I went on—birds were scarce, wild, and shy, and I did not get a shot for the first hour, except at a venerable rabbit, who had retired from public life, but who had somewhat incautiously left his tail out of the burrow which he had selected for his retreat—at him I went, and he died—first tenant of my bag."

"A tenant in tail," said I, punning professionally.

"Well, Sir," continued Daly, who never stopped for any body, "on I went, until at last, after three hours' ploughing and plodding, I fell in with one of the nicest little snug copses you ever set your eyes on. In I went—whurr went the pheasants—bang went the barrels—down came the birds—and by the time I had crossed the copse, three cocks and—*heu mihi!*—two hens graced my store."

"Pretty sport for the time," said I.

"No sooner, however," said Daly, "had I emerged from the thicket, than I found myself upon a sort of parkish-looking lawn, on the rise of which stood a very respectable house, at the door of which I could distinguish a group of persons standing, and from the court-yard of which I saw some sort of servant leading forth a stout short-legged pony, with a thick neck and a stumpy tail—evidently master's favourite—equal to fourteen stone, warranted never to shy, trip, or stumble. Upon its back did I see a portly gentleman bestride himself, and forthwith begin to canter towards me, followed at a somewhat splitting pace by two keepers on foot, each armed either with guns or sticks, which I could not exactly distinguish."

"I foresee," said I.

"So did I," said Daly; "the moment I saw the governor coming full tilt, I knew that I had been trespassing, and the moment I stepped upon his infernal lawn, felt that I had put my foot into it."

"Well," said I, "what happened?"

"Why," continued Daly, "I standing still, and he moving somewhat rapidly, the elder of the two had the best of it, and I was very soon within six inches of his cob's nose, and within about half a yard of his



own. 'You are a pretty fellow, Sir,' said the irate gentleman, 'to come poaching and killing the birds in my preserves, close to my house—why what the devil are you thinking of? Here, Stephens—Thomson—'

"Sir," said I, 'I am extremely sorry—'

"Sorry," interrupted Mr. Bagswash—(for such was the gentleman's name)—'sorry, yes, and well you may be sorry; Botany Bay is too good for a fellow like you, Sir. Lay hands on him.'

"One moment, Sir," said I; 'I am a gentleman.' Whereupon Squire Bagswash and his keeper burst into an unseemly fit of laughing.

"A pretty gentleman," said Bagswash.

"I thank ye, Sir," said I, 'I don't want compliments, I only want a hearing. I am staying on a visit at Sir Marmaduke Wigglesworth's, and here is my card.' Saying which I produced—from what I happened by the merest but luckiest accident in the world to have about me, my card-case—my visiting ticket.

"Young man," said Bagswash, having read it, 'is this genuine?—is what you are saying true?'

"Sir," said I, 'I am not accustomed to have my word doubted. I admit, that not being perfectly acquainted with the boundaries of the Wigglesworth property, I have transgressed and trespassed. I am sorry for it; and sorry that you should have so far forgotten yourself as to use language which, I am quite sure, in a more temperate mood you would regret.'

"Sir," said Bagswash, half doubting, and certainly more than half fearing me, 'I don't know that I have used any strong expressions, I—'

"Scoundrel, I think," said I, bowing profoundly. \*

"If I did, I—really," said Bagswash, 'I—might—but I was irritated—Sir, this is my manor.'

"Why, Sir," said I, 'as to your manner, I *do* think it might have been a little more courteous—I—'

"Yes, Sir, yes," said my antagonist, who evidently was anxious to justify his coarseness and vulgarity, 'but—the manor, I mean—for I can't pun, Sir, and I hate puns, Sir; the manor, I mean, costs me a very large sum annually—a very large sum, indeed, Sir, to preserve; and therefore when I see what I conceive to be a poacher immediately under my nose, actually in my homestead—upon my lawn, I may say—shooting right and left, it does put me in a passion, and I own I was warm, and perhaps hasty; but it is a provocation, and I should like to know, under all the circumstances, what *you* yourself would say if you were *me* at this moment?'

"Say, Sir," said I, 'why I hav'n't the smallest hesitation about that, Sir. If I were you at this moment, I should say,—'Mr. Daly, I beg your pardon for the hasty way in which I spoke when I thought you a poacher; and, in order to show that although passionate I am not vindictive, I hope, as it is just luncheon-time, and you must have walked a long way and hav'n't had very good sport, that you will do me and Mrs. Bagswash the favour to come in and take a cutlet, or a little cold meat, as the case may be, and make up our differences with a glass or two of wine.'

"By Jove," cried Bagswash, 'you are a queer fellow—the very spit of your father, whom I knew before I retired to these parts.'

"Oh," whispered one of the keepers to the other, 'Master does know him—he *had* a father.'

" 'Oh,' said the other ; and they both immediately lowered their sticks to the ground.

" 'And,' continued the squire, 'you have only just anticipated me in an invitation, except that I apprehended some more serious requisition on *your* part.'

" 'Not a bit, Sir,' said I ; 'there are a vast many gentlemen in the world who don't look like gentlemen, and the shooting jacket and gaiters equalize appearances so much, that nature must have done a vast deal to give a man an aristocratic appearance under so rough a husk—but as to any meeting, except at your hospitable table, I have not the slightest wish for it. In my opinion, Sir, one luncheon is preferable to two balls.'

" 'Ah !' said Bagswash, 'I am glad o' that, in spite of your pun. Run up, Stephens, and tell them to get luncheon as soon as possible. Mr. Daly, a friend of Sir Marmaduke Wrigglesworth, is coming up to join our family party.' "

" Well, Daly," said I, "there your presence of mind served you well."

"Hear the sequel," said Daly. "Encouraged by the acquiescence of Bagswash, as I was yesterday by the invitation of Dod, I proceeded towards the house, placing, ever and anon, my hand on the neck of his cob, or the pommel of the saddle, in order to mark to the distant group the familiar nature of our acquaintance ; and in this fashion we reached the mansion, upon the steps of which a bevy of graces, in number more like the Muses, welcomed us. I *had* a reputation even there, and the moment the girls had heard who was coming, they made up their minds to mirth—even the big Mrs. Bagsworth rolled herself into the hall, like a fillet of veal upon castors, to do me honour.

"Bating the parents," continued Daly, "I never saw a more prepossessing family. I forget all their names, but one was slim and sylph-like, another plump and pleasant, a third a wicked-looking brunette, a fourth a demure and bashful blonde : all I felt as I entered the house was, that if I had brought eight friends with me, I might, by giving each his choice, have had some one of the 'tuneful nine' left entirely to myself."

"And," said I, "were you the only man?"

"No," replied Daly, "there were two yahoos, in white cord breeches and leather gaiters, and a boy with a frill and a frock, upon which a favourable eruption of brass-sugar-loaf buttons had taken place ; a Dr. somebody, who turned out to be the nearest apothecary ; and a very pale, long-legged youth, the curate of the parish."

"A largeish luncheon-party," said I.

"Well," said Daly, "I sat down, having first very much ingratiated myself with old Bagswash, who was as chary of his pheasants as if they had been of the golden breed, by insisting upon it that his man Stephens should disencumber my bag of the birds which I had shot on his land, retaining my solitary rabbit, in order to grace my tale when I reached Wrigglesworth ; and I found myself placed next mine hostess, and number one of the daughters—very nice, pretty thing—not what one should call well set up, but Nature, as I said about gentlemen to her papa, had done a great deal for her ; poor thing, how I pitied her—and pity is akin to love. So, after luncheon, and *some* wine, do *you* know, Gurney, I almost began to subside into a tenderer feeling. But then, one of nine!"

"Well, and how did it end?" said I.

"Why," replied Daly, "it would have ended, I have no doubt, as prosperously as it began, had not my new friend, Bagswash, committed himself by begging me to drink some London Particular Madeira—Duff, Murphy, Gordon, or something of that sort. The moment I tasted it I knew what it was, and rather elated by circumstances, and my other previous libations, I had the temerity to address the dear, interesting, white-necked creature next me, and in a tone of confidential condolence, begged her not to be deceived, for that although her amiable papa might be a judge of other things, he evidently knew nothing of wine, and that the stuff he called 'London Particular' was neither more nor less than infernally bad 'Teneriffe'.

"The male Bagswash was unconscious of the imputation, but the queen B. overheard me, and looking towards what might literally be called her open countenance, I saw symptoms of fire breaking out, and in less than a minute afterwards the domestic Proserpine exclaimed, 'Come, girls, let us go—too much of your *pa's* Tenrecefe will do you a mischief.' Up she got, and out she wheeled herself, and the moment she set the example, away went the nine she-Bagswashes, like so many goslings after the maternal goose.

"I," continued Daly, "regretted the retreat, for I had had an opportunity to insinuate myself, and I never saw an audience more thoroughly prepared to be gratified; for so convinced were they, from what they had heard of me, that I was a vastly agreeable person, and talked epigrams, that when, while they were all sitting with their ears open to catch my *facetiæ*, I happened to observe (the first observation I had made, too, and that in reply to a question of the big Bagswash) that I thought mustard went remarkably well with cold boiled beef, they all burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter; and the Doctor, who had been tutored into a belief in my superlative wit, exclaimed, 'Oh, oh, that's too bad!' which every fool cries out, either when he thinks a thing remarkably good, or does not comprehend it in the least, which last was the case—as indeed it was with all the rest of the party—with my new-found medical friend."

"Did you contrive," said I, "to affront the rest of the company before you quitted it?"

"Not all of them;" said Daly, "no; I believe I got off pretty well, but evidently the worse for wear; for Teneriffe or not Teneriffe, it is my maxim to stick to the wreck as long as she floats, and as long as I could get anybody to sit, I stayed; the cutrate and the boy with the frill went with the ladies, but Bagswash and the parish Paracelsus remained. However, at last, seeing all the bottles empty, and no disposition on the part of Baggy to replenish, I made a move, and never did I see a man more happy at having got out of a scrape than mine host. He sent his honest regards to the Wrigglesworths—hoped to see me soon again—did I know my way back? In short, I cannot enumerate the civilities he heaped upon me, which, considering his respect for my friend Sir Marmaduke, and the fact of his having nine unmarried daughters, I duly appreciated, and bent my way homewards."

"Glad, I should think," said I, "to be safe out."

"On the contrary," said Daly, "I should like to have remained where I was; if it had not been for the anger of the respectable cat of nine tails about the Teneriffe, it would have been a very agreeable domicile. However, once out, onwards I went, rejecting indignantly

the offer of Bagswash to send a man to show me the way; nothing I hate so much, as if a man who had followed his nose to a place could not follow the same nose out of it."

"I trust," said I, "that your intrepidity was crowned with success."

"Rather crippled," replied Daly, "as you shall hear; however, there are two ends to my story, or rather a story and a sequel."

"Pray go on," said I, knowing that so long as his breath lasted, his tongue would wag, like a cherry clapper while the wind blows.

"Gad, Sir," said he, "I walked on. I admit the Teneriffe to have been potent; and I thought of one thing, and another thing, and I believe I thought of all things in the world, except the way which I was going. They say, you know, some men have every sense but common sense;—my case to a hair. Common sense is like flour,—the other sort of sense is like sugar, and gilding, and all the rest of those things—beautiful to adorn a cake and embellish the *pâtisserie*, but, without the flour, mere ornaments—now, without the ornaments, the flour will make bread. I never had the flour—never shall have. So you perceive that the sugar and the flummery being my staple, on I went and went, until I began to think I had missed my way, and found myself stopped by a gate opening into—or rather shutting me out of—a remarkably well-stocked farmyard;—ricks, stacks, stables, barns—everything comfortable and convenient; with half a million cocks and hens, walking about like ladies and gentlemen, as happy as happy could be. Over the gate I stepped, waded my way through the straw, and, leaning over the hatch of one of his outhouses, who should I see but the farmer himself. As I advanced, he touched his hat, and civilly asked whether I had had much sport?

"Not much," said I, recollecting that the whole contents of my bag now amounted to one elderly rabbit with a Cape tail; 'I am on my way to Wigglesworth, and out of it, I think. How far have I to go?'

"Seven miles, I count," said the farmer. 'You are coming right away from it, Sir. Wigglesworth lies over there on your left.'

"Thank you," said I, 'thank you. If you will just give me a sort of concise direction—I am a dab at topography. Merely give me the points, and I'll go across a country I never saw in my life before.'

"Well, Sir," said the kind farmer, 'if so be as that is the case, I'll tell you. When you get out of the gate down there, turn to your left, and keep on straight till you come to Pussy's Nob; then away to the right, over Sumpter's Green, and you'll soon see the Crooked Billet. Don't go near that; but turn short round by Wheatley's Copse, and keep on, till you come to the stile on your left; go over that, through Timpshury's Lane, and that will bring you out by the Three Mackerel, and there they'll be sure to put you in the right road.'

"Thank you," said I to the farmer, 'I will follow your instructions most implicitly; but I suppose I shall have no chance of getting a shot now in that direction—even at a pheasant roosting—eh?'

"No, Sir," said the farmer; 'can't say as how I think you will this afternoon.'

"Well," said I, 'now both my barrels are loaded. I've got nothing in my bag but an old buck-rabbit with a nob tail; and as I hate going home with no proofs of my sport, and the one head—or tail—that I have bagged takes the domestic character, what shall I give you to have

a shot with both barrels at all those ducks in the pond and fowls on the side of it, standing here, and to carry away what I kill?"

" 'You'll kill a 'woundy sight on 'em, I think, at that distance,' said the considerate farmer.

" 'Perhaps yes—perhaps no,' said I.

" 'And to have all you kill?' said he.

" 'Yes; all I kill fairly out-and-out,' said I.

" 'Why, you shall give me half-a-guinea,' said the man.

" 'Half-a-guinea!' echoed I. 'No, no; if I kill three or four of them it will be the outside. No; I tell you what I'll do. I'll stand here—won't move an inch; and you shall have a seven-shilling piece for the slaughter.'

" 'Well, Sir,' said the farmer, hitching up his lower garments, 'a bargain's a bargain. Hand over the twine.'

" 'Whereupon,' said Daly, "I handed him that beautiful miniature portrait of a half-guinea, and told him I was ready to take my shots. He nodded assent; and, having pocketed the money, bade me proceed. I did so. Up with one barrel—bang! up with the other—bang!—and such a fluttering, and cackling, and squashing, and squabbling you never heard. I ran forward, and secured, as my spoils, four hens in high condition, a very respectable cock, fit companion for my rabbit; and out of the pond I fished, with the butt-end of my Manton, two extremely corpulent ducks, who had paid the debt of nature in the most decided manner: these I got out, and the others I got up, and stuffed them incontinently into my bag, delighted to think what a display I should make at Wigglesworth, where it was quite clear I could, by no possibility, arrive in time for dinner. However, that was *my* joke, and it seemed to be the farmer's; he laughed quite as much as I did."

"Inherent good-humour, I suppose," said I.

" 'Why, as for that,' said Daly, "you shall judge. I bagged my birds in the first instance; and then, having secured my booty, began to rally my victim; and having acknowledged his civility in giving me my travelling directions, said to him, with a low bow, 'Thank you for the game, Sir.'

" 'Yes, Sir,' said the farmer, 'you are a deuced sight better shot than I counted upon, considering what you had in your bag afore.'

" 'Yes,' said I, 'I think you are what you may call *done*. Seven shillings won't pay for the poultry in my pouch; I guess?'

" 'No,' said the farmer, 'nor three times the money, I count.'

" 'Well, then,' replied I, 'I think I have the best of the bargain.'

" 'Not much,' said the man.

" 'Not much!' cried I; 'why, a guinea's worth of fowls for a seven-shilling piece—'

" 'Yees, Sir, that's true,' said the fellow, turning slowly away from the hatch, and grinning as he turned; '*but they are none on 'em mine*.'

"I could have killed him for his roguery; but there was so much fun in it—"

"So much in your own way," cried I.

"Exactly so," said Daly;—"that, instead of breaking his head, which he most righteously deserved, I joined in his infernal horse-laugh, and made the best of my way out of the farm-yard, lest I should be immediately apprehended by the right owner, as a robber of hen-roosts."

"And," said I, "you carried home your spoils."

"Not I," exclaimed my unstoppable companion. "Take some wine—help yourself—and listen; for the sequel is most terrible. I had such a night of it!"

"How?" said I.

"Why," said Daly, "out of the gate I went, turned to my left, and got to Puss's Nob; but it began to get dusk, and very soon afterwards dark; and when I began veering away over Sumpter's Green, I found myself on a wide common, without path, guide, or guide-post. As the darkness increased so did the declivity; and when I had lost all power of seeing, I was gratified by feeling myself in a sort of a quagmire, which, for all I knew, might get softer and thicker every step I took. I looked out for the stars, and saw a few: but they were of no kind of use to me; for I had not the slightest idea what direction, even under their guidance, I ought to take. I resolved to avoid the bogs; and kept edging away, until I at length reached a gap, which, as it led off the infernal common, I hoped might lead to some habitation——"

"Where spring-guns and steel-traps were set every night," said I.

"Not a bit of it," said Daly. "I went on, following my nose, until I found myself at the edge of a copse, which I began to think looked extremely like Squire Bagswash's preserve. However, it was not *that*; but I heard somebody whistling at no great distance, and a call of 'Halloo!' How to act I did not exactly know, with a gun, and a bag full of cocks and hens, and a venerable rabbit to boot. What could I do? To have answered the call would have been to be detected as a poacher in the dark. I resolved, at all events, on getting rid of my poultry in the first instance, and accordingly emptied my store, rabbit tail and all, and proceeded somewhat more gaily after having thrown out my ballast; yet not without some apprehensions, either of being shot by the keepers for a poacher, or by the poachers for a keeper; so I got clear of the whistling firs and moaning larches as fast as I could, still utterly ignorant of my course."

"And getting late," said I.

"It must then have been past eight," said Daly. "On I trudged; scrambled over the furrows of one field, and through the turnips in another; and so on and on, until at last I was forced to sit myself down on a gate and rest; and, I give you my word, although I have known a great deal of the world, I never was so dead beat in my life as I was then. Not a house could I see. The glimmering of a rushlight in a cottage-window would have been to my eye thrice more brilliant than the whole regalia of England collected. But no: there were no cottages—no rushlights; and I do believe I went the length of swearing at my own stupidity in undertaking my solitary excursion. Only one set-off was there to the whole thing;—I had seen the Bagswashes, male and female, and laid in materials for a *historiette* for the next evening—that is, if I really survived the present one; but I began to feel cold, and hungry, and thirsty. However, out of the fields I must get, if I went straight on end, and could not fail of fetching up in a road somewhere at last."

"Which, as you are here alive to tell the tale," said I, "of course you did."

"Why, yes," said Daly, "I did; but it was not for a long time; and then I had come to a full stop; and, sticking the butt of my Manton on the ground, I swore, by stock and barrel, that I would not budge from

under a huge tree which overshadowed me till daylight came to my aid. I was ravenous—I was chilled—I was wretched—I was tired to death ; but why tire myself more?—and accordingly, feeling, and I dare say looking, very like the dear Don of La Mancha, I sat myself down, with my back against the trunk, and, if you'll believe me, fell fast asleep."

"Asleep!" said I.

"Fast as a church," said Daly, "and dreamt—dreamt, first, that I was starving,—that, I think, must have been a sort of waking dream ; then, that I was at a ball ; and then I dreamt a sort of confused dream—of being safe back at mine host's hospitable mansion ; and then a confused, hurly-burly kind of a dream, either that I was Sir Marmaduke Wigglesworth, or that Lady Wigglesworth was Mrs. Daly, or something of that sort, and that I tumbled out of bed, which tumble was to me a 'dying fall ;' for I rolled over on my side, and woke—in no bed—in no house, but where I had lain me down, under the tree before-mentioned."

"You must have caught your death of cold?" said I.

"No, the Dalys, like cats, are very tenacious," said my jocular friend ; "I roused myself—sat up and listened—recollected where I was, and heard at the same moment what was really 'sweet music to mine ear,' the sound of a bell-team. Ho! ho! says I—you are *there*, are you?—where there are bells there are horses—where there's a team there's a waggon—where there's a waggon there's a road—up I jumped, and as fast as I could, just roused from my slumbers, scrambled over brambles and clambered over fences, until I caught sight of the waggoner's lantern wagging on the side of the tilt like a bright pendulum to regulate the wheels: the moment I saw *that* I knew I was landed, and after encountering a few of those thumps and humps which 'flesh is heir to,' I found myself on a high road. Waggoners, even those called 'flies,' may be overtaken, and although dead beat and sore of foot, I soon came up with the eight plaited-tailed things which were dragging the mountain, second only in size to the Juggernaut idol.

"My first object was to ascertain where I was, and what the direction of the vast pile before me. I found, to my particular satisfaction, that I was within two miles of Ripley, and that the edifice was moving towards London—the result was, an involuntary spring upon the shafts of the vehicle, and a look at the waggoner, which, by the light of his revolver, was perfectly intelligible. The gun, the gaiters, the grace, and the gentility spoke the gentleman, and he gave me leave to assume the post which he himself was prevented by act of Parliament from occupying. All my sorrows fled the moment I felt myself moved along without any personal exertion, and the smiles which had nearly been exhausted during my toil and trouble, returned to 'gild my brow,' as Moore sings. 'I have had walking enough,' said I to myself, 'and grieving enough—*nunc est ridendum*.'"

"Excellent wag!" said I.

"Excellent waggon!" thought I, "and so it proved ; for after three-quarters of an hour's hard tugging by the 'bell assemblée' of horses before me, I was dropped, gun, gaiters, bag and all, at the door of the Talbot—facing the green. I tipped my driver—bade adieu to the tilt—and began knocking loudly at the door of mine ostlery."

"And a nice rural inn it is," said I.

"It proved to be past midnight," said Daly ; "and by the merest

luck in the world, the exemplary widow who then occupied it had not gone to her rest, or roost. She personally answered my call, and replied to my knock. After a few preliminary 'Who's there,' she opened the door; and the moment she recognized me—as you may conceive—her delight was unspeakable."

"Bless my heart, Mr. Daly," said the widow, "what a time o' night to be strolling about with your gun! Why, where do *you* come from?"

"That," said I, "is about the last question in the world I can answer satisfactorily. I have been wandering across a country with which I am not particularly well acquainted—have tired myself to death, and fallen asleep."

"Fallen indeed," said mine hostess, "into a ditch, Mr. Daly, I should think. Why, dear me, what a condition you are in!"

"Exactly," said I; "recumbent repose in October under an oak is not particularly delicate; however, my darling, give me some supper, some hot brandy and water, and order me the most comfortable bed in the house, for I am 'a tired.'"

"Why, Sir," asked the dear woman, "where is your servant with your clothes—you cannot think of sleeping here in that condition?"

"Not exactly," said I; "I shall take off my clothes when I go to bed—and as for my servant, he is snug and happy at Sir Marmaduke Wigglesworth's, where I ought to be too, unless they have sent him out with a rake and a lanthorn to search for me and drag all the horse-ponds in the neighbourhood. I tell you I am hungry—and tired—and shall be very sleepy—out with your tit-bits and delicacies—something piquant—nice—but savoury, eh—and after that a comfortable roost."

"You shall have something to eat," said the widow, "and something to drink, for those I can give you myself; but as for a bed, I haven't one in the house—crammed full from top to bottom."

"I'm very tired," said I; "I can sleep compact like a dog on a hearth-rug—half a bed will do for me."

"Come, Mr. Daly," said the landlady, "none of your nonsense—I have no bed whatever to-night, and here it is one o'clock—you had better let me ring up the next turn-out, and get back to Wigglesworth."

"Thank you, Fanny," said I; "I used to call her Fanny before her husband was killed switching a rasper, three years before; 'not I—I should not get there till nearly four—all the family 'in a deep sleep buried'—no, no—none of *your* nonsense—where am I to rest?"

"I told you the truth," said the widow; "there's not a bed disengaged."

"Not one?" said I—looking as I fancied most insinuatingly, and helping myself to a glass of brandy from a bottle covered with a gilt bunch of grapes, at the same time gently pressing the tip of mine hostess's little finger.

"Not one, upon my life, Mr. Daly," replied she; "indeed we are so full, that my sister Jane who is here is obliged to sleep with *me*."

"That's very unfortunate, indeed," said I; "however, I rejoice that you have so much custom—all's good for trade—come let me eat—let me warm myself—both in the sunshine of those bright eyes, and in the blaze of the parlour fire."

Mine hostess proceeded to make me exceedingly comfortable—I ate cold fowl and beef, and drank hot brandy and water, and eventually punch. Mine hostess sipped shrub—a liquor, which if it were a *liqueur*,



would rank fathoms above either Curaçoa or Maraschino—till at last, the clock striking two, reminded her it was time to go to bed.

“ ‘ Ah,’ said I, ‘ that is extremely just and proper. But alas! I am like my melancholy little friend who was very gentil, but whose hair came a leetle through the top of his hat, ‘ I have no bed to go to.’ ”

“ ‘ It’s very provoking,’ said the landlady, ‘ so tired as you are.’ ”

“ ‘ It is, indeed,’ replied I—seeing a proposition of some sort or other on the tip of her tongue.

“ ‘ Now,’ said she, looking remarkably serious, ‘ can I trust you—will you promise me, if I give you a bed, to do as I bid you, Mr. Daly?’ ”

“ ‘ To the letter,’ said I, ‘ your commands shall be obeyed to the letter—only let me rest myself quietly and comfortably—it is all I ask—for never was poor devil so tired in his life as I.’ ”

“ ‘ Take a drop more punch, Mr. Daly,’ said my landlady, ‘ it will make you sleep the sounder.’ ”

“ ‘ No fear of that,’ said I; ‘ but what do you propose?’ ”

“ ‘ Why,’ said mine hostess, ‘ I have one bed unoccupied.’ ”

“ ‘ Why didn’t you say so before?’ cried I.

“ ‘ I’ll tell you why,’ said my fair friend; ‘ it’s in a double-bedded room, and the other bed is occupied by a——’ ”

“ ‘ Snoring farmer, from Farnham,’ said I; ‘ or perhaps a tight-skinned sailor walking his way up from Portsmouth?’ ”

“ ‘ No,’ said she, looking very pathetic—and very pretty by the way—‘ by a lady.’ ”

“ ‘ A lady,’ said I, ‘ oh charming thought!——’ ”

“ ‘ There it is,’ interrupted the landlady, ‘ that is just what I expected, you are all fire and tow—alight in a moment—now I shall not say another word, and you must sleep, if you will sleep here, in the arm-chair by the fire here.’ ”

“ ‘ No,’ said I, ‘ no—don’t be angry—I didn’t know—I thought——’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, Mr. Daly, that’s what you are always thinking, I believe,’ said mine hostess, ‘ but that won’t do—the lady who occupies the other bed in the double-bedded room is a sad invalid; she has been stopping here for some time, and the only rest she gets is by dint of laudanum, which the doctor gives her in large doses, and she sleeps soundly during the night, which makes up for the sufferings she endures by day. If you choose to behave well—and tired as you are, I don’t like to turn you out or leave you here—you shall have the other bed. You must go gently into the room, and when you are in bed I will come and take away your candle; and as I sleep in the next room, if you don’t remain perfectly quiet I shall insist upon your getting up and coming down here into the bar.’ ”

“ ‘ Agreed,’ said I, ‘ I only ask for a bed—all I want is rest—I am scarcely able to walk or stand, therefore I agree to your condition; let me finish my punch, and marshal me the way that I should go.’ ”

“ After looking at me suspiciously and hesitatingly for a minute or two, my dear landlady agreed to trust me; and accordingly having seen that my bed was properly prepared she returned, and lighting a rushlight preceded me up the stairs, and opening the door of the room put her finger to her lips to enforce silence, and whispered me that when I was in bed I should knock against the wainscot which separated her room from that in which I was to repose, and that she would come and fetch my candle.

"I promised to obey all her injunctions. The curtains of the other bed were closely drawn—I never felt so awkward in my life—but I had promised; yet one peep before the light vanished—no—perhaps the lady would wake and scream, and I should be forthwith ejected. I resolved to keep my faith, at all events till mine hostess was herself asleep, and then see—as far as utter darkness would permit—how the affair would terminate.

"Accordingly I hurried off my clothes—washed my face, hands, and mouth as gently and quietly as possible, and having concluded my brief preparations for depositing myself in my much longed-for bed, gave the concerted signal, and scarcely was well in my place before my dear landlady entered the room on tip-toe, and coming up close to the bed-side and whispering 'Now remember your promise'—took the glimmering light away, and left me in the dark with my fair and slumbering companion.

"There was something very strange in my position," said Daly; "I was tired to death, but somehow I could not sleep. I lay and listened to hear whether my fair *incognita* would sneeze—or cough—or cry 'hem'—or play off any little coquettish trick, which, under the circumstances, I thought probable enough. I durst not move, for I knew I was watched; however, I sat up in the bed and began to wonder. Is it," thought I, "an old woman or a young woman?—an invalid is interesting, and, bless her, she must be uncommonly genteel, for she does not snore in the least; a few minutes served to convince me that my landlady did—and I rather rejoiced in the sound of her slumbers, since I thought I might perhaps succeed in attracting the attention of my sleeping partner; and the fact that a gentleman of my very respectable pretensions was so whimsically associated with her—knowing mine hostess's archness—induced me to attribute her readiness to quarter me upon the slumbering beauty, to a foreknowledge on her part that my introduction would not be considered an intrusion.

"After I had satisfied myself that my landlady was really safe, I had recourse to some slight coughs, which do occasionally infest one; but no, my signals were not answered: the dose of laudanum had been particularly strong that night. At last I thought I heard a slight movement. I began to listen, till I heard the beating of my own heart, and a sort of drumming in my ears. I held my breath: 'psha, thought I, this woman has been cheating me, the other bed is tenantless,—a trick to try me;—and for what a stupid dolt she will set me down if I don't convince her that I had at least curiosity enough in my composition to ascertain what was in it.

"My feelings fired at the thought. Up I got,—groped my way across the room,—the white dimity drapery being just visible amidst the 'palpable obscure.' I reached the bed,—I paused,—I heard nothing;—I partly opened the curtains at the side, and said in a soft, *very* soft voice, 'Hem!' No answer. 'Ma'am,—Ma'am,'—still silent;—'are you there?' said I;—and, placing my hand on the pillow, found she was. Dear, unconscious creature, there she lay, comfortably cuddled up in the clothes, and sleeping, or seeming to sleep, so soundly. I was proceeding to awaken her, in order to announce my presence, when, in stepping towards the head of the bed, my foot came in contact with a chair which stood on its right-hand side, which was overthrown with a crash that, in an instant, roused, not my dear opium-drinker, but my

lynx-like landlady. I heard her jump out of her bed. I jumped into mine; but, in less than two minutes, there she was, like Margaret's 'grimly ghost,' standing at the foot of my bed, loading me with reproaches, and ordering me, in the most peremptory terms, to take the candle, descend the stairs, and dress myself in the parlour behind the bar, and wait until she came down to eject me from the house; seeing that she could have no kind of confidence in a gentleman who had so much confidence in himself.

"Vain were my pantomimic supplications: she would listen to nothing but immediate abdication, and I could not well be angry with her, for she had put faith in me, and perhaps run a risk of losing a valuable customer by indulging me with the luxuries of ease and rest which, under no other circumstances, she could have afforded me. I implicitly obeyed her commands; and, as soon as she had retired to dress herself, I collected my wearing apparel, and slunk down stairs to prepare for my departure, which seemed inevitable. As I passed along the passages, I heard multifarious snorings in all directions, which convinced me of the truth of my landlady's assertions as to the influx of company, and made me repent more sorely than before, that I could not for once in my life act with discretion and decorum.

"I had scarcely finished dressing myself when my landlady made her appearance in the parlour.

"'I really am surprised, Sir,' said she, 'at your conduct. I thought, as a gentleman, you might have been trusted, considering the circumstances under which I ventured to put you into that room.'

"'Really,' said I, 'I thought you were playing me a trick, and I could not bear your having the laugh against me, and so I certainly *did* venture just to ascertain——'

"'Ascertain!' cried the landlady, 'that's just the very thing you ought upon no consideration whatever to have done. Did not I tell you the lady was an invalid? Oh! Mr. Daly, Mr. Daly! I believe you are the d——'

"'——evil be, Ma'am,' said I, interrupting her, 'to him who evil thinks. I meant no harm, and——'

"'You might have ruined me, Sir,' said mine hostess.

"'Might I?' said I, 'when?'

"'This very night, Sir,' said she; 'this very hour. Why, what would have been thought of me and my house, if it had been known that I had allowed you to sleep in that room? Nobody would have believed that I did it out of pure regard for your comfort, tired and knocked up as you were, and because I had not a hole or corner besides into which you could have poked yourself: however, it will be a lesson for me another time; and now, Mr. Daly, if you will take my advice, the lads are getting up in the yard,—you will let me order out a chaise and pair, and go on to Guildford, where they have plenty of beds I have no doubt, and where you may get some comfortable rest; and as the brother of the lady in No. 3 is sleeping here to-night, something unpleasant to all parties might happen in the morning, and you would do me a favour if you would go.'

"I felt very much inclined, for many reasons, to accede to what appeared the very reasonable desire of mine hostess: first of all, I might do her a mischief by staying; in the second place, the lady might complain to her brother; in the third place, the White Hart at Guildford was a remarkably good inn, and a well-made bed, in a well-warmed

bed-room, would be a most comfortable thing by comparison with the chilly atmosphere and the chair-slumber of the parlour behind the bar. To Guildford I must eventually proceed,—and why not now? So with the best possible grace, I told mine hostess that I was at her command, and that she might dispose of me as she thought fit.

“I paid her for the horses, the repast, and the portion of my night’s rest which I ought to have had, liberally; and when I stepped into the ‘yellow and two,’ I shook hands with her, and she gave me a look as much as to say again and again, ‘Daly, Daly! you are not to be trusted.’

“Well, Sir,” continued Daly, “away I went, glasses rattling, and wind whistling: a short stage, as you know; and before four we reached the White Hart. I had forestalled my Guildford sleep in the chaise; however, we soon made them hear at the inn, and in less than three-quarters of an hour I was again rolled up in the sheets, having, before I went to bed, written a note to my servant at Wigglesworth, which I desired might be sent off early in the morning, directing him, after leaving word with Sir Marmaduke’s men that I was alive, if not merry, to come to me with clothes and other requisites for dressing by ten o’clock.

“From my servant I learned that my friends at Wigglesworth had really expressed great anxiety on my account, which did not displease me. I like to create an effect; but I did not hear that dear Lady Wigglesworth had either absented herself from dinner, or disappeared for the evening in consequence of my absence.

“After breakfast I strolled out. I like Guildford; it is a nice, clean, handsome, healthy town; the hill in the street I admit to be a nuisance; the alternation between climbing up and sliding down is tiresome and even dangerous; but I overlooked that.

“As I approached the door of the White Hart and just as my man was bringing out my horses, my eye was attracted by a funeral procession, consisting merely of a hearse, one mourning coach, and a private carriage, which had halted before the door; two persons who had occupied the coach having entered the house while fresh horses were put to the three vehicles. A natural and not very blameable curiosity prompted me to ask a jolly, merry-looking undertaker whose funeral it was, whither they were going, and whence they had come?

“‘Why, Sir,’ said the man, ‘what you see here isn’t the regular job as I hopes to turn it out at Chichester next Tuesday, which is the day fixed for the interment of the cropse.’ Short notice, you see; could not do everything in a minute, Sir.’

“‘What is the name of the——?’ I hesitatingly asked.

“‘Miss Barmingfield, Sir,’ said the man, ‘is the name of the young lady. She was as well as you and me three days ago, and was a coming down to Chichester to spend a month with her mother; when all at once she was taken ill at Ripley, and went out for all the world like the snuff of a candle.’

“‘At Ripley!’ said I: ‘she lived at Ripley?’

“‘No, Sir, she didn’t,’ said the undertaker; ‘she died there.’

“‘But she must have lived there first, I presume,’ said I, rather angrily, for a joker hates to be joked upon.

“‘A very short time,’ said the jolly undertaker. ‘She arrived at the Talbot the day before yesterday, about twelve o’clock in the day, in high health, and by six at night she was a cropse.’

“ ‘At the Talbot!’ said I. ‘And are you bringing the body from the Talbot inn?’”

“ ‘Yes, Sir,’ said the man, ‘on our way to Chichester. We could not move her, poor dear young lady, afore, because I couldn’t get the coffin ready till this morning.’”

“ ‘Pray,’ said I, with a degree of agitation which evidently astonished my companion in the crape, ‘where—in what part of the Talbot at Ripley did the young lady die?’”

“ ‘In Number 3, that ’ere double-bedded room right over the gate-way,’ said the man. ‘We only packed her up this morning.’”

“My dear Gurney,” said Daly, “you may conceive what my feelings were. Only conceive the idea,—turned into a double-bedded room in the dark with a dead woman! It was lucky that the horses were pronounced ready, and that Major Barmingfield, whose residence at Ripley mine hostess so truly had announced, made his appearance just at the moment that the undertaker had enlightened me on the subject. I felt a mingled sensation of horror at the event, of joy at my escape from the place where it occurred, of repentance for my misconduct towards my landlady, who had so good-naturedly strained a point for my accommodation, that I have not a notion what I should have done, if it had not been that the coldness of the weather afforded me an excuse for drinking off a glass of brandy, and the lateness of the hour forced me to mount my nag and begin my canter to Wrigglesworth forthwith.”

When Daly had finished this little episode in his eccentric and eventful life, I felt particularly sick,—I might say sympathetically sick. He perceived the effect his story had produced, and, calling for Dejeux himself, he prescribed some Garus, at that time the popular liqueur; and then whispering some directions about egged-wine, desired me to finish the claret, and commence a new course of drinking.

The subsequent events of that evening require a new chapter.

## THOUGHTS DURING SICKNESS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

### I.

#### INTELLECTUAL POWERS.

O THOUGHT! O Memory! gems for ever heaping  
High in the illumined chambers of the mind;  
And thou, divine Imagination! keeping  
Thy lamp’s lone star mid shadowy hosts enshrined;  
How, in one moment, rent and disentrined  
At fever’s fiery touch apart they fall,  
Your glorious combinations!—broken all.  
As the sand-pillars by the desert’s wind  
Scattered to whirling dust!—O soon uncrown’d!  
Well may your parting swift, your strange return,  
Subdue the soul to lowliness profound,  
Guiding its chastened vision to discern  
How by meek faith heaven’s portals must be past  
Ere it can hold your gifts inalienably fast.

## II.

## SICKNESS LIKE NIGHT.

Thou art like night, O sickness! deeply stilling  
 Within my heart the world's disturbing sound,  
 And the dim quiet of my chamber filling  
 With low, sweet voices, by life's tumult drown'd.  
 Thou art like awful night!—thou gatherest round  
 The things that are unseen,—though close they lie,—  
 And with a truth, clear, startling, and profound,  
 Giv'st their dread presence to our mortal eye.  
 Thou art like starry, spiritual night!  
 High and immortal thoughts attend thy way,  
 And revelations, which the common light  
 Brings not, though wakening with its rosy ray  
 All outward life:—be welcome, then, thy rod,  
 Before whose touch my soul unfolds itself to God!

## III.

## ON RETZCH'S DESIGN OF THE ANGEL OF DEATH.\*

Well might thine awful image thus arise,  
 With that high calm upon thy regal brow,  
 And the deep solemn sweetness in those eyes,  
 Unto the glorious Artist!—Who but thou  
 The fleeting forms of beauty can endow  
 For Him with permanence?—Who make those gleams  
 Of brighter life that colour his lone dreams  
 Immortal things? Let others *trembling* bow,  
 Angel of Death, before thee!—not to those  
 Whose spirits with eternal Truth repose  
 Art thou a fearful shape! And oh for *me*  
 How full of welcome would thine aspect shine,  
 Did not the cords of strong affection twine  
 So fast around my soul, it cannot spring to Thee!

## IV.

## REMEMBRANCES OF NATURE.

O Nature! thou didst rear me for thine own,  
 With thy free singing birds and mountain brooks,  
 Feeding my thoughts in primrose-haunted nooks  
 With fairy phantasies and wood-dreams lone.  
 And thou didst teach me every wandering tone  
 Drawn from the many whispering trees and waves,  
 And guide my step to founts and starry caves,  
 And where bright mosses wove thee a rich throne  
 'Midst the green hills: and now that, far estranged  
 From all sweet sounds and odours of thy breath,  
 Fading I lie, within my heart unchanged  
 So glows the love of thee, that not for death  
 Seems that pure passion's fervor—but ordain'd  
 To meet on brighter shores thy majesty unstain'd.

\* Suggested by the beautiful and remarkable description in Mrs. Jameson's  
 "Visits and Sketches."

## V.

## FLIGHT OF THE SPIRIT.

Whither, oh ! whither wilt thou wing thy way ?  
 What solemn region first upon thy sight  
 Shall break, unvell'd for terror or delight ?  
 What hosts, magnificent in dread array ?  
 My spirit ! where thy prison-house of clay  
 After long strife is rent ? — Fond, fruitless quest !  
 The unfledged bird, within his narrow nest,  
 Sees but a few green branches o'er him play,  
 And thro' their parting leaves, by fits reveal'd,  
 A glimpse of summer sky : nor knows the field  
 Wherein his dormant powers must yet be tried : —  
 Thou art that bird ! of what beyond thee lies  
 Far in th' untrack'd, immeasurable skies  
 Knowing but this — that thou shalt find thy Guide !

## VI.

## FLOWERS.

Welcome, oh pure and lovely forms, again  
 Unto the shadowy stillness of my room !  
 For not alone ye bring a joyous train  
 Of summer thoughts attendant on your bloom,  
 Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,  
 Of the low murmurs filling mossy dells,  
 Of stars that look down on your folded bells  
 Thro' dewy leaves — of many a wild perfume  
 Greeting the wanderers of the hill and grove  
 Like sudden music ; more than this ye bring,  
 Far more : ye whisper of th' all-fostering love  
 Which thus hath clothed you, and whose dove-like wing  
 Broods o'er the sufferer drawing fever'd breath,  
 Whether the couch be that of life or death.

## VII.

## THE RECOVERY.

Back then, once more, to breast the waves of life,  
 To battle on against th' unceasing spray,  
 To sink o'erwearied in the stormy strife  
 And rise to strive again : yet on my way  
 Oh linger still, thou light of better day,  
 Born in the hours of loneliness ; and you,  
 Ye childlike thoughts, the holy and the true,  
 Ye that came bearing, while subdued I lay,  
 The faith, the insight of life's vernal morn  
 Back on my soul, a clear, bright sense, new-born,  
 Now leave me not ; but as profoundly pure  
 A blue stream rushes thro' a darker lake  
 Unchanged, e'en thus with me your journey take,  
 Waiting sweet airs of heaven thro' this low world obscure.

## FRANCIA, DICTATOR OF PARAGUAY.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

Among the great political changes that have taken place during the last half-century, and which, for good or for evil, must necessarily influence the condition of those who succeed us, to remote generations, few are more interesting and important than the secession of the Spanish Colonies of South America from the weak, yet oppressive sway of their mother country.

At the time when the English colonies of North America achieved their independence, and France was progressing in her frightful revolution, Spain, in lieu of profiting by the lessons imparted by these events, and which all who opened their eyes might read—in lieu of turning her closest attention towards her western empire, redressing its grievances, facilitating and protecting its commerce, educating its youth, improving its laws and institutions, and at the same time keeping it in due submission by the strongest control of her authority and exertions of her power—instead of all this, what did she? She continued to creep on in the old worn-out path, to govern unjustly, injuriously, rapaciously, and at the same time so weakly, that her colonies had only to will their freedom, and they were free. With stupid wonder, Spain, herself on the verge of ruin, saw them shake her yoke from their necks almost without an effort.

They obtained their liberty; they did not exactly understand what that was, but they were as proud and as pleased as though they did: still less did they know what use to make of it, and instead of trying to find out, they talked in their assemblies of Greece and Rome, Cæsar, Pompey, and the Gracchi—gave themselves high-sounding republican titles—quarrelled with their neighbours and with each other—and finally—look at them now—at the expiration of five or six and twenty years, what are they?—a mere prey to the spoiler.

These states are not fitted for republicanism: that form of government, it would appear, suits best a nation in its first vigour, emerging from barbarism, while yet free from the taints of luxury and ambition. The States of South America are not forming from the strength of youth, but from the decrepitude of old age; they are remnants of the two most degenerated nations of Europe, the Spanish and the Portuguese, with their negro mixtures. The Portuguese, it is true, have as yet no republic, but their taste is decidedly that way. One cannot choose but laugh at spying the pig-tail, huge cocked hat, and tarnished embroidery of the old Spaniard and Portuguese protruding through the hastily-assumed toga of republican Rome—the ass in the lion's skin.

The author of this sketch will not apologise to her readers for presuming that they know but little about either Paraguay or Francia. Not even the detention of M. Bonpland, and the efforts made in Europe by his family for his release, could attract the public attention towards this secluded territory and its ruler. A small volume has been published by Messrs. Menger and Longchamps, Swiss gentlemen, travelling as naturalists, who were detained at Assumption (the capital) as unjustly as was M. Bonpland, from 1819 to 1825. This narrative is written with much good sense and simplicity, and its account is confirmed by the information personally received by the present writer from two other gentlemen who had been in Paraguay, one of them as a *detenu* for five years. From these sources is derived the following sketch, with the anecdotes which accompany it:—

Paraguay is an inland state of nearly the size of England, with a salubrious climate and rich soil, watered by fine navigable rivers, with a population of about five hundred thousand.



There are at the capital two kinds of prisons; the public prison for criminals and debtors, and the state prison for offenders against the government. In the first, the prisoners are crowded together in the most unwholesome and miserable manner, without distinction of age, rank, sex, or species of crime; but their condition is not so hopeless and heart-breaking as that of the state-prisoners, who languish for years in darkness, chains, and solitude: not sickness, nor even the approach of death itself, occasioning more than a slight amelioration in their treatment. A Doctor Sabaler, who was as an especial favour allowed to be visited by one of the Swiss travellers in his medical capacity, died with the *grillos* on his feet, and was not allowed even to receive the sacrament.

But the most singular feature in the government of Francia is the perfect isolation in which he has succeeded in placing Paraguay. In the attainment of this object he has been no doubt assisted by the peculiar situation of the country: in the midst of an immense and thinly-populated continent, it stands alone and impenetrable: its large rivers, extensive forests and morasses, together with the vigilant measures adopted by the Dictator, render it next to impossible for a single individual to escape from his dominions; the attempt is perilous in the extreme: those who make it have to encounter the dangers of entirely losing every clue to their destination in the wilds; of being destroyed in one of the immense and frequent conflagrations of the forest; of excessive fatigue and exposure; of starvation, and of attacks from serpents, wild beasts, and savages: if they are brought back, instant execution, or chains and imprisonment await them.

The only possibility of escape is during the time that the river Paraguay overflows the surrounding plains; it is then *just* practicable, and *has been* effected: but the Swiss travellers give an interesting account of an attempt to escape during that time, in 1823, which failed. The fugitives, however, showed great want of foresight in their preparations: they had neither fire-arms nor fishing-tackle, both indispensable either to their defence or subsistence. The party consisted of a Mr. Escaffier, four free negroes, and a negress in a state of pregnancy. One of the men died from fatigue, another from the bite of a serpent; at one time they were surrounded by a conflagration, at another involved in an immense glade in the midst of a forest, where they wandered about for fifteen days, seeking the only outlet it contained, namely, the one by which they had entered it. At last they were taken by a serjeant of militia; they were in so reduced a state that the whole party were quite incapable of defending themselves against one man: they were imprisoned and tortured, but ultimately treated with more lenity than might have been expected.

This singular system of national imprisonment extends not only to the natives of the *free republic* of Paraguay, but also in a most unjust and extraordinary degree to the foreigners residing there. The two Swiss gentlemen already alluded to were travelling for scientific purposes in these vast and unknown regions, At Corrientes, which was in a state of commotion, they were detained eight months, before being permitted to re-embark on the Parana, which conveyed them into Paraguay, and to Assumption, its capital, in July 1819. Here they were presented to the Dictator, and were told not to concern themselves about his government, but in all other respects to do as they pleased; and it appears that no obstacle was thrown in the way of their researches, for which long excursions into the country must have been necessary.

In consequence of a conspiracy being detected, and of some other commotions on the frontier, occasioned by the banditti of Artigas, who after a life of general plunder, upon all estates and parties, was forced to take refuge in Paraguay from his own troops—the port was closed, and all foreign communication put an entire stop to. This was a sad blow to the Europeans in Assumption, who now amounted to about forty persons, English, French, Swiss, and Italian; all merchants, except the two Swiss.

gentlemen and an English physician. Still, however, they experienced no molestation, until the arrest of M. Bonpland, at his establishment on the frontier, dispelled their illusion. The excuse was that he had held communication with the rebel troops of Artigas, and that his establishment was formed less for commercial or scientific objects than to facilitate an invasion. A party of his Indians were massacred by the soldiers of the Dictator; M. Bonpland himself, although apparently unarmed and unresisting, was wounded; his property was plundered, and, without any pity for his sufferings, they conducted him with irons on his feet to Santa Maria. In the course of this painful journey, he forgot, like a good Christian, that he was among his enemies, and attended in his medical capacity the soldiers whom the Indians had wounded in their own defence. However, as soon as the Dictator was apprized of the treatment M. Bonpland had received, he ordered his irons to be removed, and restored to him such of his property as had escaped the plunder of the soldiers; but he was not permitted to come to the capital; a residence was assigned to him near Santa Maria, where he remained a prisoner for many years: the more interest that was made for him, either by governments or individuals, the more Francia appeared to rejoice at having him in his power.

At length, having received an official notification of the acknowledgment of the South American Republics by England, accompanied by a request that the English in Paraguay might be permitted to leave the country whenever they pleased, with their effects, the Dictator ordered them to get their vessels ready. The Swiss gentlemen thought it a favourable moment to apply for the same benefit, which, after the delay of a couple of months, when they were beginning quite to despair, was suddenly granted. Passports were given to them at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, with orders to sail by a vessel that was to depart at *one* the same day—*two hours* allowed them to settle their affairs, make their preparations, and, above all, to pack up their collections of objects of natural history, several of which were of a very fragile nature. There is no spur like necessity. Leaving much in the hands of confidential persons, they went on board and sailed at the prescribed hour, amidst the good wishes of a multitude of spectators of all ranks; after a sojourn of six years in Paraguay—two years voluntarily, and four by forcible detention.

While on the subject of the treatment of foreigners in Paraguay, it will doubtless not be uninteresting to present an account of the reception there of a countryman of our own. He is one of the two gentlemen (the *detenu* for five years) already mentioned as having afforded to the writer of this the advantage of personal information. The account which follows is in his own words.

"It was late in the evening that the little sloop in which I took my passage had entered the waters of Paraguay. On the approach of night we secured our bark, as is the custom in that river, to a tree, in order to await the dawn of the next morning. We had not been long in this situation, when a certain noise, repeated and answered at intervals, attracted our notice. We had on board an Indian who was returning to his native country, in the capacity of our pilot; he told us that the noise proceeded from the encampment of a tribe of Indians who occupied the right bank of the river, and were then at war with Paraguay. This intelligence caused us some uneasiness. After supper, our men had scarcely retired to rest when a canoe came rapidly down the stream, and was alongside before the person on watch had discovered it. The noise made by him to arouse the people, seemed to have alarmed the persons in the canoe; they let go our chains and were gliding along with the current, when my fowling-piece, which happened to be at hand loaded with bird-shot, was discharged in their direction; they returned us the compliment once with ball, and left us to digest as we might this nocturnal encounter. Presuming that they would return during the night with additional force, we made some little

preparation to receive them. We were not disturbed, however, until day-break, when a canoe was seen coming up the stream; after a cautious approach, the persons in it hailed, and came on board; they inquired who was *patron* or master, and on the poor fellow going forward, they assaulted him with their sabres in the most brutal manner. I inquired the cause of such violent conduct; but the only answer I could get from them, was the frequent repetition, in a very agitated manner, of the words 'You will see presently.'

"I thought that our hour was come—that the villains were going to take us on shore among the bushes, and shoot us at once. The pilot, who spoke of course the Paraguay language, was asked who I was; on being told, I suppose they considered me entitled to equal attention with the master; so they took hold of me, but without striking, they tied both hands behind my back, as they had already done to him.

"In this situation an *eclaircissement* took place: instead of Indians as we had supposed them, our nocturnal visitors happened to have been free Paraguayos taking their rounds in their capacity of river patrol, or guard. Our small shot had spread so much that it slightly wounded three of the men, who in their terror took us for a man-of-war; and the silly fellows, under that impression, proceeded straight to the nearest piquet, where they made their report accordingly. The officer on guard, without waiting for further investigation, sent an express with the awful intelligence to the commandant of the district, who in his turn was equally expeditious in sending it on to the capital. I requested our captor (from whom we got the first part of this intelligence, and who was by degrees becoming less choleric and more disposed to hearken to reason) to ease the ties on our hands as much as was consistent with the security of our persons. As the master, smarting under the excruciating pain produced by the brutal manner in which they had tied him was crying aloud like a child, he was ordered to be untied altogether. My release soon followed: on the removal of the cords, and the re-action of the blood, the sensation was most unpleasant: for a moment or two I lost my sight, and could scarcely stand; my hands were swollen and much discoloured.

"The master fainted away on being untied, and was obliged to be carried below. On his recovery we were ordered into the canoe—conducted a few miles up the river—landed and lodged in a guard-house, where the master was immediately placed in the stocks. My time had not yet arrived. The serjeant who conducted us had, during our intercourse, become somewhat less hostile towards me, and wishing to save me the indignity of the stocks desired me to sit down in the porch of the guard-house, under the eye of the sentinel.

"The commander of the detachment forming this guard now made his appearance, not at all in a disposition to deprive me of the benefit of a repose in the stocks. His orders in this respect were soon complied with; but accident brought about my release sooner than either the fellow wished or I anticipated. As the affair of the previous night had now assumed quite a different shape to what had been originally given to it, it became the commander's duty to forward, without delay, a fresh bulletin, together with the papers and manifest of the vessel, as well as the correspondence, of which I might be the bearer. I told him he could have none of those papers unless I went on board. Persisting in this, I soon found myself at comparative liberty, accompanying the officer to the vessel. By the time we had returned to the guard-house his temper was somewhat mollified, and he did not insist on a second lodgment in the stocks. The rest of the day was passed in much preparation, and it must have been about ten o'clock at night when the master was roused from his slumbers in the stocks; we mounted on horseback, and, strongly escorted, travelled all night. At day-break we were in sight of, and not very distant from Neembucú, the residence of the commandant of the district,—a halt was

ordered, and a person approached, who told me with civility that he must secure my hands before we entered the town. I desired him to do his duty; he then fixed a cord to my arms above the elbows, leaving sufficient play to guide the horse: the master was served in like manner. This individual, a native of Portugal, had hitherto wished to pass himself off upon me as the bravest of the brave; but ever since our capture he had behaved in a very pusillanimous manner, often crying aloud, entreating the mercy of the brutal Paraguayos, and ever and anon using earnest supplication to the Virgin Mary.

"We were very soon conducted to the presence of the awful commandant of Neembucii; a tall, lank, elderly man, and with his arm stretched out very like a cross-road sign-post. On our approach, he apparently assumed his most imposing manner, and asked 'how we had the temerity to fire on his people?' I replied, 'that we did not know them to be his people—that they came alongside and attempted to board in a dark night without hailing; a conduct so unusual, that we took them to be some of the barbarous Indians, whose signals we had heard a little time before, and that under similar circumstances we should again act in the like manner.' After expressing his indignation, he ordered our bonds to be removed, sent the master to the common prison, and placed me under the surveillance of a guard stationed on the bank of the river, to keep a look-out for such vessels as might be passing either up or down. I passed about a week in this situation, but that week produced a great change in our affairs. Francia had received in due course the intimation of the presence of an enemy's vessel in the river, and lost not a moment in adopting defensive measures. Six hundred men were under marching orders for the frontier, when the intelligence reached him that the terrible man-of-war had dwindled down into an insignificant merchantman, and that his men had been accidentally wounded with bird-shot, for having attempted to board at night without hailing. He was very angry with his people on this occasion, and particularly chagrined at the want of etiquette which had caused them to be taken for barbarous Indians: 'Would to God,' he exclaimed, 'that the Englishmen had sunk them!'

"About one-half of the troops assembled were sent after all to Neembucii under a new commander, so that I had the pleasure to see the old one removed in disgrace. His successor treated me with civility, placed me in possession of my vessel, and restored me the master.

"From this place we had a long passage of about three weeks to the capital, where I found that the sensation produced by our rencontre with the canoe was very great. Much speculation was afloat about the reception I was to meet with from the Dictator.

"On landing, I was conducted by a soldier to the government-house, where my arrival was announced. I had not to wait long before I was requested to enter; the day was cold and rainy—I was dressed in a body-coat buttoned, over which I wore a great coat—my pocket-handkerchief, for convenience of access, was pushed in between the buttons of my coat at the breast. The officer requested me to take off my great coat, and, without saying a word, he pulled out my pocket-handkerchief—then, without further ceremony, requested me to enter.

"At the end of a long interior corridor I saw a thin, spare man, not very tall, with a pen stuck behind one ear. His coat, which was made of light grey cloth, might be said to be neither civil nor military; a little stripe of lace on the shoulder was all that distinguished it from any common garment of the same class. Not taking this personage for the Dictator, I hesitated to proceed, but he beckoned and I advanced. I told him I was an Englishman just arrived; he asked when I had left Buenos Ayres? why I had remained so long on the way? and many other questions. He spoke of England and the English people with great affability and frankness of manner.

"I have heard that persons admitted to his presence have been required to stand, and to place their hands in a certain position; I studied no particular posture, not did he seem to pay the least attention to it. He told me that I had several countrymen in the city, some of whom were then about returning to Buenos Ayres: he then dismissed me in a manner indicating kindness and friendship more than anything else. He made no allusion to the affair of the canoe, and in that respect I thought it prudent to follow his example; although, if it had come from himself, I was rather desirous to speak to him on the subject.

"The Paraguayos are a kind and hospitable people, and during the many pleasant excursions I made into the interior of the country, they amply atoned to me, by their attention and civilities, for the barbarous manner in which I was treated on entering their country."

This gentleman intended to have stayed two months in Paraguay; he was detained *five years*, only receiving his release at the time I have alluded to, when permission was granted to the English to quit, and in which permission the two Swiss gentlemen, Messrs. Menger and Longchamps, were so fortunate as to get themselves included. There were also some French merchants who had already been detained some years, and who *have not yet* effected their release; a representation on the subject is at this moment making to the French minister at the court of Rio de Janeiro.

Another class of persons whose situation in Paraguay calls for the commiseration of all, is that of the Spaniards. Against them the suspicion, jealousy, and hatred of Francia are particularly directed; as in Brazil the Portuguese are the chief objects of enmity, and as in the United States the English are the most disliked of all Europeans.

The Spaniards at the time of the revolution formed the most wealthy and educated class of the community; most of them had Creole wives; notwithstanding which, their race was declared extinct so far as related to civil affairs, and they were prohibited for the future from intermarrying with white women. This decree was, however, suffered to lie dormant until Francia had arrived at the height of his power; when, unfortunately, a fanatic Spaniard being exasperated at the quartering of six hundred men in the Convent of St. Francis, had the imprudence openly to exclaim, "The Franciscans, it is true, are extinct, but Francia's turn is yet to come." This language was duly reported—the culprit was sent for: "As to when I shall go," the Dictator said to him, "I really am ignorant; but this I know, that you shall go before me." The unhappy man was shot next day, his property confiscated, and his widow and children reduced to beggary.

This was the commencement of the reign of terror, as far as regarded the Spaniards; the consular decree just mentioned was revived, and confiscations and executions rapidly increased. At length a conspiracy was formed; it was headed by Francia's late colleague, and other members of the junta established at the revolution—it was discovered—torture, chains, and death succeeded, and the failure of this hostile attack only served to confirm the power of the Dictator.

The convicted and the sufferers upon this occasion had been chiefly Creoles, but Francia was resolved to strike one grand blow at the Spaniards, against whom his suspicion never slept. Having shot one of them for not pleasing him in some mason-work he had been intrusted with, the Dictator issued an order calling on all the Spaniards inhabiting the city and places within a league of it to assemble in three hours at the square in front of the government-house. They assembled to the number of three hundred; they were accused, among other frivolous charges, of obstructing the proceedings of government; they were led to prison, and crowded by fifties into ill-ventilated rooms, where they were shut up at night, and by day were allowed to walk in a small yard. The Dictator appeared to

think that he treated them with great lenity, and called them, not his *prisoners*, but his *recluses*. The late Governor of Paraguay, who had ruled up to the time of the revolution, contrary to the usual practice of his countrymen, with much justice and moderation, was among the number; he sickened and died, without being able to procure medical assistance.

Some of the prisoners, those of humble condition, were in a short time enlarged, but compelled to withdraw from four to ten leagues' distance from the capital. The more influential persons remained in prison nearly nineteen months, and only recovered their liberty on the hard condition of paying within three days a fine of 150,000 piastres. The money was exacted upon so rigorous a principle, that one individual having died, his contingent was levied on his orphans, although they were Creoles. Three were kept in prison for default of payment, and many others were only enabled to make up their proportion through the kindness of some Creole merchants: much to the credit of the Paraguayos be it told, that on this occasion they buried in oblivion their national antipathy, and liberally assisted, fed, clothed, and employed the poor Spaniards, to whose influence in the state Francia had thus given a death-blow.

The complete isolation of Paraguay produced one important benefit; the inhabitants were forced to pay attention to agriculture, which the Dictator wisely encouraged, and by his own practical knowledge greatly improved. Besides the cultivation of the tobacco-leaf, the sugar-cane, and the zucca-root, which together with the preparation of the *herb of Paraguay*, had hitherto exclusively employed the industry of the natives,—their fruitful plains began now to be spread over with rice, maize, fruits, and vegetables hitherto unknown to them. Above all, the cultivation of cotton, which article they had until now received wholly from Corrientes, succeeded so well, that its home produce entirely replaced the quantity which had been usually imported. The encouragement of the breed of horses and horned cattle produced the same effects. Manufactures kept pace with agriculture; and the clothing of the people, which had for the most part been imported ready made at a great expense, was now entirely manufactured and made up at home. The Brazilian Consul on his return from Paraguay in 1825, embarked at St. Catherine's, on board the frigate commanded by the husband of the writer of this sketch, and is the other informant to whom allusion has been made. He presented the writer with a scarf and pocket-handkerchief from Assumption; the scarf is of white cotton, of a rough, unfinished texture, with the ends most elaborately worked in all manner of devices; the pocket-handkerchief is of French cambric, worked in Assumption, most richly and delicately, although it had evidently been so long in hand that the material itself had become worn. The Consul stated, that the females employed in these fine works were constantly attended by slaves, and were not even permitted to turn the handle of a door, for fear of spoiling the delicacy of their touch.

Thus out of evil came forth good; for it cannot be denied that Francia's suspicious and illiberal system has brought out, in objects of the first importance, the dormant energies of a very talented people. Commerce, where it precedes agriculture and manufactures, is out of its place, and this is its situation generally in regard to South America, which remains poor in the midst of mines of silver, gold, and gems. Commerce has also, in this point of view, a demoralizing effect—it encourages expense and idleness; it produces foreign luxuries, where no home-comforts exist; speculation and rapacity take the place of steady industry; all is show and incongruity—nothing substantial and consistent. Some ludicrous effects have been related of this premature introduction of foreign conveniences.

At an inland estate in Brazil, the negroes and their overseers were employed in carrying ore, with all its weighty additions of earth, stone, and rubbish to the stamping-mill, which was at a considerable distance from the mine, and much time and labour were wasted in the conveyance. To

obviate this inconvenience, the owner of the estate, who was at Rio de Janeiro, sent them a supply of wheelbarrows from a lot which had been just imported. The sagacious overseers and their sable workmen admired the contrivance of the wheelbarrows, which they perceived would carry three times as much as could be transported in the usual way; accordingly they loaded them—the patient blacks stooped their silly heads—the wheelbarrows were placed on them, and they staggered along under the painfully-increased load—congratulating themselves, however, that they should have but one run instead of three; and this continued, no one, black or white, discovering the blunder, until the astonished owner returned and rectified it.

A gentleman travelling in the interior of Brazil put up for a night at a farm-house, furnished in the primitive style of the country; but on the table, in company with a long tallow candle, were placed a handsome pair of plated snuffers and its stand, which he had received as a present from Rio de Janeiro. "What conveniences you invent in Europe!" said the Brazilian to his guest; "before I received this pretty present, I used, after taking off the candle-snuff to throw it about the floor, or perchance on the bench where I was sitting, or over my clothes—but now, mark the difference!" So saying, he pinched off the long snuff between his thumb and finger, put it carefully into the snuffers, and closed them up with a look of triumph at his highly-amused spectator.

But to return: while agriculture and manufactures thus rapidly improved and flourished, commerce on the other hand was absolutely annihilated. During the close of its port, Assumption resembled a coast where a hundred ships had run aground, and its storehouses, as well as those of the other principal towns, were heaped with rotting tobacco and the herb of Paraguay; the latter, which grows wild in the forests, being the staple commodity of the country, used for making *maté*, a kind of tea, without which the Spanish Americans can scarcely exist.

Among numerous instances of the breach of hospitality by Francia, one singular example of its observance merits being recorded. The bandit chieftain Antigas had done a great deal of injury to Paraguay, both by land and on the river, and had incensed Francia yet further by fomenting revolts among his Indians. Nevertheless, when one of Antigas's lieutenants rebelled against him, and forced him to retreat with the wreck of his army, he threw himself on the mercy of the Dictator, and his appeal was listened to. He was conducted by an escort to the capital, where he was very anxious to obtain an audience of the Dictator; but this was refused, and he was sent to the village of Curngnaty, eighty-five leagues north of Assumption. From that place it is impossible for him to escape but by a desert on the Brazilian side, of which there is very little danger that he will avail himself, after the excesses he has committed against that nation. The Dictator assigned him a house and lands, with thirty-two piastres a month (his pay formerly as lieutenant of chasseurs), and ordered the governor of the circle to furnish him besides with whatever accommodations he required, and to treat him with great respect. It appears that since that time Antigas has wished to expiate, at least in part, the iniquities he has perpetrated. At the age of sixty he cultivated his farm with his own hands, and became the father of the poor in Curngnaty. It is presumed that he is still residing there.

Among other means of making himself master of all that passes in his territory, Francia has suppressed the post-office; but the post-masters keep their places, in order to expedite official letters, and collect the postage of all others brought by private conveyance, for these letters do not pass free. The violation of the confidence of letters is so well known, that few take the trouble of sealing them.

Francia does not encourage education, but he throws no obstacles in its way: he allows the public elementary schools for boys, which he found

established at Assumption, to continue, and takes no notice of several private seminaries that have lately been formed for both sexes.

The city of Assumption is built in the shape of an amphitheatre upon a rising ground, washed by the river Paraguay. Its streets, in 1820, were crooked, irregular, and narrow. The houses, consisting of only one floor, generally stood apart from each other; they were interspersed with trees, little gardens, brushwood, and patches of verdure. Numerous springs issued from the ground in every part of the town, and formed streams or stagnated into pools; the rain-water had furrowed the soil, and broken up all the sloping streets. Such was the city Francia undertook to remodel; and the description given by the Swiss gentlemen of the effects produced by ignorance, miscalculation, and injustice, are almost incredible. At the end of four years the capital of Paraguay presented the aspect of a city that had been bombarded for several months; whole streets were seen bordered merely by hedges of dry reeds; and among the thinly-scattered houses, but a very few had their fronts towards the street. The individual loss and suffering exceeded calculation.

It may be interesting to give, in conclusion, a few details of the private life of Francia, and a few anecdotes concerning him, which will place this singular personage in a closer point of view.

Discovering once (before he became corrupted by the acquisition of power) that he was possessor of eight hundred piastres, he thought this sum too much for a single person, and he spent it. There seems to have really existed originally in the breast of this man somewhat of that simple and severe species of virtue which is essential in the formation and preservation of a republic.

The unfavourable change in his disposition when he became Dictator perhaps not even he himself can clearly account for; he was past the age when any dormant vice, except that of avarice, springs up in the character; he was not dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of exalted rank, nor even by that nobler weakness, the desire of fame; for he takes no pains to display his power, or spread his reputation among foreign nations, nor to hand it down to posterity. On the contrary, he carefully shrouds himself, and as far as possible his dominions, in haughty seclusion. Admitting that he had become convinced that his country in her present state was not fitted for republicanism, and that it was requisite for her real welfare that absolute power for a time, at least, should be wielded by one able and vigorous hand—still, on assuming that power, had he not the most splendid opportunity ever enjoyed by a man, of rendering the most lasting and essential benefits to his country? Admitting even that it was necessary for him to rule with a rod of iron in one hand, who would have blamed him had he showered down blessings with the other?

One of the strongest and most painful proofs of how little the real good of his people lies at the heart of Francia, is, that no provision appears to be made for their government at his death, which may now, from his great age, be soon expected. All then will probably relapse into anarchy, unless the army take affairs into its own hand, and experience has fully shown us what the governor and the governed are then likely to endure.

The ruling, or rather the absorbing passion of Francia, is the love of power—of power for itself alone; it is with him a pure, abstracted principle, free from desire of the splendour which usually surrounds it, of the wealth which usually supports it, and of the fame which usually succeeds it. To this passion is united one more spring of action, and one only—it is the fear of assassination:—"Even-handed justice returns the chalice to his own lips,"—he who inflicts terror on all around him is himself its greatest slave; and for one death that he causes, he suffers in imagination a thousand.

There is one peculiarity which must not be omitted in any scrutiny into the causes of Francia's habits of mind. His father was of very eccentric



habits, his brother and one of his sisters were lunatics, and he himself is subject to fits of hypochondria, which have sometimes degenerated into madness: his mind is therefore not sound; but while the knowledge of this fact diminishes our wonder at the inconsistency of his character, it very much increases it as to the folly of the people, who with such abject submission bend down their necks for him to trample on.

When the hypochondriacal fit comes on, Francia sometimes shuts himself up for several days, but if unhappily he does not do this, he ill-treats every one around him, orders arrests, inflicts the severest punishments, and thinks nothing of issuing a sentence of death.

On the occasion of an execution, the Dictator himself gives out the ball-cartridges, and so parsimonious is he of these materials, that he allows but three men to each execution; so that, in more instances than one, the unhappy victims have been dispatched by the bayonet. Francia is a witness of these scenes of horror, for the executions take place always beneath his window, and frequently in his actual presence.

Once, while under the influence of his hypochondriacal affection, being offended at the intrusion of a poor woman, he gave the following order to the sentinel placed in front of his gate:—"If any passenger should dare to fix his eyes upon the front of my house, you will fire at him; if you miss him, *this* is for a second shot—(handing him another musket loaded with ball)—and if you miss again, I shall take care not to miss *you*." The order being quickly made known through the city, the inhabitants carefully avoided passing before this terrible palace, or if any person was obliged to do so, he kept his eyes constantly fixed upon the ground. A fortnight had passed without any accident, when an Indian of the tribe of Payagua, who knew nothing of the order, stopped to look at the Government-house; the sentinel discharged his carbine, but missed him, probably intentionally: the report of fire-arms brought out the Dictator, and when the cause was made known to him, he revoked the order, averring that he did not recollect ever having given it.

Francia was never married; but in his earlier days he was by no means insensible to the charms of the fair sex; however, on becoming Dictator, he abjured them altogether, and at the same time relinquished play. The only being for whom he seemed to have any lasting attachment was a sister, who was usually in charge of his country-house; but so jealous is he of his authority, that he sent her away, because she took upon herself to order a slave to be chastised. He has nephews, but apparently takes no interest in them; when he became Dictator he dismissed two, who were officers in the army, only from the fear that they might presume upon their relationship. One he confined in irons four years for having at a ball (it seems people dance even in Paraguay!) struck a man who had insulted him; and another passed a year in the public prison for having employed one of the military band in a serenade which he gave his mistress.

At the commencement of Francia's dictatorship for life, while the people were not yet sufficiently trained for their yoke, when he rode out on horse-back he was escorted by hussars; two went before and one followed him; it was their duty to see that every person on the road stopped in the most respectful manner as he passed. At a subsequent period, Francia required his attendants to drive back on the highway all who presented themselves; and the blows of the flat part of the sabre, with which these directions were enforced, very soon disgusted the curious.

He imprisoned the wife of a conspirator, who, upon the arrest of her husband, took the resolution of joining together the broken threads of the conspiracy. Though detected and put in irons, she still repeated every day, "Had I a thousand lives to lose, I would risk them all to destroy this monster!"

A woman out of jealousy accused her lover of having uttered offensive expressions against the Dictator, who ordered the unfortunate man to re-

ceive a hundred blows: but the latter was so averse to this disgraceful punishment, that he begged to be shot rather than undergo it, and his request was immediately complied with. The Dictator, however, was never known to reward either a spy or informer; on the contrary, he so justly appreciated their character, that he dismissed some officers who had acted for him in that capacity, as soon as he had no further use for their services.

Since 1820, Francia has taken no part in public worship, and has seized every occasion to show his dislike to the established religion. To a commandant, who asked him for the image of a saint, that he might place a newly-constructed fortress under its protection, he answered—"O people of Paraguay, how long will you remain idiots! When I was a Catholic I believed as you do, but *now* I know that bullets are the best saints you can have on the frontiers."

To give an idea of the instruction of the clergy, one anecdote will be enough. In the vale of Ita, about thirty miles from the capital, there is a community of Indians, subjects of Paraguay, who had a curate, the son of a warrior, on whom the king of Spain had conferred the title of Don, in reward for some service. This title, which the courtesy of modern times extends to all who have the least pretension to gentility, descended by right to his son, the curate, who, it appears, had been regularly educated for the Church. He was a kind, hospitable, social man, much beloved in the neighbourhood, and sought after by all travellers. There were three points on which he piqued himself: his great sobriety, the abundance and excellence of his table, and his deep knowledge of sacred history. It was no doubt his superiority on the last point which, in despite of his reputation for gallantry, attracted all the fair penitents of the country round. As a specimen of his scriptural erudition, he maintained that the Sacred Founder of our religion (whose name I dare not mention in such a sentence as this) "and Mahomet were very intimate friends; that they met frequently to discuss certain points of their respective religions, and that many an evening had they passed together, sitting on the same cloth, and smoking out of the same hookah."

Besides the neighbours and strangers that usually met at the Padre's hospitable board, its benefits were extended to fifteen cats and one-third that number of dogs, which daily surrounded it, and were fed from the hand of their benevolent master. The Padre in the hot weather regularly undressed for dinner; sitting down only in a pair of long drawers, trimmed at the ankles with lace, and a scarf thrown over his shoulders; of these he had a great variety, worked by the fair penitents aforesaid. Indeed the Paraguayans, although fond and vain of dress on occasions of show, are very indifferent to it as an object of decency and comfort. Both sexes are permitted, especially in the country, to go unclothed, until they are well advanced in their teens; if a young girl be sent on a message to a neighbouring farm, she merely throws a scarf over her head, its ends hanging negligently down in front, and thus trudges along quite unconscious of the surprise her singular appearance excites in the passing stranger. From this complete freedom they spring up strait and well-proportioned: "I could not help," says the informant of the present writer, "comparing them to the palm-trees around; they were as graceful and as pliant, and like them, too, their heads alone were covered."

Francia is much praised for his disinterestedness in regard to money: his private fortune has never been increased by his elevation; he has never accepted a present, and his salary is always in arrear. He is not forgetful of the claims of old fellowship or kindness, provided they are accompanied with diffidence and great respect.

The Dictator admits of no confidant; he has never been known to take counsel of any one, nor can any one boast of ever having exercised influence over him.

"I knew an officer," says our liberated fellow-countryman, "of the Dictator's body-guard, who was supposed to be making rapid progress in his favour; he did not however stand his ground long; he was dismissed, and having no family who could support him, was reduced to become a day-labourer in the fields. One day, while strolling in the neighbourhood of the city, I saw this individual, naked from the waist upwards, occupied in roasting sweet mandioca for his dinner.

"The body-guard," he continues, "was composed of about a hundred picked men, the tallest and handsomest that could be found in the country. The lieutenant, by whom the guard was commanded, was a young man of very little education, although the son of parents in easy circumstances. From his situation about the person of the Dictator, he was much looked up to by many, and was considered as possessing favour at head-quarters. This youth grew uncommonly vain, and scarcely knew how to walk or dress, till at last not a day passed without producing some new or extravagant article of apparel. Francia saw with displeasure his monkey-like behaviour, and one morning, when he presumed to appear at parade in an extraordinarily-shaped and ornamented jacket, he called him, and with some familiarity asked where he had got his pretty jacket?—'You look extremely well in it,' said Francia, 'but I think you would look still better if you were to take off your trousers, and wear it without them, after the fashion of your countrymen.' The poor fellow was obliged to take the hint, strip, and walk a turn or two before the Dictator, who complimented him on his appearance, and appealed to the soldiers as to whether he had not suggested a striking improvement. After this scene his services were no longer required."

This corps looked well; it was clothed in a handsome manner, and was much esteemed by Francia for a time: when in good humour he was in the habit of calling it his corps of "Frenchified Russians," thereby meaning, "barbarians in progress of civilization." However, it finally incurred his displeasure and was disbanded.

Francia treats his officers with very little ceremony; when displeased he abuses them in the presence of the soldiers, as though they were his menial servants, thus aiming at diminishing their importance and increasing his own.

The death of a person, in his service, under the following melancholy circumstances, produced a great effect upon the mind of the Dictator, and was followed by some beneficial consequences. About the middle of 1824, a young man (of whose capacity Francia entertained a high opinion, and for whom he had created the office of secretary of state) having committed some trifling errors in the exercise of his functions became alarmed for the consequences. Dreading to be reproached or dismissed by the Dictator, he resolved to drown himself, though, as first officer of the government, he might have effected his escape. Before dying, he wrote a letter to the Dictator, in which he gave an account of his official conduct, adding, that in the position in which he stood, he considered that flight would dishonour his country and disgrace his name. The Dictator was moved; he perceived how heavily his yoke bore even upon those who were most devoted to him. He was induced to hint that the time was not far distant when Paraguay might enjoy some liberty. Imprisonments became less frequent; none but criminals were sentenced to death, and the denunciations of informers were more disregarded: he punished, too, in his army, some instances of oppression and insolence towards the people. In short, Paraguay, from that moment, began to breathe somewhat more freely, and the self-sacrifice of this honourable and heroic youth was at least not made in vain.

The Swiss travellers describe the Dictator as a man of middle stature, with regular features, and those fine black eyes which characterize the Creoles of South America; and as having a most penetrating look, with a

strong expression of distrust. On their first introduction he wore the official costume, which consisted of a blue laced coat, (the uniform of a Spanish general,) waistcoat, breeches, stockings of white silk, and shoes with gold buckles. He was then sixty-two years of age, but did not appear more than fifty. At the commencement of a conversation he is haughty and intimidating, but if met with firmness, he softens down, and finishes, when in a good humour, by conversing very agreeably; and he is then perceived to be a man of great talent and extensive acquirements. He is a devoted admirer of Napoleon, whose downfall he always deplores; he contemplated with much interest his portrait when shown to him by the Swiss gentlemen; he had in his possession a caricature of Napoleon, which he had mistaken for a portrait, until his visitors explained the German inscription that was underneath it. They believe that it must have been this caricature that suggested to the Dictator the idea of adding to his costume an enormous badge in imitation of the clumsy star with which Napoleon is decorated in that piece. Francia also showed the strangers his library, which, together with the best Spanish authors, contained the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal, Rollin, &c. He possessed, also, some mathematical instruments, globes, and maps—among the latter the best map of Paraguay that is to be found in the country. From the knowledge of the constellations, which he acquired by means of his celestial globe, and of the localities of his own territory by the map, it is imagined by the people that he is an astrologer, but he himself does not encourage this notion.

In the last interview Dr. Renger had with Francia, when at the end of six years he and his friend had conceived hope from the English being permitted to depart, and ventured to ask for passports, Francia listened to the request without replying to it, but desired Dr. Renger to go and inspect some forty or fifty recruits who had fallen sick. On his return, Francia asked him several questions about his travels in the interior of Paraguay, and what he intended publishing. He appeared to be very well satisfied with the recognition of the new republics by England, and said, "The French government was wrong not to have been beforehand with the English. The analogy between the characters of both nations, a common religion, and the nature of the produce and manufactures of France, which are better adapted to the wants of these countries, seemed to call for amicable relations, which would have opened new and invaluable channels to French commerce. But that government, instead of signaling itself by an act of liberality, which was in perfect conformity with the interests of France, has preferred maintaining, by a ruinous expedition, a tottering throne, the fall of which it can only defer, but not ultimately prevent. I should not be surprised to see that government making an attack upon our republics in the name of Ferdinand the Seventh, and that is one of my reasons for not permitting the French who are here to depart. With regard to your request, we shall consider of it." The result of this conversation is known to the reader. One motive for the delay in granting the request was, that the Dictator wished to have appointed Dr. Renger chief physician to the troops, with the direction of a new military hospital he intended to establish.

Francia's household consists of four slaves—a negro, one male and two female mulattoes, whom he treats with great mildness. He leads a very regular life—the first rays of the sun rarely find him in bed. As soon as he rises, the negro brings a chafing-dish, a kettle, and a pitcher of water, which is heated in his presence. Francia then prepares with the greatest possible care his *maté*, or Paraguay tea; having taken this, he walks under the interior peristyle that looks upon the court, and smokes a cigar, which he first takes care to unroll, in order to ascertain that there is nothing dangerous in it, though it is his own sister who manufactures them for him. At six o'clock the barber arrives—a filthy, ragged, and drunk mulatto, but the

only member of the faculty in whom he confides. If the Dictator be in good humour he chats with him, and often in this manner makes use of him to prepare the public for his projects. This barber may be said to be his official gazette (no new incident, by the by, in the annals of history). He then puts on his dressing-gown of printed calico, and repairs to the outer peristyle, where he walks up and down, and receives at the same time those persons who are admitted to an audience. At seven he enters his closet, where he remains until nine, when the officers and other functionaries come to make their reports and receive his orders. At eleven o'clock the principal secretary brings the papers that are to be submitted to his inspection, and writes from his dictation until noon, when all the officers retire, and Francia sits down to table. His dinner, which is extremely frugal, he always orders himself; when the cook returns from market, she deposits her provisions at the door of her master's closet, who comes out and selects what he wishes for his own use. After dinner he takes his *siesta*; on awaking, he takes his *maté* and smokes a cigar, after observing the same precautions as in the morning. From this until four or five he is occupied with business, when the escort to attend him on his promenade arrives; the barber then enters and dresses his hair while his horse is saddling. During his ride Francia inspects the public works and the barracks, particularly those of the cavalry, where a habitation is preparing for him. While riding, though surrounded by his escort, he is armed with a sabre and a pair of double-barrelled pocket pistols. He returns home about night-fall, and sits down to study until nine, when he takes his supper, consisting of a roasted pigeon and a glass of wine. If the weather be fine he again walks under the peristyle, where he often remains till a very late hour. At ten o'clock he gives the watch-word, and on returning into the house he fastens all the doors himself.

For several months in the year he resides at the cavalry barracks, which are outside the city, about a quarter of a league from his usual residence; but there his manner of living is the same, except that he sometimes takes the pleasures of the chace. In the apartments that he occupies there are always arms within his reach; pistols are hung upon the walls, or placed upon the table near him; and sabres, the greater number unsheathed, are to be found in every corner. This fear of assassination is also shown in the etiquette prescribed at his audiences: the person admitted must not approach nearer to the Dictator than six paces, until he makes him a sign to advance, and even then he must always stop at the distance of three paces, —his arms must be held close to his body, and his hands open and hanging down, so that it may be evident that he has no concealed weapons. The officers even are not permitted to enter his presence with swords by their sides. He is pleased, however, that the person addressing him should look him straight in the face, and return prompt and positive answers. He told Dr. Renger one day, when about to open the body of one of the natives, to see if his countrymen had not one bone more than the usual number in their necks, which prevented them from holding up their heads and speaking out. Alas! it was the fetter on the mind, beyond the skill of the physician to remove, that bowed down their necks.

In the foregoing sketch it has been the writer's object rather to excite than to gratify curiosity. It is impossible but that great interest will prevail towards Paraguay on the death of its singular ruler: none can contemplate with indifference the idea of this fine province, with its docile and industrious population, being given up to anarchy, and gradually returning to the waste desert from whence it has been struggling to emerge.

*Rio de Janeiro, July, 1834.*

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# WAS I RIGHT, OR WAS I NOT?

Was I right, or was I not?  
 The age exact I cannot tell,  
 But 'twas some time in teens, I wot,  
 That I came out a dashing belle.  
 My mother called me "hare-brain'd chit,"  
 But that I heeded ne'er a jot,  
 For little Miss *must* flirt a bit.  
 Was I right, or was I not?

Away I sparkled in the ring;  
 And soon was known as false and fair.  
 Oh! 'tis a dear, delightful thing  
 When first we make a swain despair.  
 There was young Frederick all on fire,  
 Who yowed and swore—I know not what—  
 Of course I left him to expire.  
 Was I right, or was I not?

Dear me! I felt a trifle sad,  
 When all cried out "What have you done!"  
 For, sure enough, I loved the lad:  
 But who'd take up with number one?  
 So *vive l'amour*! I gaily cried,  
 And he, poor wretch, was soon forgot,—  
 For I'd an hundred sparks beside.  
 Was I right, or was I not?

Some shook their heads, but I had skill.  
 Lovers and friends I went on winning.  
 What will you have? I flirted still,—  
 Because I flirted at beginning.  
 A long gay train I led away;  
 Young Cupid sure was in the plot:  
 I thought the spell would last for aye;—  
 Was I right, or was I not?

But now 'tis come into my head  
 That I must grow discreet and sage;  
 For there are hints my charms have fled,  
 And I approach "a certain age."  
 So the next offer—that's my plan—  
 I'll nail, decisive, on the spot;  
 'Tis time that I'd secured my man.  
 Am I right, or am I not?

But ah! though gladly I'd say "Yes,"  
 The looks of all the men say "No."  
 Who would have thought 'twould come to this?  
 But mother says, "I told you so!"  
 Friends, lovers, dangles, now are gone:  
 Not one is left of all the lot,  
 And I'm a "maiden all forlorn!"  
 Is it right, or is it not?

Q. Q.

## MY HONOURABLE FRIEND BOB.

It was at a public school that I first became acquainted with my friend Bob Burnaby; he was then a little round-faced, curly-pated boy about ten years of age; and I, being two years his senior, and there existing some intimacy between our parents, he was put under my especial protection. Bobby had been a spoiled child (the only one possessed by Mr. and Mrs. Burnaby,) and until his tenth year the world had been to him a world of pies and tarts, of comfits and comforts; his *will* had been the regulator of the paternal mansion, and his *pleasure* the main object promoted by his mother.

All this ended (that is, as far as the young gentleman's residence at Burnaby Hall was concerned) in those roots of all evil, idleness and ignorance: and some rash and glaring acts of insubordination having brought upon Bob's head the wrath of his father (whose head, by the by, was more in error than his son's,) the young reprobate had sudden notice to quit; and in spite of the threats, entreaties, and hysterics of Mrs. Burnaby, he was immediately borne off to the academic shades superintended by the Rev. Dr. Rearpepper.

I soon became very fond of Bob; we naturally feel attached to those who cling to us for support, and everything was so new to him, poor fellow, that without me he was miserable. By day and by night he was my appendage; he sat on the same form, at the same desk, casting up his little sums, or writing his little exercises; and at night his little bed was close to mine, and he used to talk to me about papa and mama, and the big dog Pompey, till he talked himself to sleep. At that very early age Bob had acquired a taste for extravagance; his money always burned a hole in his little breeches pocket, and when it was gone many a shilling did he borrow of me, and more did he owe to Mrs. Puffy, the fat vender of pastry, whose residence was "down the street."

These premature extravagances, petty as they certainly were, of course led to little difficulties; and perhaps the worst result likely to arise from early embarrassments is, the habit of fibbing, and making a mystery and a concealment of troubles, which nothing but candour could really remedy. And thus it was with Bob: had I not loved him, and been a real friend, he would have forfeited my friendship a hundred times; so often did he borrow, so often did he promise repayment, and so often did he forget to fulfil the promises he voluntarily made. But no, I wrong him, he did *not* forget; I always saw that he felt infinitely more annoyed than I did, when he stood before me a defaulter, and his flushed cheek and moistened eyes proved that he endured humiliation, and that *at heart* he was even then my *honourable friend*.

At sixteen I left Dr. Rearpepper's establishment, and many were the tears that poor Bob shed at my departure: he said nothing about the nine shillings and fourpence that he owed me, but when I said, "Bob, be sure you write to me," I suspect that he almost expected me to add, "and don't forget to enclose the money."

During my residence at Oxford we never met; at first our interchange of letters was frequent, and the style of our communications most affectionate; but gradually a change came over the spirit of our dream, and for a whole year I heard nothing of him. At length, by the coach came

a splendidly-bound copy of a work which he knew to "be my favourite, and in the title-page was written my name, and underneath the words "from his affectionate and grateful friend, Bob."

"Yes," thought I, "as I read the inscription, "and still thou art my honourable friend." Bob, after so long a period had elapsed, was naturally ashamed to send me the few shillings which he owed me; but he could not be happy till he had spent many pounds on a gift which was intended to repay me. With the parcel I received a letter announcing his having entered the army, and adding that he was about to join his regiment, which was then on a foreign station. He entreated me not to suppose from his long silence that he had forgotten me; and in short, there was so much warmth of heart in the whole letter, that Bob was reinstated in my good graces, and I wrote him a most affectionate reply, assuring him that whenever we met he would find me unaltered.

After quitting Oxford, I travelled on the continent for many months, and on my return to England I found my friend Bob at an hotel in Bond-street, and in every sense of the word "a gay man about town."

Ours was more like the re-union of boys after a summer's vacation, than the meeting of men who had seen something of the world; we could talk only of the past, of frolic, and of fun; and while arm in arm we ranged the streets of the west end, we laughed almost as much, and were really nearly as thoughtless, as in the days when together we ranged the playground of old Rearpepper.

Whatever I may have been, Bob was indeed unchanged; and not alone in spirits and temper, for I soon found that his old habits had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. He still retained his "sweet tooth," and daily did he lead me into Gunter's or Grange's (nay often into both in turn,) and there I saw him indulge, as he used of old in the habitation of Mrs. Puffy; the only difference was that his dainties were somewhat more refined, and more expensive; for, alas! I soon saw that the old injunction, "Put it down to my bill," had by no means fallen into disuse. I also saw, with regret, that all other tradespeople were most impartially dealt with by Bob in the same way; and I saw him take possession of trinkets, coats, hats, and boots, without considering it requisite to take his purse out of his pocket.

Now, I knew that Bob would eventually, in all probability, be exceedingly well off, but I greatly doubted his having it *then* in his power to pay for one-fourth of the valuable articles which I saw him so unceremoniously take possession of. I one day ventured to speak to him on the subject, and from his embarrassed manner, and the deepened colour in his cheek, I saw that he felt the truth of what I said; but I soon found that with the old error, he still retained the old bad habit of fibbing to endeavour to conceal it; and the consequence was that we spent our evening together with much more reserve than usual. The next morning I forgot all that had passed, for Bob ran to my bedside to inform me that he was ordered to India, and must leave London in a day or two: he showed me his letters, and it was evident that he must prepare for his immediate departure. We breakfasted together, and during the repast the waiter was continually presenting him with wafered notes, and it appeared that several persons had called very earnestly wishing to see him. I had my suspicions about these visitations, but said nothing.

Immediately after breakfast Bob took my arm, and requested me to



walk with him; and after passing through several streets and squares in unusual silence, and with an appearance of agitation in his manner, he suddenly addressed me.

"There is no alternative," said he, "I must go."

"You must indeed, Bob," I replied, "unless you are *detained*."

"*Detained*!" said Bob, blushing, "how do you mean?"

"Pardon me," I answered, "but really few young men could go on as you have lately done, and be prepared for a departure so sudden; now, my dear Bob, you know what my finances are; you know I have literally *nothing* to spare, but if knowing this, you think I can be of temporary use to you, command me."

Bob grasped my arm, and his eyes watered, but he was ashamed to own the extent of his incumbrances; he therefore hastily answered—

"This is like yourself, my dear friend, and at the moment you may indeed serve me by putting your name to a bill."

"Not of large amount, Bob, I trust?"

"No—yes—larger, I fear, than ——"

"If it be a large sum, Bob, you know that if your draft is not honoured when it is due I shall go to prison instead of you."

"Never," said Bob, with a fervour and an evidence of deep feeling which I could not distrust.

"Well, then, what is the sum?" said I.

"First let me tell you some circumstances which press heavily on my heart," said Bob; "not here—come with me this way."

And in solemn silence he led me to Park-lane.

"What can all this mean?" said I, at last.

"Hush!" said Bob, "you see that house?"

And he pointed to a very handsome and well-appointed mansion. Two footmen in splendid liveries were standing at the door, receiving cards from the window of a coroneted carriage.

"See the house?" I replied; "to be sure I do; and what then?"

"That house is owned by one of the richest commoners in England."

"I should think so," I answered.

"He has an only daughter," said Bob.

"Has he?" said I.

"His sole heiress," added Bob.

And again I answered, "What then?"

"I am ashamed of having concealed all this so long from so dear a friend," murmured Bob.

"All what?"

"But the secret was not my own."

"What secret?"

"That lovely girl!"

"Upon my word, Bob," I cried, "you put me out of all patience."

"I have won that girl's affections."

"The heiress!" said I.

"She loves me," whispered Bob.

"My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "this is news indeed. You have no occasion for assistance from a poor fellow like me."

"Oh!" said Bob, "you have not heard all; she loves me—to madness loves me—poor dear girl! But rich as her father is, were he to suppose that I am involved, he would forbid the match."

"A very sensible\* old man."

"That may be; but there is another obstacle—my rank. Clara will not consent to marry anything below a Captain."

I could not repress a laugh.

"It is a foible perhaps," said Bob, rather piqued; "but it is her only one, and I must humour it; but my promotion depends on my going to India, and——"

"Well, well," said I, "I understand all this; but tell me at once what you wish me to do for you?"

"To put your name to a draft for one hundred and ninety pounds," faltered Bob.

"Mercy on me! what a sum!" said I; "however, it must be done, and when the draft becomes due——"

"I will honourably pay it."

"If not, to prison I go; and now let us return to our hotel."

"One moment," said Bob; "I love to look at the house."

"At the casket which contains the gem?" said I.

"Yes, and for your sake too I love to look at it. You see those three windows shaded with sky-blue silk curtains? Oh! such a little room that is! and that room I always mean to be your own *exclusively*, when I am master of the mansion. Such a room! the furniture so exquisite! and such a view of the park! But come, we'll talk all that over while we are at dinner."

Before that meal was half finished, Bob seemed quite to have recovered his spirits; and I could not help suspecting, that as the prospect of an immediate separation did not seem to depress him, he loved the lady less than he loved her gold.

"I can't imagine, Bob," said I, "when you contrived to win your divinity; you and I have been for months almost inseparable, and——"

"Ask no questions," said Bob; "the secret is not my own."

"Not entirely, certainly," I replied; "so I will not interrogate you farther. Is she to inherit that house in Park-lane from her father?"

"To be sure she is; and such a house as it is! and that room which I mean for you! you are fond of a hot bath?"

"Very."

"There is a sky-blue silk sofa in that room, and when you touch a spring, it flies up (I don't exactly know how), and turns into the most delightful white marble bath!"

"How very nice!" said I.

"Yes, and so very complete! three cocks!"

"Three!" said I; "two you mean."

"No, no, three," replied Bob; "one for hot water——"

"Yes," said I.

"And one for cold——"

"Well, that makes *two*," said I.

"And one," said Bob, "for *eau-de-Cologne*."

In the evening I put my name to Bob's draft, and the next morning we parted with mutual expressions of regret.

I missed him sadly, and it so happened that after he went, many untoward circumstances occurred, which having first materially lowered my resources, next effectually lowered my spirits, and I used to saunter through our old haunts looking like the ghost of his companion.

When he was gone, I became acquainted with many circumstances connected with his expenditure which perfectly astounded me; and at the end of four months (exactly two months before it was to become due), I had every reason to doubt whether the draft for one hundred and ninety pounds would ever be paid. I was conscious of my own utter inability to pay it; and I therefore existed for a week or two in a state of mental excitement not to be described. One day after breakfast I sallied forth more dolorous than usual, and after wandering about for some time, I found myself in Park-lane, opposite the identical mansion inhabited by Bob's intended.

"Ah!" thought I, "were Bob now in possession of that house, all would go well with us; his heart is in the right place, poor fellow, but alas! before he puts me in possession of that sky-blue apartment, with the hot water, and the cold, and the *eau-de-Cologne*, I may be in prison and my name disgraced."

As I looked towards the balcony of the drawing-room, I saw a female watering some geraniums; and suddenly turning her head towards me, she seemed to recognize my person, and gave me a familiar nod.

I soon discovered it was my old friend and near connexion Mrs. Simmons, and beckoning me to the window, she exclaimed, "Oh! I'm delighted to see you—we only came to town yesterday—we are on a visit to Mr. Molesworth—pray come in, and I'll introduce you."

I knocked at the hall door in a state of mind not to be described—the hall door of a house in which I (*by anticipation*) already possessed a room of my own, with sky-blue curtains, and a bath overflowing with *eau-de-Cologne*! I walked up stairs, and my friend Mrs. Simmons received me at the drawing-room door, and introduced me to Mr. Molesworth (an old gentleman in a pair of gouty shoes) and his only daughter (a lovely fair-haired girl of about eighteen).

In this family I spent many happy days; and being, though unknown to her, so well acquainted with the secret of the young lady's heart, I became more intimate with her than I could have been with any one else without incurring the imputation of "serious intentions." In this instance, however, my knowledge of the fair heiress's engagement to another person made me feel perfectly at my ease; and we became the talk of all our acquaintances, without my being the least aware that we were engaged even in a little flirtation.

To my utter astonishment, Mrs. Simmons came to me one day (it was the day before that on which Bob's draft was to become due), and with a knowing look asked me why I was so out of spirits; I gave an evasive reply, for I did not choose to own the paltry pecuniary difficulty which was threatening to overpower me.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Simmons; "go boldly and make your offer; your connexions are unexceptionable, and whatever your present income may be, your prospects are excellent; besides, *she* has enough for both."

"And pray," I replied, "who do you mean by *she*?"

"Miss Molesworth, to be sure," said my friend, "I am sure she is attached to you, and——"

"You know nothing about it," said I, "for I can tell *you* that——"

I hesitated, for I had no right to betray Bob's secret.

"Well," said Mrs. Simmons, "here she comes, and I will leave you together."

With these words *exit* Mrs. Simmons at one door, and at the same moment *enters* Miss Molesworth at the other.

"What is the matter?" said the young lady, earnestly, "you seem agitated! what has happened?"

"Are we alone?" said I, after a pause. "It is better that I should be explicit."

Miss Molesworth started, coloured, and cast down her eyes. Had I been a favoured lover on the point of making my avowal of attachment, she could not have been more embarrassed.

"Do not be alarmed," said I, "I am Bob's best friend; and I know your secret."

"My secret!" cried Miss Molesworth.

"Yes, dear lady," I answered, "I am, as I told you before, the intimate friend of Bob."

"Of Bob!" said she.

"Yes," I answered, taking her hand, "I'm Bob's old schoolfellow."

"And pray, Sir," said she, withdrawing her hand, "who is Bob?"

"Do not distress yourself," I whispered, "do not think it necessary to conceal anything from me; before he left England Bob told me all."

"All what?" cried Miss Molesworth.

"Your mutual attachment—your engagement," I replied.

Miss Molesworth started up, colouring crimson; at first she could not articulate, but at last she said—"I know not, Sir, to what I am to attribute this conduct. I have been attached to no one—engaged to no one—I know not of whom it is you speak. I had considered you, Sir, in the light of a friend; but now, Sir, now——"

She could say no more, but sank on a chair beside me in a flood of tears. A mist at the moment fell from my eyes; I saw at once the full extent of Bob's unpardonable falsehood, and the distressing certainty flashed on my mind, that his draft would be dishonoured.

Mrs. Simmons entered at the moment, and found us both apparently plunged into the depths of despair. Miss Molesworth was in an instant weeping on her shoulder, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, without my knowing exactly how it happened, I found myself breathing forth vows of love to the young lady, and exulting in my discovery that her engagement to my friend Bob was a fable.

Miss Molesworth referred me to her father, but I read in her large blue eyes that she did *not* dislike me; I therefore retired to my bed that night full of love and hope, and dreamt of driving my wife in a chariot drawn by six dragons, over the mangled body of Bob Burnaby.

The next morning my first thought was of my approaching interview with Mr. Molesworth; but, alas! it was soon followed by my recollection of Bob's draft, and the too great probability that, before night, I should be in durance vile for the amount. My own resources were at the moment inadequate to meet the demand, and could I ask a rich man to let me marry his daughter, and expect that his first act would be to pay one hundred and ninety pounds to extricate me from a prison!

At length I made up my mind to walk to Bob's banker's, and at once ascertain the worst; I did so, and on my arrival I was astounded at being informed by a clerk, that "Mr. Burnaby had provided funds for the payment of his draft."

So far I had wronged my honourable friend; and I was therefore

able to appear in Park-lane in excellent spirits. "The course" of my "true love" did, for a wonder, "run smooth," and all our preliminaries having been finally arranged, the Molesworths left town for the family seat in Wiltshire, and I remained to arrange some legal and other matters which would in all probability detain me for a couple of months. I was sitting in my own room rather out of spirits the morning after my true love's departure, when the door opened, and in came Bob! He was so evidently delighted to see me again, that I could not help receiving him kindly. He spoke of the obligation I had conferred on him previous to his departure; and after frankly acknowledging the gratification I had felt at his punctuality, I said—"And now, Bob, that you have the rank of Captain, nothing can interpose to prevent your marriage."

"My marriage!" said Bob, blushing all over.

"Yes," I replied, laughing *in my sleeve*; "your marriage with the heiress of Park-lane!"

"Oh!" cried Bob, starting from his chair and pressing my hand, "never—never I entreat you mention that subject again."

"Why so?" said I.

"It is all off," sighed Bob.

"Off!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said Bob; "the traitress!—but I cannot speak on the subject—never name it again."

I of course promised to obey him, and for some days we enjoyed ourselves very much in the old way. One morning he came to me in real distress, and told me that his tailor had threatened to arrest him for the amount of his bill; I offered to go and speak to the man, and endeavour to persuade him to give Bob time.

"If he will only give me a month," said Bob.

"Well," I replied, "I can but try him;" and away I went.

The tailor was inexorable; but he told me that if I would become responsible for the payment of the debt in a month, he would consent to wait: if not, he was determined to arrest Bob that day. I hesitated for a moment, and then recollecting his prompt payment of the hundred and ninety pounds, I made myself responsible for the amount of the bill, and then returned to congratulate my friend. When I had told him what I had done, he started up and exclaimed, "You do not mean it, you cannot have made yourself responsible for the amount of that fellow's bill?"

"I have, I assure you," said I.

"Then," said Bob, "you will have to pay it; I shall not have the money myself—I never asked you to incur the responsibility—I never expected it, and all I can say is, that you will have to pay."

"My dear Bob," said I, "it will not be in my power—I am peculiarly situated; at the end of a month I shall be most particularly engaged, and paying this will be out of the question."

Still Bob protested that he had never asked me to become responsible, and it ended in his leaving me in a very ill humour. My engagements with legal persons employed me for days together in the City, and I saw very little of Bob. When we did meet, my manner was cold and constrained, and it was not till within a day or two of the expiration of the month that I had time to think of the very inopportune and annoying responsibility which I had incurred. That very day I met Bob, and

spoke to him most earnestly and seriously about the payment;—but he sighed most deeply—told me how much he lamented my having engaged to make the payment, and pathetically bemoaned the emptiness of his own pockets. The next morning I called on the tailor, earnestly requesting him to renew the draft for a month, and was then told that my honourable friend had called that very day, and had placed in his hands the sum for which I was responsible!

I went instantly to call upon him, and he received me with laughter, in which I could not resist joining; but I must confess I laughed the more from the recollection that my hour of revenge was at hand.

About a fortnight afterwards (the family of my intended having arrived in town for the wedding, which was to take place the next morning at St. George's Church, Hanover-square,) Bob inquired "what it was that seemed to occupy me from morning till night, and *why* it was that we so seldom met?"

"My dear Bob," said I; "it has been a secret, but I will now hide no secrets from you—I am going to be married to-morrow."

"Married to-morrow!" cried Bob; "tell me all about it—who is she? Where does she live? Is she pretty? Is she rich?"

"There is no time," said I, "to answer your questions at present; I dine with the family at six, and I mean to take you with me—go and dress, and in half an hour I will call for you in a carriage."

"Where does your intended live?" said Bob, as we drove along Oxford-street.

"Time will show," I replied.

"Where are we going now?" said Bob, as the carriage made a sudden turn.

"We are in Park-lane," I replied.

"And the lady lives——?" faltered Bob.

"In Park-lane," said I.

Bob sat in a state of evident confusion; and when the carriage stopped at Mr. Molesworth's house, he said, "I deserve this—I am quite ashamed of myself—come, come, turn back, and drive home."

"By no means," I replied, as the servant gave a thundering knock at the door, and then let down the steps of the carriage.

"Why, you won't go in!" cried Bob, as he breathlessly ran up the steps after me, and vigorously pulled at the tail of my coat.

"Go in," said I, "be sure, and you will meet old friends, and show me the room with the bath, and the——."

"You are going too far," whispered Bob. "I see my error—I uttered what was false—forgive me! But these servants, and the inmates of the house, will think us mad."

"Not at all," I replied; "speak the truth in future, as I have done to you."

I pressed his hand, and led him up the stairs; I saw that he was depressed and humiliated, and when we got to the drawing-room door he murmured, "And do *they* know it? I cannot face them."

"They know *nothing*," I replied, "and shall never know from me anything discreditable to my honourable friend Bob."

"I will never utter a falsehood again," said Bob; and I firmly believe that he adhered to his resolution.

## RECORDE OF A STAGE VETERAN.—NO. IV.

*Knowles.*—It is strange that Sheridan Knowles should not have sooner made his way as a dramatist, for Kean and Hazlitt knew the man, and revered his powers, so also did Charles Lamb, who addressed a sonnet to him. About the time that Maturin's "Bertram" was first talked of, Knowles's name was repeatedly mentioned by Kean, but it fell upon unheeding ears—that name was then unknown, but he did "bide his time" with unwearied patience. "Virginius," first produced at Glasgow, with Cooper for the hero, was transplanted, through Macready, to Covent-garden Theatre; another "Virginius," written by a gentleman named Barlow, was produced at Drury immediately, with Kean as the Roman father—it failed. Poor Kean for years regretted not having had "the first of Knowles's tragedy;" he played the part towards the close of his career, but Macready had set his seal upon it, and the public did not foster Kean's attempt.

*Mrs. M'Gibbon and "Jane Shore."*—A poor woman, said to be ninety years of age, was waiting outside the doors of the Cheltenham theatre two hours before their opening, having walked eight miles to see "Jane Shore," and having the same distance to walk back after the performance. Mrs. M'Gibbon (who was to have enacted the heroine) deeming such devotion to the drama madness, asked her dresser, who narrated the circumstances, if the poor old creature had her intellects—"I don't know, Ma'am," said the girl, "she's gotten *summut* tied up in her pocket-handkerchief."

[Mrs. M'Gibbon, who is less known to the metropolitan stage than she deserves, was Miss Woodfall, daughter of the publisher of "Junius." She was one of the many persons who were brought to town experimentally, when Mrs. Siddons made that void in the drama that our sons' sons may never hope to see filled.]

*The Absent Man.*—Old Thornton has been the hero of many a tale; his "absence of mind" was, I am convinced, *not* affected. When from home, he would put on his clean shirts one after another, omitting the customary process of first taking off the soiled ones. As he walked about whilst he shaved himself, it will not surprise the reader to hear that he frequently went forth half margin and half lather. He generally in dressing put both his stockings on one leg, and then wondered where the deuce the other stocking could be. A bowl of negus, with a plug bottom which could be withdrawn at pleasure, was once put before him; he filled his wine-glass but once, when the plug—it having been placed on a receptacle on purpose—was drawn, and the liquor taken away: in a minute or two he was about replenishing his glass, and saw the bowl empty; he paused a moment, then rang the bell to have it refilled; it was, and after he had taken two more glasses full, the trick was repeated: the second time he beheld it empty he gave his nose a long pull, and rubbed his eyes, as if he doubted whether he had slept or not, but he ordered a third, and paid for the three bowls, evidently and entirely unconscious that he had not drank their contents. The last instance I relate on the authority of Richer, the rope-dancer, and others, who were at Dover when it occurred (1800).—Mrs. Thornton was taking a three days' trip to the land of frogs, and T., who remained at Dover, went to the post-office to inquire if there were any letters, when this colloquy occurred—

T.—"Any letters for me, Sir?"

Office-keeper.—"What name, Sir?"

T.—"Dear me, in the multiplicity of my affairs I can't recollect; I'll call again."

Passing down the street, Richer met him, and saluted him with a "How d'ye do, Mr. Thornton?"

"Thank ye, Sir," replied the manager, "that's the very thing I wanted." He went back and claimed his letters.

*Quick, the favourite actor of George III.*—Many who never saw the original Vortex ("Cure for the Heart-Ache"), and the great Silky on the stage, may yet remember old Quick the octogenarian, with his blue coat and basket buttons, his snow-white waistcoat, black knee-breeches, silk stockings, shoes, and buckles; the latter being on the Sabbath, both at knee and instep, of diamonds—or paste. Quick was a great favourite with George the Third; but his acting went out of fashion when a more intellectual school appeared. Munden knew little, but Quick knew less; noise and extravagance were with him substituted for nature and humour. There is a print often in the old picture-shops of Humphreys and Mendoza sparring, and a queer angular sort of exhibition it is: what that is to the modern art of pugilism, Quick's style of acting was to Downton's; the latter rounded off the square corners of Quick's old men, and brought them nearer, if not quite, to the standard of truth and nature. Quick quitted the stage in disgust; when he left it he was as capable as he had been for the twenty years previous, and twenty years afterwards he remained as capable as when he left. He drank freely, sometimes six or seven glasses of rum and water in the evening, after dining; and he had in his old age a fancy for all the old houses about his retreat (Pentonville), the Old Queen's Head, built in the reign of Elizabeth; the Vernon Arms, at the corner of Southampton-street, Pentonville (a street now made memorable by an awful murder), where an old tree yet spreads forth the branches under which Quick loved in summer to sit and talk of Garrick and Goldsmith, and what the dramatist said to him (Quick) when he enacted Tony Lumpkin, on the first night of the production of "She Stoops to Conquer." One of Quick's laments was the non-observance of a promise implied to him by George the Third. In the early part of that Monarch's reign, Quick was walking in the Park with his infant daughter, when the King, escorted by his Horse Guards, came through; the child, alarmed at the noise and the appearance of the military, ran from her father, and attempting to get through the rails, got fastened between them. Her screams, and her father's endeavours to extricate her, attracted the notice of his Majesty; the carriage was stopped, and the actor presently heard an exclamation, "Quick, Quick, Quick, what's the matter?—head through the rails—bad that—very bad—gently, gently, Quick." Whether in consequence of this advice or not, the child's caput was extracted, and she stood weeping and curtsying before her Sovereign. "Good girl, don't cry, don't cry—be a good girl, and you shall be a Maid of Honour when you're old enough;" so saying, his Majesty returned to his carriage. This, which was a mere passing word to appease a crying child, Quick treasured as a sacred promise, and to his latest hour regretted that he had never had an opportunity of getting King George alone, in which case he said, "She would have been Maid of Honour, and I whatever his Majesty pleased to make me." Quick was one of the vainest of a vain race—he believed in no living actor but himself; the dead he lauded indiscriminately (except Foote, of whom he equally disliked to speak or hear), and the mere mention of the name of a new performer playing one of his original characters would make him silent for the evening. Quick's great parts were Isaac, Tony Lumpkin, Spado, "Castle of Andalusia;" Lapoche, "Fontainbleau;" and Sir Christopher Currey, "Inkle and Yarico." The part that first brought him into notice was Beau Mordecai, in which he appeared as far back as the year 1760; a letter of Macklin's to him, written twenty years afterwards, and contrasting his exertions to obtain fame with his slovenly acting when



once a favourite, is a valuable lesson to any actor. Quick died about five years since, and lies buried in Holloway Church.

*John Kemble and Claremont.*—King John could joke occasionally; and Claremont was given pompously to recount his provincial triumphs. John entered the green-room as C. was telling an accident that had befallen him (C.) the second time he played Richard at Rochester. "What, my dear Sir," exclaimed Kemble, "did they let you play Richard *twice* in one town?"

*The Old Actresses.*—I have always made the same exceptions regarding Mrs. Siddons and actresses that I have respecting Shakspeare and dramatists, each strode out of all possibility of comparison. In my boyhood the old actors were loud in their praises of Mrs. Bracegirdle. Mrs. Crawford I remember well, 'a fine woman, a sweet woman doubtless she had been,—nay, still was when I first beheld her,—but a *good* actress she never *could* have been. I have heard Quick speak in raptures of Peg Woffington, though she must have been old when he saw her. Mrs. Canning, mother of the statesman, I remember, and though she played Jane Shore once or twice to Garrick, she was not really capable of tolerably enacting Maria in the "School for Scandal." Mrs. Robinson, on the contrary, was a natural actress, and would have become great, independent of her beauty. George Ann Bellamy I also remember, she had a great deal of apparently impulsive force, but was far past her day when I beheld her. From the year 1784 to 1796, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Mountain, Miss Farnen, Mrs. Crouch, Mrs. Estlin, and Mrs. Billington, were the toasts of the day, and on two of them, Mrs. Mountain and Miss Farnen, the breath of scandal had never for a moment rested. In comedy our actresses have deteriorated dreadfully, in tragedy, with the great exception, I think they remain *in statu quo* whilst in domestic pathos, or what may be termed the tragedy of humble life, there is an amazing improvement. forty years since such efforts were unknown, and would have been misunderstood.

*Mrs. Wallack*—The greatest natural actress perhaps that ever trod the minor boards was the mother of James Wallack, doomed to utter the vilest trash ever offered to the public, forced to fetter her feelings with doggerel such as—

' Oh ! they have torn away my lovely daughter,  
And they will drag her forth to death and slaughter '

She yet could create an interest, and stir her auditors with a power comparable only to Keats. When James was an infant at her breast, she fitted up a cradle bed for him in the drawer of her dressing-place, when off the stage she took her little charge to her bosom—when called to her duties, popped her little hero into the drawer, and rushed forth to fight combats, spout balderdash, and ride chargers in the piccious dramas (?) then acted at Astley's and the Royalty. Her daughter, known many years as Mrs. Stanley of the Cobourg, was a feeble type of what her mother had been, in fact, it is not too much to say that Mrs. Wallack was the Siddons of melodrama.

*Mrs. Astley*—A minor actress of much merit, wife of the old gentleman called Young Astley, had such luxuriant hair, that she could stand upright and it covered her to her feet like a veil. She was very proud of these flaxen locks and a slight accident by fire having once befallen them, she resolved ever after to play in a wig. she used, therefore, to wind this immense quantity of hair round her head, and put over it a capacious caxon, the consequence of which was, that her head bore about the same proportion to the rest of her figure, that a whale's skull does to its body, and as she played most of the heroines, the reader may judge of the effect.

*Henderson and Costume*—Fifty or five and forty years ago an actor, playing a Roman, would not have bared his throat, black stocks were

then worn round the neck in *all* tragedies. Henderson was one of the first to abolish them, and to effect other improvements; but his example was slowly followed. Some old provincialists still retain the stock, though a more unbecoming adjunct to any dramatic dress can scarcely be conceived. Custom reconciles us to much; Cooke, as Peregrine ("John Bull,") who enters from a shipwreck, having swam upwards of a mile ashore, dressed in a fashionable black coat, and had his hair *curled and powdered*, and the plaited frill of his shirt sticking out three inches before him.

*Mathews and Melvin.*—Melvin, of whose eccentricities I spoke in my last, ere he had reached the climax of irregularity there detailed, lodged with Mathews in Stone Gate, York, at the house of Mr. Wright, brother of Miss Macauley. Melvin and Mathews slept in adjoining rooms, divided by a thin partition, and it was "their wont" to rehearse their parts by speaking aloud from one room to the other; as they always studied at night, this made it anything but a peaceful dwelling, and when Melvin had at all exceeded in his potations, he would rehearse his combats too, cutting and slashing at everything in the room: at last the lodgers received peremptory notice to quit. Mathews, who at all periods of his life deserved and obtained the respect due to a gentleman, was much annoyed, and demanded the cause. "Why, you see," quoth the Yorkshire landlord, "I can't mind *your* ducks, and cows, and chickens, and sheep early in the morn, 'cause that's natural like; but Maister Melvin murders *every night* now, and my wife can't stand it."—[In explanation of the first part of this sentence, it may be observed, that Mathews practised his imitations of quadrupeds abed.]

*Mathews.*—When I first knew him he was subject to fits, and it was the general opinion that he would never reach the age of twenty-five; his nervous irritability was terrible, and he was so sensitive that his existence must have been a torture to him: never was a great man so little confident in his own powers. At York, where he came a lanky boy, he was coldly received; he succeeded Emery, and, for the first year, strange as it may seem, was scarcely endured; his comic songs, between play and farce, first made him valuable to Tate Wilkinson, and Tate soon put the public right respecting his histrionic powers.

*Rev. Edward Irving* acted in Ryder's company, in Kirkaldy (a few miles from Edinburgh), about twenty-four years since, and was then passionately devoted to the stage. The obliquity of his vision, his dialect, and peculiarly awkward gait and manner, created so much derision, that he left the stage for the pulpit, after about three months' probation.

*Tria juncta in Uno.*—When Cherry had the Richmond Theatre, three young gentlemen, who were stage-struck, "or moon-struck, or both," wanted to strut their hour on his suburban stage. Cherry was adverse to the amateur system, and as they were really not worth paying salaries to, he compounded with his conscience, and gave the aspirants one guinea per week between them; this getting wind, his new coadjutors obtained the appellation of the three seven-shilling pieces. G. F. Cooke came to play Richard for one night, and these three geniuses played Ratcliff, Tressel, and the Lieutenant of the Tower; as usual something went wrong, Cooke raved, and the poor amateurs were blamed. The piece over, the thing was forgotten, but at the close of the season Cooke was again to visit Richmond, and was arranging with Cherry the cast of characters. "King Henry?"—"Mr. so-and-so." "Richmond?"—"Mr. Brunton." "Capital, that's something like a cast; Catesby, Sir, comes down with me. Tressel and the two others?"—"My three young men." "What, Sir, what? No, by Janus, no! Your three starved, sallow *seven-shilling pieces*! No, Sir, get them changed, or you have no George Frederick Cooke."

*A Northern Joke.*—The respectably-dressed and well-looking young fellows in comedies are called walking gentlemen, and this is the probationary line of business usually assigned to young actors. When Mr. B— came to Edinburgh, being then very young and very careless, he incurred divers debts, for which the myrmidons of the law were troubling him; on such occasions it was his wont to run off to a place called the Sanctuary, within the precincts of which a debtor's person is unassailable; scarcely a day passed but Mr. B— might be seen flying along the streets with an officer after him. All this damnified the respectability of the establishment, and at last the manager told his comedian that he wanted a walking and not a *running* gentleman, and they must part. A man that cannot keep out of debt when he is receiving a good salary, has seldom much chance of doing so when he receives none, therefore poor B— was soon in such a state that he could not move out of the Sanctuary at all; he applied to the manager to allow him to take a benefit; it was granted, and his creditors consented to let him remain unmolested until the night was over. The house was well filled, the pieces chosen were "Folly as it flies," and "Cassius who can."—Mr. B— winding up the joke by absconding the moment the curtain fell. The manager was so annoyed that he paid the amount of B—'s liabilities; but was as much surprised as pleased, a month or two afterwards, to receive the sum per post, with this laconic epistle—

"With the heartfelt thanks and deep acknowledgments of

"THE RUNNING GENTLEMAN."

*Formation of our Theatres.*—All the old theatres were wider *across* than from the curtain to the boxes—all our new ones are the reverse—the old mode bringing the audience nearer the actors was of course most favourable to sight, and I believe not injurious to sound. The theatre in Goodman's-fields, where Garrick first acted in 1741, was as *wide* as the present Haymarket theatre, though in depth from the front of the boxes to the curtain it was *twenty-two feet less* than in that theatre.

	Distance from front of the boxes to curtain.	Distance from box to box across the pit.
Italian Opera-house . . . . .	90 feet	62 feet
Covent-garden . . . . .	63	50
Drury-lane . . . . .	61	50
English Opera . . . . .	54	42
Haymarket . . . . .	47	35
Victoria . . . . .	40	35
Olympic . . . . .	34	30
Fitzroy (Tottenham-street) . . . . .	38	22

The Victoria, from its peculiar formation, holds as many persons as Drury-lane; on one occasion 3,800 paid in one night there.

The greatest theatrical season within the last quarter of a century was that commencing September 1810, and ending in May 1811, when Covent-garden Theatre took 98,110*l.*; season 28-29 the receipts at the same theatre were only 41,029*l.*

CHAPTERS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A DECEASED  
LAWYER. NO. IV.

IF we were to hear in the present day that a young gentleman of fortune and rank, in the very heart of England, surrounded by his family, friends, and servants, residing in the mansion of his ancestors, were, in the prime of life, and in excellent health, cut off from the land of the living, and that, too, under circumstances which could not fail to impress on the mind of the most unsuspicious a belief that he had been unfairly dealt by,—we should, I think, be disposed to wonder at the temerity which could hazard the commission of such a crime, from whatever motive it might spring, where the certainty of detection appeared so clearly manifest. But if, in addition to this, we were to be told that the mother of the young man and some of his domestics had witnessed the last agonies of his dissolution, rendered more fearful by the unnatural death of which he died—that facts, which could neither be doubted nor misconstrued, seemed to point to a very near relative as his murderer—that his guardian resided at the distance only of a morning's ride, and his apothecary but two miles from the place of his death—and that no inquiry was instituted into the cause of this unexpected event, but that he was buried just as if he had been visited after the common visitation of all men—and that it was owing to the firmness, and perhaps obstinacy, of a young man, utterly unconnected with him by either acquaintance or blood—that, after he had been consigned to the tomb, the grave was called upon again to resign its tenant, and expose him to the examination of professional skill, to ascertain the cause of his death;—we should, I am persuaded, unless convinced by undoubted testimony, be disposed to fancy that the narrator was trifling with our credulity, by palming upon us the wild and exaggerated picture of his own imagination, instead of giving to us a representation of an occurrence in real life. The facts, however, are perfectly true: they were proved incontestably to the eyes and ears of thousands; and though now remembered by few, are worthy of being brought under the notice of all.

Sir Constantine Barrington was a baronet, of an old family, and considerable fortune, residing on his paternal estate in ———shire. His mother resided with him, as well as his sister and her husband, a gentleman of the name of Morton. Sir Constantine had been educated at Eton, and after passing a short time at Cambridge, was, at the period of a few months before the expiration of his minority, residing with the relatives I have mentioned, at his family-seat. Had Sir Constantine lived to attain the age of twenty-one, he would have had in his own power, and at his own disposal, the whole of an opulent fortune; in the event of his dying before that time, the greater part of it descended to his sister and her husband. About two months before the time at which he was to be of age, he had proposed to spend that interval in a visit to a college friend who resided in Northamptonshire. He had, at the time of which I am now speaking, been attended by his family apothecary for a slight disorder which he had contracted at Cambridge; and on Tuesday evening, the 29th of August, in the year ———, that gentleman had made up a draught, and sent it by a servant of Sir Constantine, for the purpose of its being taken by him on the Wednesday morning.

Sir Constantine had spent the Tuesday evening with some of his men-servants in the diversion of fishing. He returned in good health and spirits, gave some directions about household matters, ate a hearty supper, and retired to bed. He was called by a servant at an early hour on the following morning, jumped out of bed to reach something from a closet in the room, and appeared in perfect health. About seven, Lady Barrington, his mother, got up, and went into his room, as he had before desired her to do, for the purpose of giving him his medicine. He desired her to reach down the draught, which was standing on a shelf—she did so, and poured it into a cup. He had not swallowed above half of it, when he complained that it was so nauseous to the taste and disagreeable to the smell, that he feared he should not be able to keep it on his stomach. This observation led her to smell the draught, and she described the smell as exactly resembling the taste of bitter almonds. He swallowed the whole of it, washed his mouth with a little water, and lay down again. In a very few minutes after he appeared to be in a considerable degree of agony; his stomach heaved, and his eyes seemed much affected. These emotions, however, his mother at the time conceived to be his efforts to resist the bringing up of the medicine. She took no further notice at the moment; but as he became more composed, she thought he was going to sleep, and left the room. She returned in about ten minutes, when to her inexpressible horror and astonishment she found her son in the agonies of death—his eyes fixed—his teeth clenched—his stomach heaving violently—and a considerable quantity of foam issuing from his mouth. She instantly called up her son-in-law, Mr. Morton, and despatched a servant for the apothecary.

On Mr. Morton entering the room, she observed, “Good God, what medicine could Mr. Thomson have sent? I am satisfied it would have killed a dog if he had swallowed it.” The answer was—“Where is the bottle?” She pointed to it—he took it down, poured water into it, rinsed it, and threw the contents into a basin of dirty water. Lady B. remonstrated upon the impropriety of this conduct, desiring every thing to be left untouched till Mr. Thomson arrived. While the unfortunate young man was lying in the agonies of death, Mr. Morton insisted on the maid-servant taking down the bottle and dirty water, and cleansing the room; and in spite of Lady Barrington’s entreaties, this was done. The apothecary arrived shortly after, and Mr. Morton instantly began to explain to him that Sir Constantine had been out late the night before fishing, and had taken cold, and that cold had occasioned his death. Not a word was said about the medicine that had been taken, or its effects—no inquiry was made as to the mode of his death, but Mr. Thomson left the house without the slightest examination, and apparently satisfied with the explanation which he had received.

A letter was written by Mr. Morton to Sir William Archer, the guardian of the deceased, in the following words:—

“Dear Sir—I am sorry to be the communicator of Sir Constantine’s death to you, which happened this morning; he has been for some time past under the care of Mr. Thomson for a similar complaint to that which he had at Cambridge. Lady B. and my wife are inconsolable: they join me in best respects to Lady Archer and yourself.

“I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

“JOHN MORTON.”

Nothing further happened to excite observation, until the Monday following the death. The body had been put into the coffin, and soldered down on the Saturday; but on the Monday a letter was written by Sir William Archer to Mr. Morton, stating that a rumour had reached him that Sir Constantine must have died of poison, and requesting him to have the body opened, naming at the same time the medical gentlemen whom he wished to be present. Mr. Morton answered this communication by a note, stating the approbation of himself and the family that the body should be opened, and received in reply a second letter from Sir William, saying, he was happy to find the family in that disposition—that he could not come over himself—and that it would be of no use his doing so, as the medical men were the proper persons to act. The persons named by Sir William, three in number, were sent for by Mr. Morton, and arrived at the house on the Monday evening. On their arrival he showed them the *second* letter of Sir William's, but made no mention of the first. The medical men asked why they were to open the body? To which he answered, that it was for the satisfaction of the family. They were then shown into the room where the body lay, which, being at that time in a state of putrefaction, and no mention being made of any suspicions as to the cause of the death, they declined meddling with it, as it appeared they could not do so without some risk of personal danger to themselves.

On the next day, a surgeon residing in the neighbourhood, hearing that the body had not been opened, called at the house, and expressed his readiness to open it at all hazards to himself. His offer was declined, on the ground that, as he had not been named by Sir William Archer, and as the other gentlemen had declined the task, it would be unfair to them to permit him to make the experiment. Mr. Morton wrote the same day to Sir William, stating that he had had great pleasure in sending for the medical gentlemen—that he had given them his letter to peruse, and act as it directed—that they had proceeded accordingly, and had fully satisfied the family; and adding a wish that Sir William should hear all the particulars from themselves. The letter then went on to state, that Sir Constantine had used medicines that were likely to be injurious to him, in order to repel a disease which he had contracted. Sir William was satisfied with this letter, feeling assured that the body had been opened; but the next morning learning that that was not the case, he desired that somebody should be sent for, naming the surgeon who had volunteered to open it and another, and that, at all events, it should be opened. When these gentlemen arrived the body was represented to be in so high a state of putrefaction, that it could not be touched without great danger, and nothing was done. Another letter was written to Sir William, referring him again to the first set of medical men, as to the state in which they found the body some days before, and that it was the intention of the family to have Sir Constantine interred on that day at three o'clock, it being the eighth day since he died, but that they would postpone doing so, if Sir William wished anything further to be done, adding, that one of the gentlemen who had seen the body should be sent with the letter, to answer any inquiries that he might desire to make.

No answer being received from Sir William, the corpse was buried between three and four o'clock on the Wednesday afternoon; but by this time reports had been circulating, that Sir Constantine had not

come fairly to his death, and the surgeon who had volunteered to open the body had been loud in the expression of his opinion of foul play having been used, though suspicion was not particularly directed to any one. Several gentlemen in the neighbourhood, being roused by these observations, insisted that the body should be disinterred, and the coroner and a jury be summoned to investigate the circumstances of the death. This was accordingly done. Lady Barrington, Mr. Morton, and indeed the whole family, were examined as witnesses; and when her ladyship was relating the history of her son's death, and had mentioned the fact of Mr. Morton's having washed the bottle in spite of all opposition, he was observed to pull her by the sleeve, as if to check her from giving that remarkable circumstance in evidence. It is not material to state the whole of what took place before the coroner; it will be sufficient to mention that upon the result of that investigation Mr. Morton was committed to — gaol, to take his trial for the wilful murder of Sir Constantine.

The excitement caused by the trial was of no ordinary kind, and, as usual, men's minds were much divided with respect to the guilt or innocence of the party accused. On the one hand, there were circumstances bearing so strongly against him, that it was thought impossible he could either remove or explain the suspicions which they excited; and on the other, there was such an appearance of integrity in his conduct, such a seeming anxiety to court inquiry as was thought inconsistent with the supposition of his having anything to fear from the result of an investigation. What added to the intensity of the interest was, that as the day of trial approached, it was rumoured that the prisoner had asserted that the real criminal was a person still more nearly connected with Sir Constantine than himself—that letters had been written by him during his confinement in prison, in which this had been—not cautiously insinuated, but boldly advanced; and that he intended to offer to the jury evidence to substantiate the charge. The personal character, too, of the judge who was to try Mr. Morton had no small share, particularly among professional men, in giving rise to speculation as to what his conduct would be on the occasion. Mr. Justice Buller, who in after years attained a reputation almost unequalled, and especially for his knowledge of the principles of evidence, and their application to the examination of witnesses, was, at the time of which we are speaking, comparatively little known. He was regarded rather as a favourite child of fortune, who had been prematurely elevated to the judicial bench, than as a grave and experienced lawyer, whose knowledge and practice would be sufficient to guide himself, and the jury whom he was to direct to the attainment of truth, amid the jarring elements of discordant science, and the subtle disquisitions of learned disputants. His success at the bar had been very slight; or it would be more correct to say that he had been unsuccessful. A relative and protégé of the Lord Chancellor Bathurst, he had obtained a silk gown at a very early period of his life, in the hope of procuring leading business. In this his expectations had been disappointed; and after waiting a few years in looking for briefs which never came to him, he accepted the first judgeship that became vacant, and was raised to the bench before he was thirty years of age. At the time of Morton's trial, he had been but few circuits, and had had no opportunity of displaying those great powers which afterwards so emi-

nently distinguished him. Conscious of his own deficiencies, he endeavoured to supply them from the resources of another, and he prevailed upon an able physician to sit by him during the trial, whose learning might assist him in understanding the difficulties and confuting the fallacies by which he expected to be assailed. \* This physician was the late Dr. Vaughan, then practising with the highest reputation at Leicester, the father of the present distinguished President of the College of Physicians, and of four other sons, whose singular praise it has been, by their own talents, unaided either by interest or patronage, to have made ample fortunes for themselves, and four out of the five to have attained the highest honours in their respective professions of physic, divinity, diplomacy, and law.

The trial commenced with the evidence of Mr. Thomson the apothecary, from whose testimony it appeared that he had, about two months previously to the young baronet's decease, attended him for a slight complaint—that for three weeks he had given him simple medicines—had discontinued them for a short time, and subsequently sent to him four other draughts of the same character, the last being on Tuesday, the 29th of August, and being composed of rhubarb and jalap. There was of course nothing in this medicine which could be injurious, nor had it the smell mentioned by Lady Barrington. The servant who fetched the medicine proved that he delivered the same which he received from Mr. Thomson into the hands of Sir Constantine himself. Here, then, it became palpable that, by some means or other, the draught had been changed. What had been substituted, and by whom, and whether the composition so substituted was the cause of his death, were then the important questions. The first would have been at the present day one of no difficult solution—the ingenuity of a modern chemist would have easily discovered its nature—but in those days the knowledge of it was attained by many anxious, troublesome, but at length convincing experiments. It was a distillation of laurel leaves, commonly known by the name of laurel water. So little were its properties understood, that I believe in the whole range of history four instances only could be found in which it had been known to destroy animal life. As soon, however, as the medical men satisfied themselves that they had accurately ascertained the nature of the poison, they applied themselves with unwearied assiduity to investigate the precise quantity which could be taken with impunity, and the exact time necessary to make its deadly qualities appear. A whole hecatomb of animals was sacrificed in the prosecution of this inquiry, the result of which demonstrated that a much less quantity than that which Sir Constantine had taken would be sufficient to produce the effects which his mother witnessed.

Several medical men were called as witnesses: not merely those who had attended the examination of the body, but others who were to pronounce their opinions upon the facts as disclosed in evidence. The result of the *post mortem* inquiry, indeed, produced nothing that could be called satisfactory. Putrefaction had advanced too rapidly to enable any man to offer a confident judgment as to what had been the cause of death. All that appeared was consistent with the supposition that Sir Constantine had died from natural causes: though there was nothing which militated against the belief that poison had been administered to him. This test failing, the only remaining one by which light could be



thrown upon the subject was to be found in the symptoms immediately preceding his dissolution. Upon these, deposed to not only by Lady Barrington, but the two female servants who together with herself had witnessed his last agonies, many individuals, medical as well as surgical, delivered a very decided opinion that poison had caused his death. On their cross-examination by the counsel for Mr. Morton, they remained unshaken : they pointed out the different appearances which would have resulted from epilepsy or apoplexy, the only two natural causes to which his sudden death could be attributed, and united in describing them as varying in most essential particulars from those which they had heard related. These persons, however, though deservedly eminent in their profession, were all of them practitioners residing in the country ; and they all admitted that they had never actually seen a human being destroyed by the effects of such a vegetable poison as this was supposed to be. Still their conviction on the subject remained unaltered ; and they received all the hypotheses which was presented to them, to account for the death from any other cause, with a smile of incredulity, or an expression of contempt.

In opposition to this testimony adduced on the part of the prosecution, a gentleman was examined on behalf of the prisoner, whose evidence, though unconfirmed by any other witness, and resting, therefore, solely on the character of the person advancing it, was looked upon by many as more than counterbalancing the host that appeared against him. This gentleman was the celebrated John Hunter, then in the very zenith of his fame, the most eminent anatomist in Europe, and probably better skilled in the knowledge of the effects of poisons upon animal life than any man who had ever lived. He had, to make use of his own expression, during thirty-three years dissected many thousands of human bodies, and poisoned still more thousands of animals : he said he had listened with attention and anxiety to the evidence given by Lady Barrington, as well as the opinions of the professional men ; and expressed a most decided conviction that, from the symptoms described by her ladyship, no certain inference, upon physical or chirurgical principles, could be drawn to enable any man to pronounce that Sir Constantine's death was occasioned by poison at all. He said that the symptoms of apoplexy or epilepsy *would* have been very nearly, and *might* have been entirely, similar to those which he had heard : that one, upon which considerable reliance had been placed as indicating the presence of poison, the froth or foam issuing from the mouth, was nothing more than a general effect produced in all sudden deaths, where the person dying was previously in a state of perfect health : and that in fact from its appearance, if he were obliged to form a conjecture as to the cause of death, he should be inclined to attribute it to apoplexy. He regretted that the body had not been opened at an earlier period after dissolution, as that would have removed all difficulty and doubt ; but without that criterion to guide the judgment, he felt confidently persuaded that all endeavours to ascertain the cause could be at best but idle speculation, without anything like a probability of ascertaining the truth.

Such was the testimony adduced upon two out of the three questions, the solution of which was to decide the fate at least, if not the guilt or innocence, of the prisoner : the remaining\* difficulty was to ascertain who had placed in the bottle the liquid which had been administered to

Sir Constantine. Upon this part of the case there was not, nor perhaps could there be expected to be, any direct evidence against him. It was proved, however, that for many months preceding the lamentable event, Mr. Morton had been in the habit, both in conversation and writing, of describing the Baronet's health as being in a most desperate condition, arising in a great degree from the incautious use of medicines which he had taken for a disorder alluded to before as having been contracted at the University. He had represented his constitution as undermined, his complexion totally altered, his mental as well as bodily powers nearly exhausted, and his frame as being in a condition utterly incapable of resisting any attack upon it. He had declared to two or three persons that such was the nature of the medicines which Sir Constantine was accustomed to take, that the different members of his family avoided with great caution touching anything which he had touched, or even eating of the same dishes at table. From the account given by Lady Barrington, the whole of these representations were grossly exaggerated, and some of them altogether untrue. The obvious inference sought by the counsel for the prosecution to be drawn from these unfounded representations made by the prisoner, was that by the frequent repetition of these assertions among the friends and relatives of the deceased as well as among strangers, he was gradually preparing the public mind for an event which he had intended to bring about, that when it really did happen, it might be regarded as an occurrence perfectly natural, instead of being looked upon with suspicion or wonder.

Opposed to these facts, and for the purpose of rebutting any supposition that Mr. Morton entertained designs against Sir Constantine's life, it was elicited from Lady Barrington on her cross-examination, as well as proved by other express testimony, that he had on several occasions interfered, and perhaps succeeded in saving that life, under circumstances when his interference could only be attributed to a motive of regard and affection. It appeared that twice Sir Constantine had been engaged in a challenge; that on both occasions he had sent for Mr. Morton, who had with considerable difficulty prevented a duel from taking place; and that on one occasion matters had proceeded to such an extremity with a French gentleman, a perfect master of his weapon, that the prisoner had succeeded in withdrawing the Baronet from the consequences of a very gross insult which he had offered, only at the expense of being himself involved in a personal contest with his antagonist. It further appeared that Sir Constantine had in a drunken frolic insisted on climbing the steeple of a church in the neighbourhood, and that when he had done so, contrary to the remonstrances of his friends, and was in a situation of imminent peril, Mr. Morton had, at the obvious risk of his own life, succeeded in rescuing him from a danger, the consequences of which, but for his interference, appeared so formidable, that all who witnessed the transaction expressed their belief that his life must have paid the forfeit of his temerity.

There was another circumstance, which at first sight appeared suspicious on the part of the prisoner, but which, when explained, was thought by many to afford no fair argument against him: it was this. A still was produced which he had been accustomed to use, and which showed, therefore, that he was thoroughly acquainted with the mode of preparing the deadly draught. This still he had, shortly before the

death of Sir Constantine, brought into the housekeeper's room, for the purpose of having it dried; it being then evident that it had been very recently used. But upon pursuing the examination on this subject a little farther, it was proved that for some years past Mr. Morton had been in the habit of amusing himself with distilling roses, lavender, and various scented flowers for purposes clearly innocent; that this had been done in the most open and undisguised manner, and frequently in the presence and with the assistance of the various members of the family. It was proved also that on the morning of Sir Constantine's death the prisoner had had a conversation with the gardener, in which he stated that he had long been desirous of being master, that at length he had succeeded, and that the servants should now have a very different place from what they had under their late master. This observation, to say the least of it, was brutal and unfeeling; to say the most of it, was but little more. He had also on the same morning observed to another servant who had seen him go out of the great gates of the house, "*You are my witness.*" As, however, the conversation which immediately preceded this remark was not accurately ascertained, no inference unfavourable to him could be drawn from that circumstance. The strongest fact which was adduced against him was that of his rinsing out the bottle which contained the medicine, and his plucking the sleeve of Lady Barrington when she mentioned this to the coroner. Her Ladyship also added that which she had never stated before, and therefore ought perhaps to have been received with some degree of caution, if not of suspicion, that the prisoner, after they had returned from the coroner's, had said "*he did not know what he should have done, if he had not thought of saying that he rinsed the bottle, in order to taste the contents;*" and she added, that it was not true that he had tasted it, for he had poured the whole of the contents into the basin.

Such were the material points of the evidence in this extraordinary case; and no one can entertain a doubt that it was one in which the inclination of the presiding judge would very greatly, if not altogether, guide the opinion of the jury. It was one in which a cautious man would probably have abstained either from expressing or manifesting a decided opinion one way or the other: he might, indeed, have safely abstained from any strong observations on either side; because the case was one in which the plain common sense of a jury was quite as likely to lead to a just conclusion, as the subtle ingenuity of an acute lawyer. On this occasion, however, Mr. Justice Buller summed up to the jury, in a manner which could leave no doubt on the mind of any man as to what his impression was. It certainly was the speech rather of an advocate for the prosecution, than of a judge. It hardly left to them the opportunity of finding the prisoner innocent, without, at least in his opinion, stultifying themselves. The effect was such as might have been anticipated: the jury in less than five minutes found him guilty, and he was in forty-eight hours afterwards executed; protesting to the last his innocence of the crime for which he suffered. Whether that protestation were true or false will probably now never be made known, until the day on which the secrets of all hearts are disclosed. During the long period of years which has elapsed since the trial, no facts have occurred to strengthen the probabilities on the one side or the other. Opinions have from time to time varied as to his guilt, but they can only be founded on loose and vague speculations.

## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The Speaker—The King's Speech—"Bring me no more Reports"—Violation of Law and Equity—Magisterial Morality—Perilous Politeness—Folly in Court.

THE SPEAKER.—The most important event of the past month is the dismissal of Sir Charles Manners Sutton from the chair of the House of Commons. Although we desire to avoid the discussion of political topics, and to confine ourselves as much as possible to the pleasant walks of literature, there are subjects—and this is one of them—upon which it becomes an imperative duty to offer some comments. The Right Honourable James Abercrombie is now Speaker of the House of Commons; and we must join Sir Robert Peel in congratulating him on his election, heartily wishing, for the sake of his own character, the dignity of Parliament, and the welfare of the country, that his public conduct may resemble that of his predecessor—the more closely the better; that he may also, after seventeen years' service, if his labours endure so long, retire or be rejected, as may happen, without reproach; and that he, like Sir Charles Manners Sutton, may challenge his bitterest foes to charge him with worse crimes than those of having obeyed a sudden summons to attend the councils of his Sovereign—with having subsequently paid a morning visit to the First Minister of the Crown—and with having dined at the house of an old friend, his family physician. If Mr. Abercrombie leaves as few blots upon the records of his life, Mr. Abercrombie's reputation will be an enviable one—that it may be so, we devoutly pray. The Speaker is undoubtedly a gentleman of high character and of considerable talents: if he has held a sinecure, he has only imitated those who have gone before him—picked up a good thing that must have been found by somebody. His temper also—a matter of much importance—is, we understand, gentle and conciliating; and, it is said, he is likely to adopt a course—in which his predecessor was so eminently successful—of stilling angry passions, encouraging the timid neophyte, and listening with impartial ear to arguments from right or left. Time, too, will bring experience—year after year he will gather information as to forms and precedents—and although he is not a young man, he is, we believe, of sound constitution, so that he will be able to endure the long and wearisome confinements in a crowded assembly and unwholesome atmosphere, to which, night after night, and generally until cock-crow, his election has condemned him. For our own parts—but tastes differ—we should be loth to exchange our ease and sofa for his chair and dignity. The Speaker's life is, during the session, one of unmitigated toil—he can neither obtain sick leave nor pair off. Social pleasure and domestic enjoyment are unknown to him—there he sits, in his cushioned seat, robed and wigged, from sun-set to sun-rise, listening to lengthy proser upon roads, bridges, and parish prentices at noon, and from eve till dawn turning "attentive ear" to dull debaters, and denied, the while, even the privilege of a yawn. This is a self-sacrifice to which, we confess, patriotism could not conduct us.

But the topic involves considerations of far higher import. It is not denied that the attempt to unseat Sir Manners Sutton was an attempt to

overthrow the government, at the head of which is Sir Robert Peel. If the question simply regarded the Speakership, it would have mattered little which Right Honourable Gentleman took snuff in the chair, and called "Order, order," to unruly members. The point to be determined is this:—Is Great Britain to be ruled by an administration holding conservative principles, and forwarding every rational plan of reform, or is it to be governed by men who have raised an outcry against moderation, and who are certain to proceed, without considering the results, to introduce sweeping and ill-digested changes into every department of the state? Before this writing is in the hands of our readers, Sir Robert Peel may no longer preside at his Majesty's councils; and though it is improbable that he will be immediately succeeded by a Premier of ultra-radical principles, is it likely that his successor will continue in office without obtaining the co-operation of the extremes of an extreme party? "The rapids are near"—the hand of Providence may guide the state-vessel through the perils that environ it; but he is a bold man who undertakes to point out the human power that can steer it into a safe harbour.

**THE KING'S SPEECH.**—The Speech from the Throne was delivered on the 24th by his Majesty in person. The King proceeded, with the usual state, from St. James's, and was received with loud and continued cheers by the largest crowd we ever saw assembled in the vicinity of the two Houses of Parliament. The Speech was like all its predecessors—an assemblage of nothings. Such documents for the last century have been studiously framed according to an approved model. They are all of a family, and it would not be a very easy matter to distinguish one from another. The only passage worth extracting is the following:—

"I feel assured that it will be our common object, in supplying that which may be defective, or in renovating that which may be impaired, to strengthen the foundations of those institutions in Church and State which are the inheritance and birthright of my people, and which, amidst all the vicissitudes of public affairs, have proved, under the blessing of Almighty God, the truest guarantees of their liberties, their rights, and their religion."

A long and adjourned debate afterwards took place in the Houses of Lords and Commons; an amendment having been moved in the former by Lord Melbourne, and in the latter by Lord Morpeth. The two amendments being the same in substance, expressing disapprobation of the dissolution of Parliament, and a desire that effectual reform might be introduced with respect to the state of corporations, and to the laws relating to Dissenters—the amendment being, in fact, "as full of nothing" as the Speech. Occasion was however given to Sir Robert Peel to state the grounds on which he expected the confidence of the country, and the support of its representatives. The Right Honourable Baronet delivered as sound, and as eloquent an address as was ever heard within the walls of Parliament, and announced a variety of rational and practical reforms, contemplated by Government, which cannot fail to satisfy the nation, and to restore our hopes of tranquillity and prosperity, under a wise, an energetic, and a prudent administration. The debate is not likely to conclude before it is too late for us to record the result. We trust it will be such as to enable Sir Robert Peel to mature the many and vast improvements of which he has given notice—and that a *faction* opposition will not prevent him from redeeming the pledges he has given.

"BRING ME NO MORE REPORTS."—His Majesty's faithful reporters have assembled for the Session in a new gallery, built expressly and exclusively for their reception. The duty of a reporter was and is to hold the mirror up to Parliament; and this duty he generally discharges with so much precision and fidelity, that any false reflection or broken image which may occur at rare intervals in the glass, from an unlucky shake of the hand that holds it, is sure to set the eyes and (alas!) the mouths of several millions of people wide open. We remember the day when a reporter was regarded as a fallible human being,—a creature liable to mistake and error,—an animal with only one pair of ears, and hands to match. Nothing was looked for from him beyond the ordinary performances of uninspired mortality. He was not supposed to possess preternatural powers: perfection was not required of him. He needed a no more extraordinary set of faculties, a no larger capacity and understanding than sufficed for a Member of Parliament. He was not required to be a greater genius than the Minister of the Crown. He stood excused in those days for not hearing what was inaudible,—for not setting down in his report what the speech-maker never said,—and for not omitting what the speech-maker (upon reflection) wished unspoken. He passed without accusation of breach of privilege, though he failed to make the classical member's broken metaphors whole, or to correct his much-applauded misquotation of Horace. Nay, it was no sin to be innocent of the knowledge of persons, or deaf to particular voices,—to allude to Sir Robert Peel, perhaps, as "an honourable member whose name we could not learn," or to describe the late ex-member for Preston as the utterer of some remarks "which were inaudible in the gallery." How differently are they now judged! Since that day—to use a Parliamentary style of figure—short-hand has taken long strides; and burdens too heavy for porters have devolved upon reporters. People now-a-days require them to be composed of the quintessence of dust; they are nothing if not perfect. They must be all-accomplished, ever-active, ever-knowing, free from bias, and superior to the vulgar influences of sleep. They must comprehend all opinions, and have none of their own; respect all principles, but those that come most home to their own convictions. They must be prodigies.

To the conduct of the reporters in this first session of the second Reformed Parliament we look with the deepest anxiety. The eyes of Europe are upon them, as they sit with their ever-pointed pencils in their new gallery,—one of the most conspicuous features of the new house. The spirit of the whole people "gets upon its legs," and conjures them to be brief. The one petition of the three kingdoms is, for a return to the good old *short-hand* system. The "Mirror of Parliament" just out is an awful volume. Three thousand, four hundred, and eighty closely printed folio pages, of the sayings of a single session! Whatever the doings of the new House may be, let us hope that it will say less about them. Five columns per diem, the session through, is really too much for the most talkative; and the reporters will think so, unless their ears be as long as the speeches of the orators.

Already there has been a furious and protracted discussion out of Parliament on a reported expression of Sir C. M. Sutton's; and we observed a few others that seem to have escaped by miracle. One in an evening paper, where the reporter made Lord Francis Egerton allude to "the two Houses of Parliament, which had lately been destroyed by

fire, and *which* he regarded as a great national calamity." There are Lords and Gentlemen in existence who would work a monstrous libel-case out of this, or bring an army of editors and publishers to the bar of the House. All praise to Lord Francis for his forbearance.

**VIOLATION OF LAW AND EQUITY.**—The records of two of our Courts, this month, contain accounts of as singular violations of the sanctity of the tribunals before which they occurred, as the march of moderation and morality ever brought to view. The Court of King's Bench and the Vice-Chancellor's Court are those to which we allude.

In the first of these, O'Gorman Mahon (who calls out every man that calls him "Mr.") performed an exploit which, as he was once member for Clare, may be thought to qualify him for the representation of Claremarket. Being defeated in an action which he had brought against a Mr. Wigley, and inflamed by some abusive language that had been *indulged in* (to use the expressive term common in these cases) by the parties at the close of the trial, he struck Mr. Wigley a violent blow, and dislocated his jaw. This was almost within the eye, and absolutely within the hearing, of the Court. The new judge, Mr. Justice Coleridge, would have possessed far more philosophy, and far less pettish justice, than his illustrious nanecake, had he passed a milder sentence upon the law-and-jaw breaker than three days' imprisonment. It is not a little extraordinary that the learned Judge himself has not yet been called out for differing in opinion with the honourable ex-member concerning the propriety of the assault;—O'Gorman having, if we read aright the Irish correspondence of one of the morning papers, lately compelled somebody to fight a duel with him for presuming to doubt that the gentleman who married the charming Mary Anne Tree, of Covent-garden theatre, was Bradshaw the *regicide*!

In the second of these Courts, the Vice-Chancellor's, a professional gentleman complained a few days since to his Honour that, while conversing with counsel on the subject of some suit in Court, he felt his pocket attacked, and immediately discovered that, though his property was safe, his coat had been cut with a sharp instrument. His Honour communicated this circumstance to the Court, as he had previously done to Sir F. Roe, with an appeal for protection; observing that the "frightful extent to which the robberies in the Court had increased called loudly for some very powerful remedy." A solitary police-constable is the very powerful remedy which the reader would be prompted to prescribe in such a case, and one such protector would be enough in any other Court; but in this!—Mrs. Partington herself labours not so hopelessly. Why, the "Times" assures us that a system of successful and uninterrupted plunder has been going on here for months, by an organised gang of active and undaunted rogues. They compose, we suspect, a Thieves' Union. No class of individuals, we are told, has escaped the general plunder—counsel, solicitors, clerks, *clients*, reporters, short-hand writers, students, and spectators, have all in their turn been victims. We can readily conceive that the clients are plundered. Though numerous the victims, they are not more various than the valuables purloined. "Hats, coats, cloaks, umbrellas, &c., have been stolen, without detection, from the very sides of their owners; jewellery has been taken from the persons, as well as money and *silk* handkerchiefs from the pockets, of those who happened to be off

their guard or professionally engaged." Well may a court, wherein such vice is practised with scarce a chance of detection, be called the Vice-Chancellor's Court. But was there ever anything so mysterious? If our suspicion be correct, Sir F. Roc may as well

———— be set  
To catch the nimble wind, or get  
Shadows gliding on the green."

Magic must be at the bottom of it, or there must be something in the very air of the place that breeds the roguish propensity, and wafts the indulger of it out of reach. These can be no human robberies. The hands that can perform such feats must have heels to match their fingers, and be light-footed as Mercury. They must be fairy-thieves. Can it be possible that the ghost of some old lawyer, who practised as counsel in the Court years and years ago, has returned to the haunts so familiar to it in the flesh, and thus resumes its worldly occupations on a smaller, but not less successful scale? Can the spirit of some long-departed occupant of the judgment-seat be thus employing itself in interpreting and illustrating the law, which, as we are reminded by Mr. Jonathan Wild, happily settles the otherwise endless disputes between *meum* and *tuum* by converting both into *suum*? Or, which is far more probable, and indeed well worthy of belief, are these pilfering pranks the work or pastime of deceased clients, whose apparitions daily assemble on the spot where they met the mortal blow in beggary or a broken heart; and, out of a spirit of retaliation, help themselves to whatsoever they may find? We will not decide; but we warn and advise the barristers in this Vice-Chancery Court to wear guards to their wigs as they do to their watches, and to chain the pens and ink to the desk as they chain the knives and forks at certain dinner-tables for mixed company in the metropolis.

MAGISTERIAL MORALITY.—Not a day passes without presenting more than one police-office scene, which, however little the reality—from frequent repetition, or hard, relentless prejudice—may affect the beholders of it, would, if translated into fiction upon the stage, startle the imagination and shock the sensibilities of a whole audience. We do not refer to the cases of the guilty, but the innocent; not to the wilful, but the unconscious offenders; not to the morally depraved, but the merely poor; not to the heartless, but the hungry and the homeless. We are disposed to make every possible allowance for the perplexities of the magisterial position, and for the impossibility of administering some of our existing laws, without dealing a harsh and heavy blow where a wise spirit of justice would award a healing and generous balm. We are aware, too, that a constant exhibition of the worst features of depravity, an hourly experience of the craft of low hypocrisy, a revolting insight into all the inner workings and promptings of ignorant and brutalized natures, must almost of necessity obliterate from the mind the finer discrimination that may be natural to it, and dry up the springs of pity and tenderness in the heart. The administrators of police law are thus liable to be insensibly led on to confound the squalor of misery with the loathsomeness of guilt,—to mistake the lines of want and suffering in the face for the stamp of plodding vice, or the workings of remorse; and, knowing well how poverty generates crime, to treat innocent wretchedness with the same severe and uncommiserating regard which is turned upon the hardened guilt that may be its offspring. They treat houseless innocence



as the "serpent's egg," and "kill it in the shell," because experience whispers them it will become mischievous.

That a few of our metropolitan police-magistrates are humane and enlightened men we will not for an instant dispute: that many of them have wholly lost whatever fitness for their high offices they originally had, no reader of the daily papers can deny. In this last and most numerous class are some that are noticeable only for want of temper, want of feeling, and want of knowledge of everything but the sharp, hard points of the law, and of the most skilful and dexterous mode of dragging their helpless victims over them,—

"Tearing their pleasures with rough strife  
Thorough the iron gates of life."

The sins of the police, in exercising the fiercest rigour against the labouring poor—the cheap fish or apple vender—may be laid, in numerous instances, at the magisterial door; from which, after some cold-hearted and tyrannical exploit, they generally issue with commendation instead of rebuke. How shocking to every man who has a regard, not for the higher humanities, but the mere ordinary decencies of society, was that capture of the basket of a poor fruit-woman seized at the same time with the pangs of labour! with the subsequent exclamations, by way of moral, of the magistrate—"She has got her basket back again, hasn't she?—*the fruit is eaten!*" And there was a case the other day, where a poor creature's stock in trade was seized or upset, because she had set it upon the edge of the pavement for a minute or two, *while she suckled her child*. These gratuitous outrages would not be perpetrated if there were not certain magistrates to smile complacently upon them.

We pass over, however, the numerous examples to be found in the past month's records of what Leigh Hunt has most touchingly and truly portrayed, in the expression of "flush-cheeked famine, door-pillowed despair," for the purpose of placing before the reader one of the most remarkable specimens of "question and answer" ever heard in a police-office. It occurred at Hatton Garden, in a case of assault committed by a brutal fellow upon his wife. An old woman was called as a witness. Upon receiving the Bible to be sworn, she curtsied reverently, and the magistrate was informed that she was a Catholic. Being questioned upon this point, she confessed "she was a kind of one." The following then ensued:—

"Mr. Laing.—What do you mean by a kind of one? Are you a Catholic?"

Mrs. Shea.—If I am, *I am a very bad one.*

Mr. Laing.—What were you brought up to?—what is your belief?

Mrs. Shea.—My belief is that he kicked her.

Mr. Laing.—What is your religion?—are you a Catholic?

Mrs. Shea.—Well, well, don't hurry me. I am a—I am not a Catholic.

Mr. Laing.—Why are you not a Catholic?

Mrs. Shea.—*Because I never attend to it,* and I am willing to confess that I have done very bad things, and things which I ought not to have done, and were better left alone, yer wertchip."

Here, at least, is a conscientious and self-rebuking feeling displayed, which a high sense of the charities of religion would see something to respect and raise up from its misgiving. How does Mr. Laing treat the candid culprit who confesses to him? He does not spare her:—

"Mr. Laing.—Do you believe in future rewards and punishments?"

Mrs. Shea.—Faith, I don't know. I believe in the present.

Mr. Laing.—Do you know the nature of an oath?

Mrs. Shea.—Arrah, to be sure, isn't it to *spake the truth*; and isn't it for that thing I came here?

Mr. Laing.—Is it a good or bad thing to tell lies?

Mrs. Shea.—Och! indeed, then I believe it is *bad*."

Mrs. Shea's moral creed, it may be seen, whatever her religious one is to be called, has its redeeming points. Mr. Laing, however, is unmerciful in his zeal for investigation into the awful mysteries of her belief. She says it is a bad thing to tell lies, and he rejoins that "he must treat her as a *child*."

"Mr. Laing.—I see we must treat you as a child. Where will you go to if you tell lies?

Mrs. Shea.—Faith, then, I don't know.

Mr. Laing.—Where will bad people go to after their death?

Mrs. Shea.—Where will bad people go to after death? Why, I suppose where God A'mighty plaises.

Mr. Laing.—What punishment will befall you after death, if you do wrong in this world?

Mrs. Shea.—I lave that all to God A'mighty himself."

The conclusion of all this was, that Mr. Laing ordered the witness to stand back, observing that he "certainly should not receive the testimony of such a woman!"

It is far from us to mingle with our feelings, upon such grave matters as these, a spirit of levity; but an intimate knowledge of the principles and practices of their metropolitan worship almost disposes us to ask seriously, with the laughing Olympic dramatist, "How can a sitting magistrate be an upright man?"

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PERILOUS POLITENESS.—The first time we go into the city, and have occasion to employ a hackney-coach, we shall look out for John Dixon, No. 1007. This worthy person was actually brought up before the Lord Mayor the other day, on a charge of continually obstructing the highway; and the complainants attempted to aggravate the case by dwelling on the "*uncommonly polite manner in which he received the threats and censures of the inhabitants*." His practice was described in the following terms:—"Whenever any serious stoppage took place, he was sure to be seen at the head of it, *bowing and scraping*, while waggon drivers and carmen, and the mass of other people on business, were *cursing and swearing* at the delay." This is really too bad. A civil hackney-coachman objected to! a conspiracy to make John Dixon vulgar! This is evidently the whole thing; for what is half an hour's obstruction in a case of this sort to a dozen words of civility? Truly

"An ounce of sweet is worth a pound of sour."

Only think of the great *example* John Dixon holds forth. A little leaven leaveneth the mass, and another Dixon would probably effect a revolution—we should have all hackney-coachmen polite. To inflict an injury on such a civil curiosity is to retard the progress of the moral world, that a few fat citizens may get up Cheapside a little faster. This is one of the cases in which the "outward show elaborate" is worth far more than the "inward less exact."

But let us go on with this case. The Lord Mayor is stern, John Dixon calm and equable. The envious complainants, surly fellows every one we dare be sworn, push the charge. Mark now the dialogue. Lord Mayor Winchester, gruffly—"I fine you 10s. and costs, and the next

time you act so politely I shall fine you 20s." John Dixon, hackney-coachman, with a sweet smile—"I return your Lordship many thanks. I know I deserve it all, and much more, but I hope your Lordship will give me a little time to pay the money." The rejoinder of the magistrate will be scarcely credited—"Come, will you pay, or go to prison?" In this trying position John Dixon does not desert himself. We have no idle or impudent affectation, nothing of the dashing bravura style. Courteously, and with the air and manner of a Chesterfield, he merely remarks, "Please your Lordship, I'd rather save your Lordship and your officers as much trouble as I can, and I'll pay the fine with the greatest pleasure." "He then," says the reporter, who is evidently moved himself by the suavity of the whole proceeding, on the part of Dixon, "most respectfully put the amount into the hands of the officer in waiting." If ever there was a man who deserved encouragement, we again say it is this martyr—John Dixon. Observe how consistent he is to the very last. On leaving the office, we are told, he expressed his thankfulness to the Lord Mayor, as if he had received a present instead of a castigation at his Lordship's hands, and retired, declaring that "he would give twice the money for the honour of a little more conversation with his Lordship." This it is to play the part of a philosopher. To resign one's self to injuries is much, but how much more is it to turn them, as Jack Falstaff says, and John Dixon does, "into commodities?"

**FOLLY IN COURT.**—A case which occurred the other day in the Insolvent Debtor's Court has affected us. We will quote it precisely as it appeared in the papers:—

"George Folly, a curious-looking personage, dressed in the old style, whose age was upwards of seventy, applied upon his petition to be discharged. His appearance occasioned some laughter; he was, it appeared, imprisoned for a sum of 6l. 10s. due for rent; he owed but a few shillings besides.

Mr. Commissioner Harris.—Well, what is your name, Folly or Polly? (His face resembling the contour of the chattering bird.)

Insolvent.—Why, Folly, to be sure. (Laughter.)

Mr. Commissioner Harris.—I see you have paid your tradesmen well; you only owe a few shillings besides your rent. You have never been used to read or write, have you?

Folly said he had not: *when he was a child people did not send their children to school.*

The insolvent was discharged.—*He had on a pair of buckskin breeches he had actually worn for upwards of twenty years.*"

We have him before us—

"The manners and the pomp of elder days"

become a shadow, or a thing to laugh at! Folly, we will not laugh at you. You represent the past, and are a thing respectable, though now, finding yourself six pounds minus in the balance of the great worldly ledger, you have found yourself therefore shut up next door to a felon. When this is so, shall we not ask with you, why the world has gone to school since your youth? Wherefore do they pique themselves on being better for their Knowledge? Truly they have meddled with its "beams" only to scorch themselves and others. History is a mere matter of dry dates and dead intrigues, till we see it illustrated in this way. Folly is a living page of the past, and, let us add, a living reproach to the present.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Two Friends: a Novel.* By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols.

OUR lighter literature owes much, of late, to the pens of female writers. We have at this moment before us four works of fiction; one by Miss Pardoe, "*The Mardens and the Daventrys*,"—one by Lady Stepney, "*The Heir Presumptive*,"—one by the author of "*Selwyn*," and one by the Countess of Blessington; and it is but recently we have been called upon to notice volumes by Miss Landon, Lady Morgan, the lady-author of "*Marston*," Mrs. Bray, Jane Porter, Mrs. Gore, and Miss Edgeworth: we perceive also that a novel, "*The Outlaw*," is announced by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and that the Hon. Mrs. Norton is about to enter her name in the list of writers of works in three volumes. To each and to all we heartily wish success. We have been indebted to them for much enjoyment; they have employed their time wisely and profitably; they have not only wrought for our amusement, but they have laboured, and successfully, for our information.

"*The Two Friends*" is not only a novel that will be eagerly and profitably read for the interest of its story and for the excitement that good works of fiction rarely fail to produce, but it has claims upon our attention of far higher order. Lady Blessington has had ample opportunities of searching into human character, and her naturally strong mind has enabled her to turn those opportunities to account. She has lived in the *best* society—we do not use the term exclusively in reference to that class which is high in rank and which leads in fashion; but we allude chiefly to that "society," which, both in England and abroad, includes the learned and the scientific, and which gives to "mind" its fitting station. If Lady Blessington feels and writes as a woman, it is as a woman who can think, and who has not frittered away time in frivolous amusements, or in company still more frivolous. There are, in all she does, frequent outbreaks of genius; but good practical sense is the leading characteristic of the productions of her pen; and, although she looks upon human-kind with a gentle and womanly feeling, as loth to depict what is unworthy, but anxious to display in its most attractive form all that is excellent, she finds it difficult to prevent her remarks on the world and its ways from assuming now and then a severe tone, almost approaching to satire. She is, however, always on the side of virtue and truth, and there is a fine and forcible moral inculcated by her work; there is no weak and sickly sentiment that succeeds, no bad principle that triumphs, no talent if it be not well applied, that obtains reward—no rank that claims honour, if it be unaccompanied by integrity. She has evidently seen both the bright and the dark side of human life; but she has noted the one with regret, and the other with enjoyment. We trust that this addition to our literature will be followed by many others from the same accomplished pen;—it is with a just and reasonable pride that we claim for the "*New Monthly*" the merit of having been the first channel through which the valuable productions of her ladyship were made known to the public.

The two friends—Desbrow and Arlington—have, of course, their two "loves." The interest of the story mainly rests on these heroes and heroines,—but there are a variety of characters introduced, both in England and on the continent, which, while they are ably, and, at times, humorously drawn, make us acquainted with the peculiarities of John Bull and his neighbours, male and female. The novel is by no means to be ranked with those that have been distinguished as "*fashionable*," although the scenes and personages are generally of the higher class. It touches upon points and people that are to be found in every place and station where Nature has

influence; and its several chapters contain so many passages of sound wisdom, that we might select a few pages, which would read as extracts from sermons, if taken apart from the gaiety of the remarks, the brilliant anecdote, and the illustrations of character by which they are accompanied. We have entered into no detail of the plot, and have but glanced at the *dramatis personæ*. The reader must make acquaintance forthwith with the two friends, Lord Scamper, Madame De la Rue, &c. &c. The work will be appreciated by all classes—the fashionable as well as the general reader—those who resort to fiction for amusement, and those who desire at the same time to acquire knowledge, and seek it out where the actual is blended with the imaginative. Truth is not the less truth when she puts off her more sombre garments, and dons a robe that has been trimmed and decorated by the hand of fancy.

Pantika; or Traditions of the most Ancient Times. By  
William Howitt. 2 vols.

We rejoice to find the name of this admirable writer affixed to volumes that we may read, admire, and praise. Two other publications from his pen were sent to us some months ago; we suffered them to remain unnoticed, because it would have been painful to have severely censured an author who has done much to delight us, and much to instruct us. It was sad to see one who is both of the race of poets and of the society of "Friends"—from taste and habit, therefore by right, gentle and peace-loving—misdirecting his strong and finely-toned mind into the rough, and crooked, and uncheering paths of political controversy. We hail with exceeding pleasure his return to the more graceful and gladsome ways of literature, and look forward with the hope of obtaining still greater pleasure from the perusal—the study we will say—of a work announced by him,—in which it is intended to describe English country life.

The volumes now before us consist of tales founded for the most part on incidents which occur, or customs to which reference is made in the Old Testament; and the author has prefaced his publication by some remarks in proof that fiction suffers nothing in consequence of the ground-work being laid in remote ages, or distant countries. We fully agree with him, and may hereafter instance his work in support of his theory. We question whether some readers will not be startled by the mingling of enchantment with miracles,—the blending of infernal rites with sacred subjects. Several of his traditions are built upon this plan; and, at the first glance, it appears objectionable. Scripture, however, leaves us perfectly free upon the point; and Mr. Howitt is unquestionably justified in adopting this mode of interesting and exciting us. The stories that please us most are Beelthuma, the Valley of Angels, and the Avey, or of Blood,—the latter is our especial favourite. It describes, in a strain of rich poetry, the happy home of an ancient dweller in Israel and his virtuous family, whose repose is destroyed by the introduction of a human demon, who, although unsuccessful in working out the ruin of the old man's daughter, destroys her life. The brother pursues him, and slays one of his followers. The villain pursues him to "a city of refuge;" and here we have the useful mingled with the attractive. The usages and customs of the Jews are described. Solomon the King becomes one of the *dramatis personæ*, and the story closes with some exquisite verse. This tale—and the observation will apply to several others in the collection—is finely and vigorously penned; it will be read with deep attention and exceeding delight: but it has higher merit,—it tells us, in such a way as to impress the memory, much that is peculiar and interesting in the history of the Jewish people—a people who were so long the "chosen of God," and to whom we are in-

debted for the most glorious of all our privileges, although prejudice and superstition have kept them as outcasts and set them apart from the privileges of freemen. Again we thank Mr. Howitt for a very rich treat, and trust his book will be so popular as to encourage him to similar labours, so that he may find neither time nor thought for less valuable and less pleasing occupations.

Selwyn in Search of a Daughter, and other Tales. By the Author of "Tales of the Moors," &c. &c. 3 vols.

We venture to assert that though four-fifths of the reading public have heard of "Selwyn in Search of a Daughter," not a tithe of it is aware that the work has heretofore existed only in the pages of a periodical publication. It is now for the first time printed in a form worthy of it; and the author publishes with it a series of tales that have made her name famous—in the south as well as in the north. The author is known to be a lady—a lady of high station in Scotland—one who has employed her time and rare talents in benefiting her kind, and whose pen has been long busied in disseminating principles that produce happiness to rich and poor. The first volume contains the far-famed collection of letters under the title of "Selwyn;" the object being to afford pictures of scenery and sketches of character in Switzerland and Italy, the more dry details of which are beautifully relieved by the weaving-in of a sweet and interesting story—the story of a father in search of his daughter; why this search is rendered necessary we shall leave the reader to discover. It is full of pathos, and written with a kindly, but at the same time an accurate acquaintance with human nature.

As a book of travels it is also valuable, although the author's visit to the scenes described was paid several years ago, and although other seekers of the picturesque have seen and issued their accounts in every shape and form to which print and paper can be applied. Still there are few if any at once so graphic and so interesting. When the author of "Selwyn" visited the south of Europe, the inhabitants had not become familiar with the curious or the learned of other lands. They were therefore seen to greater advantage—as more natural and true. Now-a-days, strangers are as common as snow in winter; and those who write find it difficult to tell us a new thing. To the young especially this volume will prove a rare acquisition, because of the knowledge it displays and the virtue it inculcates. The second volume contains "Tales of the Wedding," the scenes of which are laid in various countries, and the incidents in which are as varied as human character; thus we have a wedding in hospital, a wedding in court, a wedding at college, &c. &c. "Rencontres on the Road," which follows this series, consists of several amusing or striking circumstances, wrought up to points of high and exciting interest; one of them, called the "Dead Alive," is a fine and forcible story. The third volume contains the "Bachelor's Beat,"—being chiefly delineations of Scottish character and scenery; and there are many who will consider this the most valuable portion of the work. Altogether the volumes may be classed among the most useful, interesting, and attractive of modern times; they are such as merit and will obtain a place in the libraries of all families who desire to encourage and inculcate lessons that produce good results, and at the same time blend amusement with improvement.

#### Young's Lectures on Intellectual Philosophy.

It is impossible to read this production of an elegant and energetic mind, without a feeling of regret that talents, from the continued exercise of which so much might be expected, should have been obscured by death.

at a period when the reflective faculties are, generally speaking, in full vigour, and when the powers of the judgment derive sufficient aid from the lingering influence of imagination to render its inferences attractive without any danger of its being led astray from the path of strict argument and impartial investigation, by that subtle and fantastic mental agent. Dr. Young, after satisfactorily fulfilling the duties of his important office as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the College of Belfast for some years, died in 1829, at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, leaving among those who had benefited by his instructions a feeling of lasting respect for his memory; and by the public at large, that testimony of his extensive information and acute powers of discriminative and inductive reasoning contained in the pages before us. The lectures which bear his name were not originally intended to meet the eye of the public, and we are indebted chiefly to Mr. Cairns, a fellow-labourer in the same field, for their preservation; who, in undertaking the task of editing and preparing them for publication, has rendered an essential service to the student in intellectual philosophy, in addition to erecting, by this means, a monument of the most durable materials to the talent of his deceased friend. The work may be considered a complete compendium of the most popular systems of mental science, explained with perspicuity, and examined without prejudice. Dr. Young was the champion of no single school; and in passing through his course of lectures, it is highly gratifying to observe him constantly steering with a steady hand between the errors of pure materialism on the one hand, and those of the mere idealists on the other. His ambition was not so much to found a new system of mental philosophy of his own, as to extract all that could be established by reason and experience from the labours of others, and to place the results in a connected form before the eyes of his pupils; acting in this respect in perfect conformity with a conviction every day becoming more generally prevalent,—that it is not so much the business of the metaphysician at present to aim at the discovery of principles hitherto unrevealed, as to detect and rectify the partial errors and misrepresentations of those who have preceded him in the same path. The result of the exercise of so much ability, united to so much sound judgment is, that we have presented to our notice a book, which every person capable of appreciating its merits will regard as admirably adapted to further the improvement of intellectual science, and which will, in all probability, take its place as a standard work in that branch of English literature devoted to the abstruse subject on which it treats. It would be almost invidious to point out any particular instances of excellence; yet we venture to suggest that the student will find the chapters on Association, Cause and Effect, and the knotty point of Personal Identity, worthy his attentive consideration and frequent perusal. We have also to observe, that many of the striking ideas contained in the works of the late Dr. Brown will be found to bear a strong resemblance to passages in Dr. Young's lectures, delivered previously to their publication; and that this circumstance will epistle the latter author to at least some share of the commendation for originality and just thinking, which has been long deservedly bestowed upon that acute and able mental analyst.

*History of England by Hume and Smollett, with a Continuation, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes. Valpy's edition.*

This publication is now complete,—that is to say as far as it is the work of Hume and Smollett. We shall next month be called upon to notice the continuation by Mr. Hughes. That gentleman has undertaken a difficult task; but, from the well-known skill and abilities of Mr. Valpy, we look for competency in the person he has selected. Of the parts already published, we have only to say that they are very beautifully and accurately

printed, that they have an elegant appearance, and are issued in monthly volumes at a cheap rate. Indeed, there is now no excuse for any Englishman who is without this history of his country. It appears from the Prospectus, that Hume and Smollett may be purchased without the continuation. We shall wait and ascertain whether we may recommend our readers to procure them together; but certain we are, that if Mr. Hughes performs his part anything more than respectably, Mr. Valpy will have done good service to literature, by enabling us to procure so useful a work in so agreeable a form, and at so moderate a price.

The Picture. The Prosperous Man. 3 vols.

These stories are of varied degrees of excellence, or, perhaps, we should rather say of interest, for there can be but one opinion as to both possessing the highest claims to the best recommendation we can give them. The first tale displays a quick and accurate perception of the shades and modifications of human character, a truth, and occasional brilliancy of touch, by which the spell is worked out in an instant, and the mystery is either woven or unravelled by a lucky expression. The oddity of the uncle, the enthusiasm of the nephew, and yet the perfectly natural feelings and habits of both, are happily contrasted, and yet harmonize together—a beautiful first and second, from the beginning to the end. The political blundering of the younger Mr. Masborough ought to be a capital lesson to gentlemen not to sport their opinions when they “go a-wooing,” without first knowing what side their fair ones will take.

“The Prosperous Man” is so totally different from “The Picture,” that we should not have recognized it as the production of the same pen; it is a painful story, and one that, despite the vigorous and powerful writing, leaves a sad impression upon the mind. The fact of a man guilty of all sorts of enormities prospering, and triumphing from first to last, even unto the tomb, is a sad subject to think upon. Such things do sometimes occur, but we truly believe not so frequently as to warrant their being dragged forward as specimens of the every-day occurrences of life. A few pangs—a few grey hairs—do not render to such as “the lady’s groom” poetical, much less moral, justice for a life of crimes. The story, nevertheless, is good, better as a literary production than its predecessor, though not by many degrees so well calculated to please or to amuse: the one is written as with a sunbeam, the other with a poisoned arrow: this at all events gives choice of subject to the reader, and we shall be but too happy to meet the author again, when we hope he will blend the “grave and gay, the lively and severe,” in one story. With his racy and original humour, and quick perceptions, it is his own fault if his pen be not at all times successful. He has in him, at least, the elements of greatness—a fine taste—an enlarged knowledge of human nature—a happy mode of arranging and working out a story—great skill in the display of character—and an easy and graceful style of composition. His volumes are deeply interesting and highly attractive.

A Demonstration of the Nerves of the Human Body. By  
Joseph Swan.

This work was published some time since in several magnificent folio parts; and the author, finding that the price of this costly edition precluded many of his professional brethren from profiting by his labours, has most patriotically submitted it to the public in a cheaper form.

It has seldom fallen to our lot to record such an instance of noble public spirit, or to witness such evidence of a generous and independent mind. Mr. Swan must have known there was little chance of an extensive sale in its



original form, yet he persevered, and, at a severe pecuniary sacrifice, produced a work such as Britain may long be proud of, and our continental neighbours well may envy; and now, for the advantage of his medical competers and society at large, he diffuses his information with scarcely a chance of pecuniary reimbursement.

We very much regret the non-existence of a fund to offer some substantial reward to scientific and literary men for such sacrifices to the public weal: we cannot but think this an instance well deserving especial notice from some of our medical corporations.

Certain are we that Mr. Swan deserves the warmest thanks of the profession he is attached to, as well as the kindest patronage and encouragement from his countrymen at large.

We are at a loss which to admire most, the industry and talent of the author, the skill of the dissector, or the correct, the faithful delineation of the artist. As a work of art, it indeed deserves the highest praise; never do we recollect a series of anatomical plates so true to nature or so creditable to the skill of the engraver. We could wish to point out particular plates possessing peculiar excellences, but it is difficult where the labour of the anatomist, the faithfulness of the draughtsman, and the masterly graphic powers of the artist, meet one in every sheet. We, nevertheless, cannot avoid mentioning the clear delineations of the nerves and anatomy of the shoulder, neck, upper and lower extremities in plates 17, 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25. Those also of the tongue, face, and pharynx deserve especial notice and consideration.

The descriptive portion of the work merits equal commendation, and indicates the possession of perfect knowledge of the subject with a similar power of communication.

We strongly recommend all our medical readers to possess themselves of this work, if they be desirous to perfect their knowledge of the anatomy of the nervous system. To the wealthy we say you are bound to patronize and support the author by ornamenting your library with the splendid folio edition; while the more humble members and students may obtain the drawings, unimpaired either in accuracy or clearness, by purchasing it in its present reduced form. To the liberal patrons of science and the fine arts we say this volume deserves their support as a publication worthy of, and creditable to, an enlightened nation.

The drawings are, we observe, by West, and the engravings from the well-known hand of Finden. Mr. Swan has, we understand, more recently published a work on diseases of the nerves, of which we shall take early notice.

*Sketches in Prose and Verse.* By G. F. Richardson.

This is a pleasant and may be a profitable volume. Mr. Richardson is advantageously known in the world of literature as one of the earliest translators of the works of Körner; his present publication contains also some stories and poems from the German; they have been "done into English" by a skilful hand, and display much natural taste and judgment, as well as an intimate acquaintance with the language. The papers that are original are written with considerable talent, and although many of them are old acquaintances, having appeared in various periodical works, we rejoice to meet them again. The volume is dedicated to the Duchess of St. Alban's.

## LITERARY REPORT.

The publication, in monthly Parts, of Sir Jonah Barrington's popular History of the Irish Union is continued in regular order by the issue of the Third Part, in which the Portraits, by the spirited hand of the elder Heath, consist, among others, of Arthur O'Connor, the Earl of Moira, Mr. Butler, &c.

The third monthly volume of the new, revised, and beautifully-illustrated edition of Colburn's Modern Novelists, comprises Lady Morgan's national Irish tale, "O'Donnell," complete in a single volume, with a Portrait and Vignette.

Mr. Valpy has announced for publication on the 1st of April next, a new and illustrated edition of Pope's Works; to be edited by Dr. Croly, with a new Life, Notes, and Critical Observations on each Poem.

A new romance, by the Author of "Rookwood," entitled "Crichton," founded on the adventures of the celebrated Scottish poet and scholar, the Admirable Crichton, is expected to appear in a short time.

Early this month will appear, in a single volume, "Old Maids; their Varieties, Characters, and Conditions."

"The Sketch-Book of the South" is in the press.

Mr. James Fennell is preparing a work in which he proposes to display Shakespeare's knowledge of Natural History, Medicine, Chemistry, and other sciences.

A novel, by the late William Godwin, jun., entitled "Transfusion," with Biographical Introduction and Notes, by William Godwin, Esq. and Mrs. Shelley, is in a state of forwardness.

A Neapolitan romance, by James Boaden, Esq., called "The Doom of Giallo," is in preparation.

The following works are likewise announced as in the press:—

The History of our Municipal Institutions, by Mr. Sergeant Merewether and Mr. Stephens, of the Western Circuit, is on the eve of publication.—Washington Irving's Tour in the Prairies, over the Hunting Grounds of the Ojage and Pawnee Indians in the far west, on the borders of Mexico.—Vols. II. and III. of State Papers of the time of Henry VIII.; published by the royal commission.—The "Wasps" of Aristophanes, by T. Mitchell, Esq.—Featherstonhaugh's Excursion to the extreme Southern and Western States of North America—Hase's Popular Antiquities of France.—The Marriage Almanac; or, Lady's Calendar.—An Essay on the Origin and Formation of the Romance Languages, by G. C. Lewis, Esq.—Testimonies of the Fathers of the first four Centuries to the Constitution and Doctrines of the Church of England, as expressed in the XXXIX Articles, by Henry Cary, M.A.—A Course of Modern History, from the French of Professor Guizot.—The Comedies of Aristophanes, translated into English, with explanatory Notes.—The History of Philosophy, translated from the German of Dr. Henry

Ritter.—The Pilgrims of Walsingham, or Tales of the Middle Ages, an Historical Romance, by Agnes Strickland.—A Journal of a Seven Years' Residence in New South Wales, by J. W. Ord, Esq.—Poems by Richard Hatt; to be published by Subscription.—Illustrations of Cassiobury Park, by John Britton. A Selection of Games at Chess, played in England by Philidor and his Contemporaries. Now first published from the original MSS. by George Walker, author of several works on Chess.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Two Friends, a Novel, by the Countess of Blessington, 3 vols. small 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.

Colburn's Modern Novelists, Vol. II. (Pelham, Vol. II.) 12mo., 5s. cloth.

Burke's History of the Commoners of Great Britain and Ireland, Part VIII. (completing the 2nd Vol.), 7s. 6d.

Barrington's Memoirs of the Irish Union, Part III. (with 5 Portraits), 8s.

Revealed Characteristics of God, by G. B. Kidd, 8vo., 10s.

Memoirs of a Sergeant, late in the 43rd Regiment, royal 18mo., 3s.

Essay on the Birds of Aristophanes, by J. W. Suvern, translated by W. R. Hamilton, 4s. 6d.

Sketches of a Sea-Port Town, by H. F. Chorley, 3 vols. post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.

Fragments from the History of John Bull, 12mo., 6s.

Letters to a Friend on Objections against the Church of England, by the Rev. A. S. Thelwall, 12mo., 5s. 6d.

Domestic Life in England, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, 12mo., 5s.

The Seas of England, Wales, Ireland, and the Colonies, by T. Sepping, 12mo., 4s.

Sketches of Scenes in Scotland, drawn in outline, by Lieut.-Col. Murray, 4to., 21s.

History of the Cotton Manufacture in Great Britain, by E. Baines, Jun., 8vo., 15s.

Lewis's Plates of the Muscles of the Human Body, 4to., 15s.

Outlines of Botany, by G. T. Burnett, F.L.S., 2 vols. 8vo., 1l. 14s.

Parliamentary Test-Book, 18mo., 3s.

Facts, Laws, and Phenomena of Natural Philosophy, from the French of Quetelet, 12mo., 6s.

Life of T. Linares, M.D., by J. N. Johnson, M.D., edited by R. Linares, 8vo., 9s.

Hennebon, or the Countess of Montfort, and Bertha of Burgundy, 3 vols. post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.

Lives of the most Eminent Literary and Scientific Men, by R. Southey, James Montgomery, &c. &c. Vol. I. (forming Vol. LXIII. of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia), 6s.

Grammar of Entomology, by E. Newman, 12mo., 3s. 6d.

Summary View and Explanation of the Writings of the Prophets, by John Smith, D.D., 12mo., 4s. 6d.

## FINE ARTS.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION.

PERHAPS the exhibition of the present year is not, on the whole, so attractive as have been some that preceded it; but we meet fewer old acquaintances than usual, and undoubtedly a vast majority of the works it contains are highly creditable to British art. Portraits are, as our readers are aware, excluded from this gallery; and the consequence is, that although the arrangement increases its general interest, many of our most eminent painters are absentees. The institution is a very beneficial one to artists; it was established mainly to promote the sale of their productions, and visitors go there to *buy* as well as to see. The immense increase of similar institutions in the provincial cities and towns have certainly lessened the importance of the annual "show" in Pall Mall: our painters have discovered that it is more to their advantage to exhibit in the country than to expose their pictures a second time in town; and happily a taste for art is now so widely spread, that they more readily find purchasers abroad than at home. Still, the exhibition at the British Gallery will be always, as it has always been, of high merit and interest, and it has largely contributed to encourage that appreciation of art which every year strips the metropolis of its rarest productions.

The old favourites we recognize are, as we have said, few. Among them are Hilton's two noble pictures,—one of them "The Finding of the Body of Harold," the other from Spenser. It is sad that no purchaser has been found to remove them from the artist's studio. A very beautiful painting by that always admirable painter, Collins, is in the collection,—but only one. A small copy of Uwins's "Last Embrace," Jones's "Burial of Sir John Moore," Briggs' "Romeo and Juliet," and Patten's "Cymon and Iphigenia," are also again exhibited. With these, and a few other exceptions of less importance, the works are all before us for the first time.

The artist who has contributed most largely, and with the best effect, is Callcott. He has not confined his pencil to the class of art in which he so much excels, but has painted works distinguished as historical, with almost equal success. Turner's picture of the "House of Lords on Fire" is an amazing production. It may be called too red and too yellow by those who know little about the matter, but it is unquestionably true. Etty exhibits one sweet picture, and one that is not to our taste—"The Lute Player" is seeking to enchant a lady of surpassing ugliness. Parris has a sweet group, and a fanciful assemblage of fairies, the subject of which is from Chaucer. E. Landseer's "Sleeping Hound" is a splendid work, such as only the master-hand of a great genius could produce. "The Appointed Hour," by Herbert, is a striking picture, and will raise the reputation of an artist with whose name we are but slightly acquainted. Rothwell's "Roman Street" is a finely painted picture, in which the work of nature is more conspicuous than that of art, for the street attracts far less of our notice than the figure that occupies so largely the fore-ground. Inskipp has contributed but one picture—and that is exquisite, as is all he does. The work of McClise is of the highest merit,—a very noble picture representing Salvator bargaining for one of the immortal creations of his pencil. Hancock is a large contributor; three of his productions are among the more attractive of the rooms. Webster is also fortunate in his choice of subjects; one of his pictures—a boy too late for school—is admirable. Fraser's picture of "Robinson Crusoe" is a splendid production. Stark exhibits some exquisite landscapes, and maintains his high character in this department of art. But we must direct attention to

\* We understand this picture has been purchased by Messrs. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves, who mean to publish an engraving from it.

two works by Mr. E. W. Cooke (a son we believe of the late eminent engraver),—"Tourville" and "Fishing-Smack entering the port of Havre." They are of rare excellence, and afford ample proof that the young painter is destined to obtain the highest honours the profession can confer upon him.

Our space will not permit us this month to enlarge our notice; and we must content ourselves, for the present, with this brief enumeration of the more attractive works.

At a general assembly of the Academicians of the Royal Academy of Arts, held at their apartments in Somerset-house, Clarkson Stanfield, Esq., and William Allan, Esq., were duly elected Royal Academicians, in the room of Philip Reinagle and Thomas Stothard, Esqrs., deceased.—The selection of these two accomplished artists and excellent men cannot but give general satisfaction. We venture to assert that if the votes of all the artists in Great Britain had been taken, the choice would have been precisely that which the Academy have made. It is gratifying to the public and honourable to the Academy.

## THE DRAMA.

### DRURY-LANE.

MR. JERROLD has resumed his place here, to the great advantage of the manager, who has had sense enough at last to see what his advantage is. Good original dramatic writing was never so scarce as now, and Mr. Jerrold's writing is always good, and can always be relied on as original.

"The Hazard of the Die" is not, it must be confessed, a pleasant subject; but there is great power in it, and its power is all brought into full play by the dramatist. One or two touches, too, there are, which redeem, and grace, and render useful the suffering.

We must tell Mr. Jerrold, however, that he does not do himself justice in the selection of such subjects. He is, able, we believe, or we have watched his talent to little purpose, to try his hand on a comedy of manners. Let him do this, and we are very sure that the result will, at the least, compensate him for the trouble of the trial.

We should add that, in this "Hazard of the Die," there is too ready an opportunity (we must also say too readily taken advantage of) for censuring what is still "liberty," though excesses may have been committed in its name. Mr. Jerrold's bitterness is not always wisely restricted, nor is his railing always charitable. No man knows, we are sure, better than he that the terrors of the first revolution of France were merely the counterpart of the excesses that had preceded them; that the squalid horror of the later time proceeded naturally out of that previous disregard of suffering which was only more frightful. The finery and haughty airs of aristocracy surmounting the destitution and starving wretchedness of the *canaille*, is a thing more horrid to reflect on, and appears to us far more squalid and more humiliating to our nature than the most terrible exhibition of the guillotine. But Mr. Bunn, we have no doubt, was delighted to hear the bitterness, and thinks the author meant far more than he does. The manager of the patent houses has reason to abhor everything that is low.

### QUEEN'S THEATRE. •

"The Schoolfellows," by Mr. Jerrold, is a piece we could dwell on with far greater pleasure, if we had space or time; but we have neither, and can only leave the reader to a visit to this pleasant little theatre, in which, we promise him, he will be amply repaid.

## PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

### COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

SIR HENRY HALFORD read a paper on the deaths of some eminent persons. He alluded to the attention with which his paper on the deaths of some illustrious persons of antiquity had been received, as the motive for selecting his present subject, and laying before the meeting some details connected with the decease of some distinguished men of more modern times.

The learned President began his narrative by some remarks upon the monarch in whose reign the College was founded, referring to the pictures of Holbein in illustration of King Henry's manly beauty, and to the remains of him which he had seen in his coffin, and to his large arm-chair at Windsor, in proof of his stature. The state of his health in more advanced life, when he became corpulent and unwieldy, made Henry the Eighth a great dabbler in medicine. In fact, he not only prescribed, as opportunity occurred, but compounded the drugs himself, as appears by a volume in the British Museum, containing a large collection of royal *recipes*. The Monarch, however, could not avert from himself the evils of mortality, and died, at the age of fifty-six, dropsical, and covered with sores.

To Wolsey the King gave some excellent instructions how to avoid the sweating-sickness; but the Cardinal, who escaped that epidemic, died of a malady which the royal physician might more easily have prevented had he chosen—a broken heart, to which was added, in his last hours, an attack of dysentery. The Earl of Shrewsbury, at whose house he had been on his road from Yorkshire, encouraged his distinguished guest to think more favourably of his health; but the Cardinal, in reply to his cheering speeches, assured the Earl that he could not live—discoursing learnedly about his ailment, which, he said, within eight days, if there were no change, would necessarily produce “excoriation of the entrails, or delirium, or death.” This was on the eighth day, when he confidently expected his death, and expired after the clock had struck eight, according to his own prediction—“the very hour,” says Shakspeare, “himself foretold would be his last.”

Edward the Sixth was carried off by disease of the lungs, having had measles, as well as small-pox, the preceding year, which left an obstinate cough behind. He was put under the care of an ignorant woman by the Earl of Northumberland, by whose treatment his end seems to have been much accelerated. Sir Henry paid a high tribute to the memory of this intelligent and amiable young King, whose bodily powers bore no proportion to the extraordinary energies of his mind; in this respect reminding the learned author of many examples he has met with, where ill health in young persons had led to great powers of reflection, the precocity of their intellectual development “compensating them for the brevity of their earthly existence.”

Oliver Cromwell, in his last illness, one morning asked a physician who had sat up with him why he looked so sad? and being answered that it became any one to look grave who had the care of *his* life to answer for, immediately replied, “Ye physicians think I shall die: I tell you I shall not die this time; I am sure of it. Do not think I am mad; I speak the words of truth upon surer grounds than your Galen or Hippocrates furnish you with. God Almighty himself hath given that answer.” Under this confident expectation of recovering, Cromwell allowed himself to be removed from Hampton Court to London. On the following day he became worse—grew lethargic—then delirious—and died September 3, 1658. The spleen was much diseased, and filled with matter “like lees of oil.” It is difficult, continued Sir Henry, to read the history of this period without

entertaining a strong suspicion that Cromwell used those solemn aspirations—that affected intercourse with the Almighty—hypocritically, and with political views. Archbishop Tillotson has remarked that the above is a specimen of that enthusiasm which superseded hypocrisy with Cromwell; but in modern days, when we meet with such allegations in our intercourse with patients, and find them influencing their conduct, we think ourselves justified in applying to the Lord Chancellor for a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*.

King Charles II. (according to the account of his physician, Sir C. Scarborough) had just risen from his bed when he experienced an unusual sensation in his head, shortly after which he fell down speechless, and without the powers of motion. An army surgeon, who happened to be at hand, bled him to the extent of sixteen ounces; after which, on the arrival of the royal physician, his Majesty was cupped, and other remedies used—such as an emetic, purgatives, &c.; but he expired on the fourth day. “Had there been safety in a multitude of counsellors, the King’s life must have been preserved; for,” added Sir Henry, “I perceive the signatures of not less than fourteen physicians to one of the prescriptions.” Among the remedies prescribed when he was sinking, was the *spiritus crani humani*, twenty-five drops, which certainly has been improved upon in our modern preparations of ammonia. The learned baronet here mentioned that he had lately seen a prescription in which a portion of the human skull was ordered, in a powder, for Sir Nicholas Throckmorton. It was dug out of the ruins of a house in Duke-street, Westminster, which had belonged to Oliver Cromwell’s apothecary. On examining King Charles’s head, a copious effusion of lymph was found in the ventricles and at the base of the cranium; from which Sir Henry is disposed to think that he might have been still further bled with advantage; adding, that the result of his experience had convinced him, that, if large depletion be not adopted in the first instance, everything else attempted afterwards will be unavailing. It is quite evident, from Sir Henry’s account, that Charles II. died of apoplexy, and consequently that his indifference to the solicitations of those about him, on religious matters, can only, with charity, be attributed to the effects of his disease.

King William (the Prince of Orange) had a weak frame, and was asthmatic, with a constant cough. He died, at length, of an enormous secretion in the lungs, which first embarrassed, and ultimately prevented respiration. The lungs were adherent to the *pleura costalis*; and a fall from his horse, which he had shortly before met with in Hampton Court Park, and by which he had broken his collar-bone, had detached a portion of the adhesion and excited inflammation.

Mary, the consort of William, died of small-pox; and it is remarkable that Bishop Burnet blames Dr. Radcliffe in rather harsh terms for his treatment of her case. The learned prelate mentions that Marshal Schomberg advised him never to give an opinion upon a military subject; and “I wish,” said Sir Henry, “that he had received similar counsel from a physician, and had abstained from remarking on medical affairs.” The censure of the Bishop seems to have been quite uncalled-for.

Dryden died of ossification of the arteries of the extremities, such as produces mortification. His body “lay in state, in the College of Physicians, during ten days, and was then conveyed to Westminster Abbey with great ceremony.”

The disease which occasioned Dean Swift to expire “a driveller and a show” was of a paralytic nature; to which circumstance Sir Henry is inclined to attribute that aberration, not to say depravity of mind, which has excited so much scandal.

“Now, I believe,” said he, “this irritability was bodily disease; and so far from considering the unsocial and untoward mind as influencing the body to its detriment, I would contend that the corporeal distemper was the

cause of the perverse and unhappy state of the mind ; that Swift's irritability was of that peculiar nature which accompanies palsy, the seat of which is generally in the brain. Swift was in the habit of suffering severe attacks of headach, and of dizziness, and occasional deafness when young ; even so early in his life as during his sojournment with Sir William Temple. In process of time there ensued that plethoric state of the vessels of the brain which required frequent cupping ; and at length the obstruction became so great as to occasion an effusion of water into the ventricles, and the loss of his faculties by apoplectic pressure. This appeared on examination of the head after death. No doubt this effusion had been preceded by inflammation of the membranes of the brain, and by phrenzy. Under these attacks of inflammation and phrenzy, he dealt forth his angry denunciations largely ; and probably it was in one of these unhappy moments that he composed the epitaph so injudiciously inscribed on his tombstone in St. Patrick's Cathedral."

#### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

A paper was recently read, being "Extracts from the Journal of Mr. Oldfield, surgeon to the Niger expedition, on board the *Alburkah*." Messrs. Lander and Oldfield started on the 2d August, 1833, from the Niger to go up the river Tchadda, which empties itself into the former. Our adventurers were out until the middle of the following October, having proceeded as far up as Dagboh, a distance of 104 miles, and perceiving an evident disinclination to trade on the part of the natives, they returned. In such a journal as this no satisfactory analysis can be given ; instead, therefore, of attempting it, we prefer the simpler process of presenting extract as a sample of the whole.—"August 12, at forty minutes past five, came to an anchor at a part of the river which was not more than three hundred yards wide. For the two last hours we have been running between two low islands, having, by mistake, left the main branch : the river in some places is only sixty yards wide, and bears a greater resemblance to a creek than to a river : the prospect around is extremely wild and dreary, not a canoe or native visible. The only living creatures we saw were a few birds and some baboons—the latter chattered, grinned, and leaped from bough to bough, in evident terror and surprise.—August 15, at twenty minutes past eleven A.M., got under way, soundings two fathoms : the river to-day has gradually increased in width as we have proceeded. At four o'clock we again got into the main branch, to our no small satisfaction. All around us continues to wear a dismal and gloomy appearance. Since yesterday we have only had a glimpse of one small canoe. Our provisions have failed, and we have neither rice, yams, nor plantains on board ; neither is there a prospect of any town where we may obtain a supply. Saw an immense number of alligators swimming around us in all directions. The river has taken an ample sweep to the southward : we have passed some palm-trees. The *Kroumen* went ashore for wood ; the natives opposed their landing, and they crossed over to the opposite side of the river. The interpreter was despatched ashore to procure a supply of provisions. On his return he stated, that we were contiguous to two towns, Dagboh and Obõhboe, but at neither of them could he procure any food or information. He likewise informed us that the chief had fled on the first approach of the vessel. The chief of the smaller town was afraid to venture on board himself, but sent his daughter, a girl of ten or eleven years of age. She was entirely destitute of clothing, and wore nothing but a few strings of beads secured round the loins. The natives, being suspicious, kept a fire burning all night." A little farther on we find Mr. Oldfield thus noting : "We are still destitute of yams, rice, &c. In the afternoon Lieut. Allen, Capt. Dean, and myself went ashore. A footpath from the waterside leads one to the village of Obõhboe ; we saw plenty of goats and fowls ; a number of girls, with no cover-

ing, were occupied in grinding down corn, which they did by bruising it between two stones, or slabs of dried clay. The natives appeared very shy, and evinced great timidity. As we approached the town of Dagboh we observed several of the natives retreating to the hills; to one whom we met I presented my hand, but he shrunk from it with horror." Ultimately the party returned, without being able to effect any good.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

At a recent meeting a paper was read by Mr. Vardon, on the Parliamentary Representation of England and Wales.

From this statement, affording as it does many curious and interesting particulars, we learn that the Parliamentary representation of England and Wales in the Commons House of Parliament in 1831, consisted of 513 members. By the Act known as the Reform Bill, this number was reduced to 500, thus divided:—

53 Counties, (the Isle of Wight being for this purpose reckoned as one) sending	} 160 Members.
203 Boroughs, Cities, Cinque Ports, Universities, &c., sending . . . . .	
	} 340 ditto.
Total . . . . .	500 Members.

Of the places previously entitled to return burgesses fifty-six were entirely disfranchised, and thirty deprived of one of their two representatives; while, on the other hand, forty-three new boroughs were created—twenty-two of them returning two members, and twenty-one one member each. The same Act also deprived the borough of Weymouth and Melcombe Regis of two of its former members. The basis of the disfranchising clauses was formed on a report made of the number of houses, together with the amount of assessed taxes for the year ending April, 1831.

It further appears by this statement, that in the fifty-three counties there are 370,379 registered electors returning 160 members; and in the 203 boroughs, &c., 285,958 registered electors returning 340 members; therefore the total 656,337 electors return 500 representatives, being an average proportion of nearly 1313 votes to each member. This account could not be safely taken as a partial basis in regard to the formation of any returns of population, because, although the calculation as to voters is as perfect as the present system of registration will allow, yet as many voters are registered for more than one place in the same county or borough, the exact number of *persons* having the suffrage of electing representatives to Parliament cannot be accurately ascertained; but they must be considered as being considerably within the number above stated. We find that the expense for registering the votes of 203 boroughs in England and Wales was 10,512*l.*, or an average of about 52*l.* for each place, varying from 609*l.* for the city of London, and 395*l.* for Bath, to 10*s.* for Great Marlow: and dividing the total amount among the 285,958 electors, we get an average charge of about *nine-pence* for each voter! While, again, the legal charges of returning the 500 members for England and Wales in 1832, averaged about 114*l.* to each member. Any other expenses (shrewdly observes the compiler of these tables, in conclusion) attendant on the return of members to Parliament are beyond the province of Statistics.

VARIETIES.

*Unrolling a Mummy.*—Two newspapers, the "Belfast News Letter" and the "Guardian" have been kindly forwarded to us, in both of which an account is given of the unrolling a mummy, brought to this country and presented to the Natural History Society of Belfast by Mr. Greg. So



many mummies have of late been unrolled, and the results have been so uniform, that we shall, on this occasion, confine ourselves to a general notice of such facts and discoveries only as appear to have been peculiar. According to the interpretation given by the Rev. Dr. Hincks of the hieroglyphics on the coffin, the body was that of an unmarried female of the name of Kabooti, the daughter of a priest of Ammon, whose parents were dead at the time of her decease; but there was no legible part of the inscription which gave any precise information respecting the era when she lived; which, however, is presumed to have been about 2000 or 2500 years ago. According to the "Guardian," on unrolling the body sundry porcelain tubes, about three quarters of an inch in length, were found, through which some filaments of the cotton had been passed: these the "News Letter" seems to describe as part of the ornaments of the outer shawl in which the body was enveloped. In the course of unfolding the numerous wrappers, various dead insects (and one living one! described as about the size of—query, was it not?—a flea) were found, and on approaching the mummy these became more numerous, and the chest and the parts connected with the abdomen, says the "Guardian," had been either completely decomposed or devoured by insects, the space being occupied by large quantities of their larvæ. "The cloth," observes the "News Letter," "had evidently been perforated by them in many places, and an immense multitude of either dead larvæ, or not improbably the exuvie of the beetles, were discovered within pledgets of cotton. One leg, the arms, the upper part of the breast, and the head, were now entirely exposed to view, and an examination of the body itself soon commenced. The hair was in excellent preservation, being very fine, about three inches and a half long, forming ringlets like those of children, and of a deep auburn shade, with not the slightest appearance of wool—the eyes were replaced by balls of cotton—the lips, cheeks, and sides of the head had suffered much from the attacks of the insects, many of which were found deeply imbedded in the round holes which they had perforated in the flesh—the teeth were white, regular, and very pretty, and with one single exception not an unsound one could be seen—the appearance of the *dentef sapientiæ* proved the age of the body at death not to have been less than twenty, or more than thirty. The foot was particularly small and beautifully shaped. The body was five feet and one inch long." Afterwards some minor mummies were examined. "Two of these," says the "Guardian," "turned out to be the remains of snakes, and in an earthen jar, supposed to contain the mummy of a sacred Ibis, the egg of one of these birds was found enveloped in numerous folds of cotton cloth, of a much softer nature and looser texture than that in which the body of Kabooti was wrapped."—*Athenæum*.

*Church Reform (Non-Residence).*—The following are some of the pleas for non-residence (admitted by the present Act, 57 Geo. III. c. 99, sec. 19), which appear most especially to demand revision in the expected measure of Church Reform:—"1. Serving as stipendiary curate of another parish. 2. Being master or usher of any endowed school. 3. Being master or preacher of any hospital or incorporated charitable foundation. 4. Being endowed lecturer of any other place, or chaplain of any endowed chapelry, or preacher of any endowed preachingship. 5. Serving as preacher in any proprietary chapel. 6. Being chaplain of any garrison; of the Military Asylum; Military Academy; Military College; Greenwich Hospital; Chelsea Hospital; Haslar Hospital; Plymouth Hospital; Naval Asylum; Navy; Newgate; Penitentiary at Milbank; or any British factory abroad. 7. Being teacher at the Military Academy. 8. Being principal surrogate or official in any Ecclesiastical Court. 9. Being librarian of the British Museum or Sion College. 10. Being one of the trustees of Lord Crewe's Charity."

*The Capybara*.—One of these rare and singular animals has been forwarded to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, from Bristol, where it arrived from South America, having been taken on the banks of the Amazon, where it is called the River or Sea Hog. It is a thick-set, clumsy animal, the head and neck singularly large, and is remarkable for being devoid both of the tail and clavicle, which striking characteristics caused Cuvier to form his genus *Hydrochoenus*. They take up their abode in the extensive forests of South America, in the neighbourhood of water, concealing themselves in burrows. They swim and dive exceedingly well, and their habits and modes of living strongly resemble those of the beaver. The present specimen is quite tame and domesticated, and will no doubt be an interesting object to the visitors of these gardens.

*Parhelia (or Mock Suns)*.—Two of these rare phenomena were observed at South Clifton, Notts, by J. Woolfit, on the 15<sup>th</sup> ult., 11h. 10m. A.M. The parhelia to the west of the sun appeared at first like a roundish and not well-defined light; it afterwards became better defined, and exhibited a true image of the sun, rather tinged like the rainbow. The other parhelia then appeared to the east of the sun, at about the same altitude as the former, and both rather higher than the sun. A few minutes afterwards a whitish halo surrounded the sun at a considerable distance, and passed through each of the parhelia: shortly they were all lost by a thick dense cloud. Parhelia are supposed to be occasioned by the rays of light acting on congealed drops of vapour in the atmosphere, and are frequently succeeded by a fall of rain, which was the case on this occasion. They have been observed by the ancients as well as moderns, and are more frequent in America and Holland.

*New Ball Projector*.—A French agriculturist, of the name of Billet, who has assiduously cultivated the mechanical arts, has invented a machine which will discharge 2000 balls, each eight ounces in weight, per minute, or 120,000 in an hour, and this without the slightest intermission. The action of this formidable machine may be arrested or continued at will; the balls are discharged from four different muzzles, which may be directed upon objects at a less or greater distance from each other, or they may be brought to bear simultaneously on one and the same point. Billet's machine, however, is not capable of carrying such balls a greater distance than 100 metres (about 110 yards); but he asserts that he can improve it, so as to impel the same balls a distance of 450 yards, and with a velocity scarcely inferior to that imparted by gunpowder. In this case, he adds that he will be obliged to increase its weight from 80 to 310lbs. He does not employ either air, spring, or combustible matter in this new projectile; and his name is of some note among French mechanics, as the inventor of two new levers, which are to be seen in the collection of the "Société d'Encouragement" at Paris.—*U. S. Journal*.

Returns in 1829 give about 26,000 independent schools in the United Kingdom, in 14,500 of which the interrogative system of questions *without* answers appeared to be more or less introduced. Returns made up within 1834 make the schools above 23,000, and indicate that 16,700 now use the system in some of its subjects; or, in other words, teach some of the liberal branches of knowledge. The Independent Schools are, to the Foundation Grammar Schools, as 50 to one, and they educate 65 times as many children.

◦ FOREIGN VARIETIES.

*Pompeii.—Naples, January.*—The excavations at Pompeii have again produced very important discoveries. In the house called that of Ariadne a magnificent sacrum has been found. The niche for the image of the tutelary divinity is at the back. On the sides are paintings of a Leda and a priestess, who is in the act of offering a sacrifice, assisted by a girl, who has the sacred utensils in her hands. Some ornaments, in a very elegant and delicate style, of a yellow colour on a red ground, are introduced as borders in the intervals of these representations. In the house called that of Dædalus, the walls of a garden have been discovered. They are covered with magnificent landscapes. The first gives the prospect of a temple—which is extremely interesting on account of its details, and which seems to be dedicated to Apollo, whose statue stands near the entrance. On one side is a pond in which many wild ducks are swimming; and on the other a river in which are seen some cows. The second landscape is a delicious marine view in Sicily. Polyphemus is on the shore. Galatea, seated on a dolphin in the midst of the waves, seems to be listening to the singing of the Cyclops. A combat of wild beasts in an amphitheatre is painted in large dimensions. A majestic bull is running from a lion which pursues him, but a tiger, more swift, has already seized him under the belly. Meantime a courageous *bestiarius* strikes with his lance a wild boar upon the snout, from which the blood spouts up. A little farther off, a second huntsman has laid at his feet a bear, in whose body a spear remains, while another bear is flying in terror. Two stags are standing still, as if contemplating the destruction of their enemies. The compartments between the landscape and the hunting-piece are filled with figures of helmets, drums, and two small palms. The top of the wall is finished with some cornices of stucco, of elegant workmanship, and painted with various colours, which produce a wonderful effect.—*Literary Gazette.*

*Embalming.*—On the 6th of March last, Professor Franchina, of Palermo, embalmed a body in the anatomical theatre at Palermo. On the 14th of May, consequently more than two months afterwards, this new mummy was again examined in the presence of several hundred persons. The features of the deceased had undergone no alteration—the body was perfectly flexible—the flesh had the natural hue of death, but not the slightest smell of putrefaction was perceptible. The viscera, which, according to this new method, need not be removed, were well preserved, especially the lungs, which were found, on examination, in the most perfect state. The means employed by the Professor are not stated—indeed, it appears that he makes a secret of them. Larrey, the surgeon in chief of the French army, employed for this purpose sublimate of mercury, which has lately been applied by Kyan to the prevention of the dry rot in timber. The body was laid in a solution of the sublimate, which was kept of equal strength, by small bags of the sublimate suspended in it. “I have myself seen,” says Dr. Nürhburger, the writer of the article from which this paragraph is translated, “a body treated in this manner, which was carried through the New Mark (of Brandenburg), after the battle of Eylau, and which was in perfect preservation: but the bowels, as well as the eyes, had been taken out.” Franchina must therefore be acquainted with some other process.

*Rail-roads in France.*—The following is a list of the rail-roads already existing, or in the course of construction, in France:—From St. Etienne to the Loire; from St. Etienne to Lyons, by St. Chamond and Givors; from Andrezieux to Roanne; from Alais to Beaucaire (about to be commenced); and from Epinal to the Canal de Bourgogne (in the course of construction). Among the projected rail-roads is that from Paris to Orleans. The pre-

paratory works for this rail-road are in a very forward state—from Paris to Pontoise, and from Paris to Havre. It is also in contemplation to form a rail-road between Calais and Paris; and according to the latest accounts received, a new company is being organized, the object of which is, to form a rail-road from Paris to Lille, with branches to Calais, Boulogne, Douai, and Valenciennes, and thence to communicate with a rail-road, which is projected, from the frontiers of France to Brussels. Now allowing that all these schemes may be judicious, and ultimately profitable, where is the capital to come from which must necessarily be embarked in them?

*The German Press.*—The following statement exhibits the number of the towns in each German State which possess printing-presses:—In Prussia, 64 towns; in Bavaria, 21; in Saxony, 11; in Austria, 7; in Wurtemberg, 7; in Hanover, 6; in the Grand Duchy of Baden, 6; in Electoral Hesse, 5; in the Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, 4; in Grand Ducal Hesse, 4, &c. It thus appears that Austria, with its eleven millions of inhabitants, has only one-ninth of the number of towns with printing-presses which Prussia, with nearly the same population, possesses—only one-third the number of Bavaria, the population of which is three-fifths less—about one-third less than the number in Saxony, the population of which is but one million and a-half—and not more than Wurtemberg, which has about the same population as Saxony. Of all the cities in the States of the Germanic Confederation it is Leipzig that supplies the most books; after that city comes Berlin, and then Stutgard, which furnishes one-third more than Vienna.—*Litt. Zeitung*.

Professor Seyfarth, speaking of the result of his gleanings last year in the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Turn, observes, the most important discovery he made has been an outline of Egyptian history, described on each of the closely-filled sides of a papyrus, between fourteen and eighteen feet long, and two feet broad. It corresponds with the customary chronological accounts, by dating its narrative from the times of the dominion of the Pagan deities. The first sovereigns of Egypt were Ammon, Vulcanus, and Ammon Sol; then follow their successors until the days of Osiris, Typhon, Horus, Thouth, Anubis, and Horus II.; the whole comprising an interval of thirteen thousand nine hundred and seventeen years, and corresponding in this respect with Mancho's testimony.

*Interesting Antiques.*—In digging lately at Kertch, in order to make a new pavement, a coffin was discovered of rather an ordinary description, made of freestone, about two archimes long, one wide, and one thick. On opening the coffin, a superb black urn was found, of the Etruscan form, and of large dimensions, ornamented with bas-reliefs, and gilt in some part. It was placed at the feet of the corpse, upon whose head was a golden laurel crown, beautifully executed, and weighing thirty-six zolotniks, or about thirteen ounces of the purest gold. Near to one of the shoulders, a round piece of gold was found, bearing some resemblance to a medal, having on one side the figure of a woman in relief, and on the other that of Mercury clothed as a shepherd. There were also in the tomb a strigil of iron, and another object of the same metal surrounded by copper rings. Upon the coffin-lid there was a common urn of potter's clay, full of the bones of birds, which had probably been sacrificed to the manes of the deceased. These discoveries were made under the superintendence of M. Kareicha, who is occupied in making archeological researches for the Emperor of Russia. This gentleman caused the ground in the neighbourhood to be examined; and after some hours' research, a second coffin was discovered, similar to the first; but it contained a much greater number of objects, and of very superior workmanship to the first.—*Journal d'Odessa*.

*Sphygmètre*.—At a recent sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Majendie gave, in his own name and that of M. Serres, a report on this instrument, which, as its name indicates, is intended by the inventor to measure the pulse, and also to make known those differences of circulation which the physician now studies most generally by means of the touch. It is the opinion of M. Majendie and M. Serres that, at least, there is as much practice necessary to use this instrument properly as to learn to feel the pulse in the ordinary way, and that the results are not more precise. They caused two persons, both skilled in using the *sphygmètre*, to apply it successively to the radial artery of the same individual, and to write down separately the indications given by the instrument; the results obtained differed materially.—*Athenæum*.

## ‘ AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE reports from the different counties of England all concur in stating that the elements have never been more favourable to vegetation, and, indeed, to the performance of all the works of agriculture, than during the past winter. And if there was previously a dearth of rain, which was felt in the want of water for the stock in the high, and dry, and light districts; if the wheat, upon the strong and richer soils, had shot out too luxuriantly, and demanded a check, lest the vigour of the plant should be exhausted upon the straw, rather than the ear; if, we say, these things formed a ready subject of complaint to a race proverbially very apt to complain—even these are now removed; first, by the few days of slight frost and snow which we have since experienced, and by the copious rains which have fallen towards the middle of the present month. The turnips, thus uninjured by weather, promise to hold out well, and seasonably and completely to supply the deficiency in last year's hay-crop. The rye for spring seed (now a common resource) will obtain a more than usually luxuriant growth; the grass and the tares will come into earlier use, and the spring, in general, be forward and favourable. Barley sowing, too, may commence very early under the happiest prospects, if no very violent quantity of wet comes; and thus, so far as the elements are concerned, nothing can promise more prosperity to the farmer, or generally, to the subsistence of the country.

But the farmer's trade is not prosperous! and why? Aye, there's the rub; because, says the farmer, the price does not *remunerate* us. If that irksome monosyllable, with its little crooked appanage that asks questions, why? be repeated, it will drive the discussion to very perilous extremes. For there can be no such result to a permanently disadvantageous commerce (if any such could be permanent at all), without some gross error in the way of conducting it. This error the land-owners load upon low price, as if low price were artificial, and as if low price would not, nay, *must* not, always produce a corresponding drop in the expenses. Herein lies the error. An artificial price, by which we mean a price sustained by adventitious circumstances, or by provisions contrary to nature and the laws by which all trades are governed—such as war, protecting duties, &c. &c.—has so long obtained, that the most difficult thing in the world is perhaps to persuade those connected with land to look at the case in the true light, and open their eyes upon the facts. Of late, the country has been amused with the introduction of supplies through the Channel islands, and heaven knows how, sufficient to account for the depreciation of the price of wheat. We verily believe that, taking the *whole course of foreign importation*, it has never at any time been of importance enough, greatly to affect the price; and if it ever have, it constitutes the exception,

not the rule. For to what degree can an *average* annual importation during about forty years, of 500,000 quarters, depress price in a kingdom where the consumption *now* amounts to about seventy times that quantity, and has always been annually increasing by a growing population? It must be apparent to the judgment, calmly exerted upon the large and comprehensive materials of the case presented to our view, that the domestic supply (we of course include the growth of Ireland and the British colonies) comes so near to the demand, together with the certainty of the warehoused accumulation both in England and on the Continent, that, in spite of the protecting law, price begins to approximate to its natural level, by which is to be understood that amount which corn would obtain were the trade perfectly free and open. It forms, indeed, one curious item in the statement, that, for the last two years at least, wheat has fallen and remained below the price Mr. Jacob (to say nothing of the famine he prophesied from gradually decreasing stocks) pronounced it could never reach, and in which opinion he has been corroborated by the great modern Economist. So much for speculations upon a subject too wide to be embraced with the certainty of the exact sciences. It would be far more to the purpose, and of the farmer especially, if, instead of suffering himself to be amused, and not unfrequently cheated by such fallacies, he were to lay it down as the law of his, as well as other trades, that the expenses must be regulated by the produce; and that his contract for rent, tithes, labour, general charges, &c., must all have reference to the probable price of his commodity. The protecting duty, on the contrary, continually holds out to his deluded vision the hope of a factitious *minimum*—eighty, or sixty shillings, or some nominal amount—which never is, nor ever can be sustained, and rarely approached. His error begins in paying a rent above the real value, and all other things have relation to that item. Thus he is the dupe of a factitious system, though it must be admitted that the competition for farms, owing to the limitation of the area of cultivation, while the population to be employed and fed is indefinitely increasing, tends very much to perpetuate his disadvantage.

We have said thus much, to endeavour to prove that no such single cause as the importation of an article of such bulk through a few small channels, nor, indeed, through any channels, can affect the universal laws which govern price; and to induce, if we can, a more enlightened manner of looking at the whole of the agricultural question. The cry is now, however, turned to the repeal of the malt tax, which is to be the panacea, the cure for all agricultural ills. Now were the malt-tax repealed (which we think it soon will be, to a greater or less extent), it would tend little to the removal of the *farmers'* evils; observe, we say, the farmers, implying thereby the tenantry. For let us examine the facts in detail. A larger consumption of barley would be the first consequence: ergo, a better price, quoth the farmer. Well, be it so. For how long will the tenant reap the advantage? Just so long as the landlord shall remain unable to advance his rent. For is it not clear that the interests of the landlord have suffered exactly in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining tenants? If a farm is to be let at a fair rent (nay, we may say at a high rent), such is the competition there is no lack of offers. And how is rent estimated and tried? Why, simply by these offers. When it is so high that an occupier cannot be had, the sum is lowered, till a tenant is found. Again, we perceive that the home growth is *not* adequate to the consumption. What follows? Importation. Is there any difficulty in getting supplies? Not the smallest. And what would be the first, and almost lasting consequences (commercially and agriculturally speaking), of an augmented demand? At first price would rise, and as immediately measures would be taken to meet the demand by an increased growth both at home and abroad, the one would soon balance and compensate the other. We do not therefore perceive, according to the general laws which must regulate demand and supply,

that *the tenantry* of the country can be much or long advantaged by a repeal of the duties on malt, beyond those necessary results from a reduced taxation, which apply to all alike. *Morally speaking*, we believe the benefit must be great and universal, and *that* is the argument for a repeal upon which we should principally dwell and insist.

While we have thus discussed the wider merits of the question, we must not overlook those which are now opening immediately before us—the almost ascertained facts of a short supply. That the foreign growth must be resorted to, seems to be settled; the choice lies between trusting to the chances of the market, and preventing or influencing them by speculation and hording. Difficulties of no small amount seem to surround this necessary decision; for if the quantity be insufficient, the quality is so various that it is likely to affect the averages, and of course the duty. As thus: if a large quantity of low quality at a comparatively low price be speedily introduced, the average will be low and the duty high; consequently, the object of importing with a view to sale when a high price shall have opened the warehouses, may be indefinitely postponed; and to this belief there is much to lead us. Those foreign barleys which, up to this year had been most esteemed in the market, have turned out far below the customary excellence; the Saale and Bohemian, for instance, which are represented as being hard, steely, and fit only for home consumption; those from Silesia and Pomerania as light, and those from Mecklenburgh are also inferior. At Stettin, the price forbids purchase; and all through the shores of the Baltic and Russia, the crop is too deficient to allow the hope of any large supply. Such is the aggregate result of the best accounts. The probability still is, that the article will be scarce and high till the malting season is over.

The market for wheat has not become firmer, notwithstanding the increased consumption of the article which so low a price must cause. There appears to be no desire to speculate, nor any vivacity of trade evinced. The supply is large and steady—the price, perhaps, a shade lower. Wind and water are short, yet flour supports its price with great difficulty. The trade in oats is brisk, and also in seed-barley; but for other qualities, the demand is of late more slack than might be expected. Malt is steady.

Sales of wool from the colonies, Germany, and Odessa, occupied the middle week of the month, and the effect has been to establish a firm market, especially for those from Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales. Many buyers from the manufacturing districts were present, and they purchased freely. The best qualities, *relatively speaking*, were most generally bought, and at the highest prices. About 4800 bales were sold, 2500 of which were from the two colonies above-named. The best fleeces brought from 3*s.* 1*d.* to 3*s.* 1½*d.* per lb.; the second sold readily at from 2*s.* to 2*s.* 10*d.* per lb. The German amounted to about 500 bales, and sold fairly at from 1*s.* 5*d.* to 2*s.* 0½*d.* The Odessa were from 400 to 500 bales, and realized from 2*s.* 2*d.* to 2*s.* 10*d.* Goods from Italy, Turkey, the Cape, St. Helena, were offered, but not much noticed. Near 500 bales of Spanish were offered, and sold with animation at 1*s.* 11*d.* to 2*s.* 4*d.* Upon the whole, the wools equalled the October sales for the better samples, though the lower must be esteemed to have a little depreciated in price. The entire results speak equally well for the state of the manufactures, and for the dealers in the raw commodity.

In connexion with this subject we must add, that the lambing season has begun, and is going on most auspiciously. The dry weather and the state of the land is very propitious to their fattening for market, since they are neither wet on the back, nor loaded with mud under the belly. The fall, it is probable, will be decreased by few losses, for there is neither cold nor wet to struggle against; thus the flock-farmers are by far the most advantageously circumstanced, for the markets for larger cattle scarcely pay, if they do pay at all, for the feed, when the prices at which the lean stock has been bought are fairly estimated.

## RURAL ECONOMY.

*The Potato.*—Mr. Hickley has communicated to the “*Irish Farmer’s Journal*” a very singular and successful experiment tried upon the potato in the county of Dublin :—A gentleman, who holds a farm of 150 acres, planted in the usual manner 34 acres under potatoes in 1832; the result was, a complete failure of the crop. This induced him to try many experiments upon the root, all of which failed except the following :—He took six potatoes and divided them into twenty cuts; he then got a large basin of water, into which he put a cupful of salt and a piece of blue stone about the size of a walnut. He put ten of the cuts into the basin, and let them remain there one entire night. On the following day he procured a very strong microscope, through which he examined the entire twenty cuts. On the ten cuts which were not immersed in the basin he could distinctly perceive many small white particles like eggs; and those cuts which were immersed presented no such appearance whatsoever. This discovery urged him to follow up the examination attentively; and every day, for a short period, he continued to watch the appearance of the aforesaid matter. The result was, that those white globular particles were animalcula, for in a few days they became quite visible to the naked eye in the form of worms or maggots. The cuts that had been steeped never showed the slightest appearance of any such thing, and they retained their solidity and firmness when the other ten cuts were completely decayed and rotted. Still unwilling to believe without further proof, he tried the experiment five or six times, and planted them, distinctly marking a division between those cuts which were steeped and those that were not. The consequence was, the almost total failure of the one kind and the complete success of the others placed the question beyond the possibility of a doubt. He considers that the air has a powerful effect upon the potato, and may sometimes impregnate it with this destructive matter.

*Cottage Allotments.*—From Mr. Loudon’s “*Gardener’s Magazine*,” a valuable periodical which contains many new and profitable suggestions in every branch of useful, scientific, or ornamental culture either of gardens, farms, trees, or exotics, we select the following, as being more calculated to benefit the great mass of the community than many of its more curious contents :—

“As a sincere well-wisher to the labouring classes, I, of course, take an interest in the success of the cottage-allotment system, which is especially calculated to increase the comforts of the poor. Hitherto, I believe, the system has succeeded; and, should it fail eventually, the failure will arise, I think, from the impoverished state of the soil, which is cropped annually without the necessary dressing of manure. In most places the cottagers cannot procure animal manure beyond what is produced in their own pigsties, and the little they can collect on the roads; and this will be found insufficient to afford a slight dressing to the garden and allotment every alternate year. How, then, is this deficiency to be supplied? I answer, principally by good management, which will often do as much as money; and, with respect to management, the labouring classes are, in too many instances, lamentably careless and ignorant. But a sensible cottager will generally take a hint from a superior in rank and information; and those who wish well to the allotment-system will promote it most effectually by hints as to management, and by pressing upon the occupiers the necessity of collecting every description of manure, if they would be certain of remunerating crops. To show what may be done in this way by a little management, I will instance a garden I am well acquainted with, which is made almost to manure itself; and I believe I may safely assert that, for the last twenty years, it has not had the benefit of a single cartload of yard or stable dung; yet the crops are abundant, and the vegetables of good qua-



lity, though the ground is cropped thickly, and seldom has a third part vacant during the winter months. It is managed in this way:—All the refuse of the garden, such as cabbage leaves and stalks, bean and pea stalks, weeds (which are removed from the ground before they seed), leaves rubbish, and flower stalks from the flower beds, mowings of grass plots &c. &c., is carefully collected in a heap; and to this is added the soil from the chimneys, lime rubbish should there be any, the contents of a drain from the kitchen sink, and the scrapings of about 200 yards of a frequented road. Upon this heap the chamber slop pail is emptied daily, and the whole is repeatedly mixed and turned over till it is thereby decomposed; and it is then fit for use. The garden I allude to has a good dressing of this compost once in the year; some parts of it twice a year. The ground is dug deeply, and the few vacant spaces are thrown up into ridges during the winter. The result is an abundant crop of everything. The vegetables are of a good size, and generally free from canker, and as well, or, perhaps, better, flavoured, than those produced in gardens which are constantly dressed over with stable manure. It may probably be imagined that this sort of compost will increase the crop of weeds; but this is not found to be the case, as the weeds are generally hoed up before the seed is formed. The mixture of flower stalks in the manure causes a few flowers to grow among the crops as weeds; but most of the flower seeds perish during the process of decomposition. Now, why should not every cottager thus make his garden produce its own manure? I can speak confidently of the success of the plan, having observed it, in the case alluded to, for the last five years; and I strongly recommend it to the attention of those who have the management of cottage-allotments. Were this plan adopted for the garden, all the straw dung produced in the pigsty might be laid upon the allotment, and there would probably be sufficient to give the whole a tolerable dressing every alternate year. The land would thus be kept in a productive state, and abundant crops would remunerate the labour of the industrious occupier. I, of course, suppose the cottager to be never without a pig; that he does not sow the same sort of crop on the same plot two years following; and that his ground annually produces some kind of grain, besides a crop of potatoes."

*Vittoria Wheat, yielding Two Harvests in the Year.*—London's horticultural and agricultural notices, last autumn, gave satisfactory accounts of the experiment tried in Somersetshire, of planting this valuable present made to his country by Sir Robert Ker Porter, our consular resident in that part of South America where it is a native of the soil. London reports it to have given great promise, both from its spring and summer sowing. In Warwickshire, we ourselves know that it succeeded so well as to produce a fine crop in July last year, though, by an accident, it had been planted a month too late; and it yielded a particularly sweet and well-tasted flour, from which excellent bread was made. The proper times for sowing are February (which gives its harvest in June) and in June (which yields its harvest in October). February being now at hand, we send forth this little memorandum to any of our agricultural readers who may be in possession of a sample of these valuable seeds,

A writer in the "British Farmer's Magazine," Mr. Peter Cowan, attributes the failures of last year in the potato crops to the want of liming the seed before being planted. He experimented with four bushels limed and four not; he gave the result in his own words—it was this—"Among the limed sets there was scarcely a failure; among the unlimed sets there was scarcely a plant, and the ground had to be sown with turnips." The kind of the potato from which the experiment was made was the black seedling.

## USEFUL ARTS.

**A New Invention.**—The ‘Taunton (Mass.) Whig’ states, that a gentleman in Boston, who owns a large chemical establishment, has discovered a new species of fire, which produces a most intense heat. It is produced by the mixture of tar and water. With this kind of fuel a steam-boat can pass the Atlantic with the greatest safety. The discoverer declares that he can carry a steam-boat from Providence to New York, by using this fuel, for five dollars. It is said that the invention of the cotton-gin doubled the value of every acre of land in the Southern States; and we are of opinion that the discovery above-mentioned will double the value of the steam-engine. It will be especially important to the engines which are employed upon the rail-roads, and will remove one of the greatest obstacles to the general use of locomotives upon common roads.—*New York Book-sellers’ Advertiser.*

**Quicksilver versus Steam Power.**—The Earl of Dundonald (better known as Lord Cochrane) was examined last Session before the Commons’ Committee on steam navigation to India. His Lordship, among other matters, said he had projected “a substitute for steam,” as well as “a new mode of propelling vessels.” The substitute for steam is quicksilver; and he employs it “to produce power by exhausting one vessel and compressing air in another, thus forming an atmospheric *plenum* and a *vacuum*, which will produce the same effect as the plenum and vacuum formed by the generation of steam and its condensation.” This plan (superseding the necessity of carrying coals) he added, is peculiarly adapted to agitated water, like the sea. The plan may be wholly worked without fuel. The evidence and papers are too long for extract, but his Lordship concludes this part of his evidence with stating, that “vessels filled with quicksilver apparatus might be provided with sails of the usual kind; there would be no smoke nor any fire, and there need be no indication from their external appearance that they are equipped in any other manner than as sailing vessels. As to the method of propelling *without paddle wheels* (his Lordship says), I should be happy to lay it before the Committee, were my patent right secured.”

## NEW PATENTS.

To Andrew Smith, of Princes-street, Haymarket, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for his invention of a new standing rigging for ships and vessels, and a new method of fitting and using it.

To James Stewart, of George-street, Euston-square, in the county of Middlesex, pianoforte maker, for his invention of improvements on the mechanism of horizontal, grand, and square piano-fortes.

To Alex. Shanks, jun. flax-spinner, in Arbroath, in the county of Forfar, in North Britain, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for preparing and dressing hemp and other fibrous substances.

To James Cherry, of the city of Coventry, painter, carver, and gilder, for his invention of certain improvements on bedsteads or apparatus applicable for the ease and comfort of invalids and others.

To William Houston, of Fleet-street, in the city of London, printer, for his invention of certain improvements in type founding.

To John Street the younger, lace manufacturer, and Thomas Whiteley, mechanic, both of Nottingham, for their invention of certain

improvements applicable to that class of machinery commonly called or known by the name of warp machinery, employed in the manufacturing of lace and other fabrics.

To John Jervis Tucker, of Trematon Hall, in the county of Cornwall, Esq., for his invention of certain improvements on urns to be used for tea, coffee, and other purposes.

To John Day, of York Terrace, Peckham, in the county of Surrey, Gent., for his invention of an improvement or improvements in the construction of rail-ways.

To John Budd, of Liverpool, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, merchant, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in printing silk, cotton, calico, or other fabrics, and in the manufacture of blocks, cylinders, or rollers, used for such purposes.

To Isaac Dodds, of Horsley Iron Works, in the parish of Tipton, and county of Stafford, engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for cutting and shaping wood and other materials, part or parts of which machinery are applicable to other useful purposes.

## BANKRUPTS,

FROM JANUARY 27, 1834, TO FEBRUARY 20, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

Jan. 27.—P. HARLEY, New-street, Newington, Surrey, baker. J. F. D. STEWART, River-street, Pentonville, coal-merchant. H. W. WILLIAMSON, Balham-House, Cambridge, horse-dealer. T. WALKER, Fort-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer. W. H. CHAMBERLAIN, Castle-court, Budge-row, City, wine-merchant. H. HAYERS, Hadleigh, Suffolk, linen-draper. J. B. FOSTER, Lower-road, Islington, brick-maker. T. and T. JENNINGS, Kensington, livery-stable-keepers. S. BOND, Westmoreland-street, Marylebone, wine-merchant. Rev. T. and Rev. J. FISHER, and MARY SIMMONS, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, bankers. W. JACKSON, Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer. W. BATHURST, Portsmouth, grocer. R. JOHNSON, Byker, Northumberland, merchant. J. COLLINS, St. Within, Worcester, linen-draper. G. FORSTER, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, edge-tool-manufacturer.

Jan. 30.—T. BANKS, Cheltenham, linen draper. W. JACKSON and G. LONGSTAFF, Bermondsey, leather dressers. W. LEADER, Wells-street, Oxford-street, coachmaker. J. H. FISHER, Trafalgar-square, Charing-cross, scrivener. J. BOOTHBY, Brewer's-green, Westminster, victualler. G. BAKER, High Hill Ferry, Upper Clapton, dyer. J. TOMBS, and T. TOMBS, Emerson-street, Southwark, builders. S. J. TAYLOR, Fleet-street, tobacconist. R. BLAIN, Hook, Kingston, coal dealer. R. GREY, Liverpool, commission agent. H. INGO, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship and insurance broker. W. CROSLY, Leeds, Yorkshire, cloth merchant. I. MILLER, Liverpool, merchant. W. OWEN, Manchester, glass dealer. W. MARTIN, Doncaster, gas-fitter. J. W. PRINSON, Northfield, Worcestershire, dealer in metals.

Feb. 3.—J. PAGE, Hayes-court, Greek-street, Soho, news-vender. J. CRISP, Sydney-alley, Leicester-square, hosier. J. CALLOW, St. John-street, Clerkenwell, victualler. J. WOOD, Castle-street, Holborn, flannel dealer. J. MARTIN, Steel yard, Upper Thames-street, wine merchant. W. LANGHORNE, Throgmorton-street, stock-broker. J. OLDHAM, Friday-street, City, laceman. M. A. PHILLIPS, Dorset square, Marylebone, schoolmistress. G. TUCK, Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, grocer. H. HARBEN, High street, Bloomsbury, cheesemonger. G. J. KAIN, Blackheath-park, coal merchant. R. GOUON, Newbury, corn factor. T. SMITH, Stroud, Gloucestershire, earthenware dealer. D. BENNETT, Walcot, Somersetshire, spirit merchant.

Feb. 6.—W. BAKER and T. LITTLE, Leaden-hall-street, woollen drapers. J. BARBER, Hungerford-market, victualler. S. J. BARNES, Jermyn-street, St. James's, mercer. J. EAGLESTON, Manchester, publican. S.

WILLINGTON, jun., Shirehampton, Gloucestershire, innholder. J. LAWES, Wick and Abson, Gloucestershire, miller. J. WILLIS, Liverpool, merchant. T. GASKELL, Bootle, near Liverpool, hotel keeper. J. WALKER, jun., Wortley, Yorkshire, woollen cloth manufacturer. H. WEST, Aslacton, Norfolk, shopkeeper. W. PENNY, Bristol, brewer. R. WILLIAMS, Aberystwith, Cardiganshire, innkeeper.

Feb. 10.—W. CAIRNS, High-street, White-chapel, saddler. A. H. SMITH, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer. R. STIRLING, High-street, Poplar, brewer. T. POTTER, Kidderminster, Worcestershire, carpet manufacturer. W. WILSON, Leeds, Yorkshire, woollen draper. W. OKILL, Liverpool, commission share broker. J. M. MULLINEB, Northampton, coach-maker. G. WESTON, Nottingham, joiner. P. WETHERELL, Shouldham, Norfolk, grocer.

Feb. 13.—W. M'NAMARA, Houndsditch, plumber. J. EBERS, Old Bond-street, bookseller. E. PARR, Off-alley, Villiers-street, Strand, furniture broker. W. ECCLES and J. STALMAN, Hatton-garden, tailors. F. S. ARGENT, Fetter-lane, painter. T. BROTHERTON, Bradford-moor, Bradford, shopkeeper. J. T. RIGBY, Tarlton, Lancashire, coal merchant. W. EDGSON, Irchester, Northamptonshire, butcher. W. HUMPHREY, Taunton, Somersetshire, chemist and druggist. J. WATSON, Tynemouth, Northumberland, painter.

Feb. 17.—S. J. KNIGHT, Lower Belgrave-place, Pinlco, ironmonger. H. WRIGHT, Old Broad-street, City, merchant. D. W. STEPHENS, Emsworth, Hampshire, wine merchant. A. RITCHIE, Carey-street, victualler. J. S. AGAR, Hammersmith, engraver. T. GARDINER, Hunter-street, Borough, leather seller. G. DAVEY, Gwinear, Cornwall, miller. J. DICKINSON, Nottingham, lace manufacturer. W. GAUDERN, Earl's-court, Northamptonshire, felt-monger. W. SATCHEL, Great Saffronhill, licensed victualler.

Feb. 20.—L. BLADON, Hanway-street, tailor. S. KING, Kinnerton-street, Knightsbridge, baker. T. AYRES, Tooley-street, Borough, silversmith. W. S. SMITH, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper. H. NIXON, Warwick-lane, carpenter. J. DORRINGTON, Fordingbridge, Southampton, plumber. C. HAWKESLEY, Liverpool, merchant. J. VOSS, Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, Dorsetshire, grocer. G. LOCKWOOD and W. WILSON, Liverpool, merchants. T. WHITEHOUSE, Balsall-leath, Worcestershire, brickmaker. S. JACOBS, Manchester, merchant. W. H. DAKIN, Heigham, Norfolk, innkeeper. J. KING, Cambridge, grocer.

## COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the high degree of political excitement which still pervades all classes of the community, the termination of the elections has restored to the manufacturing and retail trading interests the activity which had been in a state of suspense during the prosecution of those contests. The Woollen Manufactures of Yorkshire are now in brisk demand, and again furnish full employment to a numerous class of operatives; and the cotton works of Lancashire continue their labours with incessant energy. There has been some heaviness in the market for manufactured Silks; but the approach of spring cannot fail to bring with it a renewed activity in this branch of industrial employment.

The Market for West India produce has been considerably depressed of late, but this temporary depression arises from a cause so favourable to the permanent interests of the Colonies, that it is impossible to view it with regret. The continually improving accounts from the most important of those Colonies, from which the stain of slavery has recently been removed, leave little room to doubt that the emancipated labourers are rapidly coming to a sense of the value of the new position in which they are placed, and are daily acquiring an increased disposition to obtain the fruits of cheerful industry. The expectation that there would be a short supply of the produce of those Colonies in our Market is consequently much weakened, and prices of West India Muscovades have fallen to 3s. per cwt. below the late highest prices.

In Mauritius Sugars, the depression has amounted to 2s. per cwt.: the prices realized by public sale lately have been for low grey, 51s. 6d. to 83s.; strong grey, 53s. to 54s.; and yellow, 54s. 6d. to 58s. 6d.

East India Sugars have suffered less alteration; Bengal, low to middling white, bring 30s. to 31s. 6d.; Siam, low to good white, 27s. to 30s.; fine yellow, 27s.

In Foreign Sugars there is little business doing, the holders not being yet disposed to accommodate prices to the state of the Market in other descriptions. 36s. is now asked for white Havannah, and 29s. 6d. has been refused for fine yellow.

There has been great activity in the Refined Market, and fine crushed at

33s. 3d., short price, has been rapidly cleared off.

British Plantation Coffee has been steady for some time, with an inconsiderable demand, and particularly for inferior and unclean qualities. The favourable accounts from the Continental Markets have produced a marked effect in East India and Foreign Coffees, both as to the extent of the transactions, and the improvement in prices. Brazil, good and fine ordinary, are quoted at 51s. 6d. to 52s.; St. Domingo, 51s. to 52s.; Ceylon, 53s. to 54s.; Sumatra, 37s. to 40s.; Mocha has recently sold by auction at 38s. 6d. to 39s.

Brazil Cocoa has evinced some disposition to improve, purchases having been made at 27s. to 27s. 6d.; in British Plantation Cocoa little doing.

With the other descriptions of Colonial produce, Rum has become heavy in the Market, but without any material alteration in price; Jamaica, 31 over-proof, has brought 3s. 4d. per gallon; and a small parcel of peculiarly fine quality, 3s. 10d.

At the recent public sale of free-trade Teas, chiefly from the Cape of Good Hope, the following were the prices realized:—Bohea, 1s. 4d. to 2s.; Congou, 1s. 5½d. to 2s. 6½d.; Souchong, 2s. 5½d.; Hyson Skin, 1s. 11½d. to 2s. 2d.; Strong Hyson, 2s. 8d. to 3s. 7d.; Young Hyson, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 2d.; Gunpowder, 3s. 9½d. to 5s. 8d.

The present apprehension and anxiety under the unsettled state of public affairs has in some degree affected the Cotton Market; not so far as to reduce the price, but to cause a degree of hesitation in buying beyond the immediate want. The spinners are however in full activity, and orders are transmitted in abundance from the Continent; so that the interruption of the previous activity can be but of short duration. The quantities and prices of the sales of the last week were:—

60	bales Bengal, good	7½ to 7½
2060	„ Surat, ord. to fine	5½ to 8½
680	„ Madras, mid. to good	6½ to 7½
50	„ Pernam, mid.	12½
150	„ Bahia, &c. mid.	11½
70	„ Bowd, fair	9½

In Mark-lane, business has been latterly extremely dull; the supplies of Wheat and Flour have been very extensive. In Barley, the arrivals were not large, but the demand was still less; and Malt has suffered a depression of 1s. per quarter.

The English Funds had been remarkably steady during the month, until the approach of the opening of Parliament, when the uncertainty as to the course to be pursued by the Ministers, and the firm demonstration of hostility on the part of the Opposition, produced a feeling of anxiety by no means favourable to the maintenance of the high quotations at which the Funds had arrived. In the Foreign Funds, Spanish Bonds had rapidly and extensively improved, until they reached the quotation of 59, and the premium on the new loan had risen to 6 per cent.; the same cause, however, which wrought the depression in our own Securities produced a like effect in all Foreign Stocks. The Share Market, too, which was acquiring a degree of activity bordering closely upon morbid excitement, has been equally arrested in its course.

The last prices of Securities, in chief demand, at the close of the Market on the 23rd, are subjoined:—

#### ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 222 4—Three per Cent.

Reduced, 91 ½ ¾—Three per Cent. Consols, 91 ½ ¾—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 99 ½ ¾—Three and a Half per Cent. New, 99 ½—Long Annuities, expire Jan., 1860, 17 ½ ¾—India Stock, 256 ½ 6 ¾—Ditto Bonds, 18 20—Exchequer Bills, 1000l., and Small, 37 9—Consols for Account, 91 ½ ¾.

#### SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 8, 9—Bolanos, 127 ½—British Iron, 31 2—Brazilian, Imperial, 38 9—Canada, 41 3—Colombian, 14 16—United Mexican, 4 ½ ¾.

#### FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 101 ½ 2 ½—Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 83 ½—Chilian, 6 per cent. 43 ½ 4—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 35 ½ 6 ½—Danish, 3 per cent. 77 ½—Dutch, 2 ½ per cent. 53 ½ ¾—Ditto, 5 per cent. 70 ½ ¾—Mexican, 6 per cent. 41 2—Peruvian, 6 per cent. 28 9—Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent. 90 ½ ¾—Ditto 1834, 6 per cent. 98 ½ 9—Russian 0l. sterling 5 per cent. 109 ½ 10—Spanish, 1821, 5 per cent. 57 ½—Ditto 1835, Scrip, 5 per cent. 4 ½ ¾.

## MONTHLY DIGEST.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

*Whitehall, Feb. 3, 1835.*—The King has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal, appointing his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Right Hon. Lord Lyndhurst (Lord High Chancellor), his Grace the Archbishop of York, the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrowby, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn, the Right Hon. Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, the Right Hon. Henry Hobhouse, and the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Jenner, Knight, his Majesty's Commissioners for considering the state of the several dioceses in England and Wales, with reference to the amount of their revenues, to the more equal distribution of episcopal duties, and to the prevention of the necessity of attaching, by *commendam*, to bishoprics benefices with cure of souls; also for considering the state of the several cathedral and collegiate churches within the same, with a view to the suggestion of such measures as may render them most conducive to the efficiency of the Established Church, and for devising the best mode of providing for the cure of souls, with special reference to the residence of the Clergy on their respective benefices.

### IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

Feb. 19.—This day having been appointed for the meeting of Parliament, the House of Lords met at twelve o'clock. The Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Rosslyn, the Earl of Jersey, and Lord Wharfedale, took their seats as Lords Commissioners. After

the usual preliminary business, the Lords Commissioners proceeded to open the Parliament; and the Commons having been summoned, the Lord Chancellor stated the command of his Majesty that they should proceed to the election of a Speaker forthwith. The Commons then withdrew.

Feb. 20.—The Usher of the Black Rod having been commanded to summon the attendance of the Commons, in a few minutes returned, attended by the Right Hon. J. Abercromby and an immense number of the Members. The Right Hon. Gentleman, who was supported on his right and left by his proposer and seconder, announced to the House the selection the Commons had made in the appointment of a Speaker.—The Lord Chancellor, as one of the Lords Commissioners, said they had it in command from his Majesty to assure Mr. Abercromby that his Majesty had felt reliance on his fidelity, and that he duly appreciated his zeal for the public service, and that his Majesty did most readily concur in the selection of his faithful Commons.—The Right Hon. Gentleman said that he most humbly submitted himself to his Majesty's will and pleasure. The usual privileges were then claimed by the Speaker for the Commons and their servants, which being assented to by the Lords Commissioners, the Speaker and the Commons, having bowed, withdrew.

Feb. 24.—This being the day appointed by his Majesty to open the New Parliament in person, every preparation was made in the House of Lords for the accommodation of the Peeresses, and the few persons admitted by special tickets from the Lord Chamberlain, in consequence of the smallness of the building. The day was unusually fine, and the crowd of spectators was immense.

His Majesty having taken his seat on the Throne, the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod was ordered to command the immediate attendance of the Commons. Shortly after the new Speaker (Mr. Abercromby) and the Gentlemen of the House of Commons attended at the Bar.

The King, from the Throne, then delivered the following Royal Speech.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—I avail myself of the earliest opportunity of meeting you in Parliament, after having recurred to the sense of my people.

"You will, I am confident, fully participate in the regret which I feel at the destruction, by accidental fire, of that part of the ancient Palace of Westminster, which had been long appropriated to the use of the two Houses of Parliament.

"Upon the occurrence of this calamity I gave immediate directions that the best provision of which the circumstances of the case would admit should be made for your present meeting, and it will be my wish to adopt such plans for your permanent accommodation as shall be deemed, in your joint consideration, to be the most fitting and convenient.

"I will give directions that there be laid before you the report made to me by the Privy Council, in reference to the origin of the fire, and the evidence upon which that report was founded.

"The assurances which I receive from my Allies, and generally from all Foreign Princes and States, of their earnest desire to cultivate the relations of amity, and to maintain with me the most friendly understanding, justify, on any part, the confident expectation of the continuance of the blessings of peace.

"The single exception to the general tranquillity of Europe is the civil contest which still prevails in some of the northern provinces of Spain.

"I will give directions that there be laid before you articles which I have concluded with my Allies, the King of the French, the Queen Regent of Spain, and the Queen of Portugal, which are supplementary to the treaty of April, 1834, and are intended to facilitate the complete attainment of the objects contemplated by that treaty.

"I have to repeat the expression of my regret that the relations between Holland and Belgium still remain unsettled.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—I have directed the estimates for the ensuing year to be prepared, and to be laid before you without delay.

"They have been formed with the strictest attention to economy, and I have the satisfaction of acquainting you that the total amount of the demands for the

public service will be less on the present than it has been on any former occasion within our recent experience.

"The satisfactory state of the trade and commerce of the country, and of the public revenue, fully justifies the expectation that, notwithstanding the reductions in taxation, which were made in the last session, and which, when they shall have taken full effect, will tend to diminish the surplus of the public revenue, there will remain a sufficient balance to meet the additional charge which will arise from providing the compensation granted by Parliament on account of the abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions.

"I deeply lament that the agricultural interest continues in a state of great depression.

"I recommend to your consideration whether it may not be in your power, after providing for the exigencies of the public service, and consistently with the steadfast maintenance of the public credit, to devise a method for mitigating the pressure of those local charges which bear heavily on the owners and occupiers of land, and for distributing the burden of them more equally over other descriptions of property.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—The information received from the Governors of my Colonies, together with the acts passed in execution of the law for the abolition of slavery, will be communicated to you.

"It is with much satisfaction that I have observed the general concurrence of the Colonial Legislatures in giving effect to this important measure; and notwithstanding the difficulties with which the subject is necessarily attended, I have seen no reason to abate my earnest hopes of a favourable issue.

"Under all circumstances, you may be assured of my anxious desire, and unceasing efforts, fully to realize the benevolent intentions of Parliament.

"There are many important subjects, some of which have already undergone partial discussion in Parliament, the adjustment of which, at as early a period as is consistent with the mature consideration of them, would be of great advantage to the public interest.

"Among the first, in point of urgency, is the state of the tithe question in Ireland, and the means of effecting an equitable and final adjustment of it.

"Measures will be proposed for your consideration, which will have for their respective objects to promote the commutation of tithe in England and Wales—to improve our civil jurisprudence, and the administration of justice in ecclesiastical causes—to make provision for the more effectual maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline—and to relieve those who dissent from the doctrines or discipline of the Church from the necessity of celebrating the ceremony of marriage according to its rites.

"I have not yet received the report from the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of Municipal Corporations; but I have reason to believe that it will be made, and that I shall be enabled to communicate it to you at an early period.

"I have appointed a commission for considering the state of the several dioceses in England and Wales, with reference to the amount of their revenues, and to the more equal distribution of the episcopal duties—the state of the several cathedral and collegiate churches, with a view to the suggestion of such measures as may render them most conducive to the efficiency of the Established Church, and for devising the best mode of providing for the cure of souls, with reference to the residence of the clergy on their respective benefices.

"The especial object which I have in view in the appointment of this commission is to extend more widely the means of religious worship according to the doctrines of the Established Church, and to confirm its hold upon the veneration and affections of my people.

"I feel it also incumbent upon me to call your earnest attention to the condition of the Church of Scotland, and to the means by which it may be enabled to increase the opportunities of religious worship in that part of the United Kingdom.

"It has been my duty, on this occasion, to direct your consideration to various important matters connected with our domestic policy.

"I rely with entire confidence on your willing co-operation in perfecting all such measures as may be calculated to remove just cause of complaint, and to promote the concord and happiness of my subjects.

"I rely also, with equal confidence, in the caution and circumspection with which you will apply yourselves to the alteration of laws, which affect very exten-

sive and complicated interests, and are interwoven with ancient usages, to which the habits and feelings of my people have conformed.

"I feel assured that it will be our common object in supplying that which may be defective, or in renovating that which may be impaired, to strengthen the foundations of those institutions in Church and State, which are the inheritance and birthright of my people, and which, amidst all the vicissitudes of public affairs, have proved, under the blessing of Almighty God, the truest guarantees of their liberties, their rights, and their religion."

At the evening sitting the Lord Chancellor read his Majesty's Speech, which was afterwards read a second time by the clerk at the table.

**THE ADDRESS.**—Earl Hardwick then rose to move that an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, thanking him for his most gracious Speech. He never remembered a Speech from the Throne so likely to prove satisfactory to the country as the one their Lordships had just heard read. The statement it contained relating to the friendly connections of his Majesty with Foreign Powers, must be highly satisfactory. The state of the finances of the country and its commerce must also give great satisfaction. Whilst, on the other hand, his Majesty's anxious wish for the happiness of his people, and his strongly expressed desire to improve the institutions of the country, must give universal satisfaction. At the time, however, that his Majesty expressed a desire to improve the institutions of the country, it was most gratifying to know, that under no circumstances would his Majesty consent to those ancient institutions being destroyed. The Speech breathed throughout the deepest anxiety honourably to fulfil all engagements, and to listen with attention to the wants of the people.—Lord Gage seconded the Address. He contended that if the present ministers could not satisfy the people, he was sure that nothing short of revolution would do so.

Lord Melbourne then rose, and, after remarking upon the nature of the Speech, he said that from that Speech no one would have gathered that any change of administration had taken place; and never had their been a Speech in which events of such magnitude had been passed over without comment. He had nothing to say in reference to the late change, in addition to what had been already stated. Whether that change was prudent it was not for him to say; but when he considered the position in which the country was placed, and its prospects, he saw nothing to justify the prudence and discretion of that change. He then proceeded to allude to the holding of different offices by the Duke of Wellington, which he said was completely incompatible with the constitution of the country, and it was for the noble Duke to show the emergency of the case which rendered such an act necessary; and it ought even then to be specially mentioned, to prevent the case from forming a precedent in future. The dissolution took place at a time when the country was in a state of perfect tranquillity, and some notification of it was necessary. The Speech expressed reform, but reform was utterly inconsistent with the former character and professions of those in power. He had no hopes of success; but, for the purpose of doing his duty, and to give their Lordships an opportunity of showing their views, he would move an amendment. He then moved an amendment, expressing disapprobation of the late dissolution of Parliament, and a desire that effective reforms might be introduced with respect to the state of corporations, and the laws relative to Dissenters.

The Duke of Wellington said, the principal point upon which the Noble Viscount had attacked him, was his responsibility for the King's dissolution of the late Government. He was not responsible for that dissolution. That which dissolved the late Government, was the absolute impossibility that it should go on any longer after the Noble Earl (Spencer) had been removed from the House of Commons to the House of Peers. It was perfectly well known to his Majesty, that the weight of the Noble Lord in the other House of Parliament, the influence which he there exercised, was the foundation of the then existing Government, and when that Noble Lord was removed the Administration fell as a necessary consequence. Under



these circumstances, his Majesty thought proper to send for him, and he was very happy to find that all the histories and stories which Noble Lords had heard of respecting a Court intrigue—that all those histories and stories had now been entirely laid aside, and that it was fully admitted that nothing of that sort had ever taken place. He (the Duke of Wellington) was then down at his own house in Hampshire, and it was there that he received his Majesty's command with great surprise. He might have come to town to take upon himself permanently the very situation which he temporarily filled. But what did he do? He recommended to his Majesty, not that which would have gratified his own personal ambition, but that which he thought most advisable for the service of the country—to wait for the return of a Right Hon. Gentleman whom he thought the most fit and most capable to be the head of the Government. That Gentleman was at the time in another part of the world, and, being at such a distance, it did appear to him, and to his Majesty, that some measures should be in the meantime adopted, by which they should take possession and be enabled to carry on the Government. He felt that it was absolutely necessary that any person who was so to carry on the Government, should exercise no patronage and take no step whatever, which could impair the authority and power of the Right Hon. Gentleman when he should appear to take the station assigned to him. Under these circumstances he advised his Majesty to adopt the measure which he did adopt, namely, to put him at the head of the Government, and appoint him Secretary of State for the Home Department, and First Lord of the Treasury. But he had exercised no more authority in those departments, than if he had held the seals of the Home Office alone. He recollected a precedent in the case of Mr. Canning, who, from the 12th of April till the 30th of that month, was First Lord of the Treasury and Secretary of State for the Foreign Department. The Noble Viscount had thought proper to blame him for having attended his Majesty when required to do so, and for having assisted his Majesty in the arrangement of the new Government. This was the more extraordinary, as the Noble Viscount had himself brought to town his Majesty's orders on the subject. The next charge which the Noble Viscount brought forward in his speech was, that his Majesty's present Government had advised his Majesty to dissolve Parliament. Why, the Noble Viscount himself, in speaking of the dissolution of Parliament which had taken place while the late Administration were in power, maintained that the measure was justified by the success which had attended it. Now, in the present case, there had been no opportunity of ascertaining whether or not the dissolution had been successful for the object which it had in view. He (the Duke of Wellington) trusted that it would prove so. In giving the advice which he had given to dissolve the late Parliament, he had done that which he felt to be correct and justifiable; and he trusted that when the new Parliament saw the nature of the measures which it was the intention of his Majesty's Government to propose, that Government would have its support.

Lord Brougham attributed the breaking up of the late Ministry to the Duke of Wellington, and not to the loss of Lord Althorp in the House of Commons. The dissolution of Parliament was for no other reason than because the late Ministers continued favourites with the House of Commons. And what had been the result of that dissolution? Ministers were defeated in the most remarkable manner upon record, on the very day of the return of the writ. The Noble and Learned Lord then adverted to the changes of opinion which had characterised many of the members of the Administration, denied that they had the confidence of the country, and expressed his conviction that the Reform Bill was not safe in their keeping.—The Lord Chancellor, in reply, defended the Government from the charge of inconsistency, justified their proceedings, maintained the honesty and sincerity of their intentions, and expressed a confidence that the measures in contemplation would meet the approbation of their Lord,

ships and the Commons.—Lord Mulgrave denounced the dismissal of the Melbourne Administration as an unconstitutional exercise of the prerogative.—The Earl of Ripon would vote against the amendment but was not prepared to support the measures of Government, unless they followed up the great principles of reform. He thought they had been right in dissolving the Parliament.

The amendment was negatived without a division.

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Feb. 19.—The Members having assembled, Lord F. Egerton proposed that Sir C. M. Sutton should take the Chair. He supported this motion, by adverting to the great experience of that Right Hon. Gentleman, and to the testimony of the present Opposition, they having proposed him for the Speaker of the first Reformed Parliament.—Sir C. Burrell seconded the proposition.

Mr. Denison moved, as an amendment upon this motion, that Mr. Abercromby do take the Chair. He defended this proposition on the great principle that the Speaker ought to represent the sentiments of the majority.—Mr. Orde seconded the amendment.

Sir C. M. Sutton then claimed the attention of the house while he entered upon some of the charges which had been made against him. The charges against him in the abstract were, that being Speaker, he busied himself in other matters; that he assisted in the formation of the present Ministry, and counselled and advised the dissolution of the late Government. Now these were the three points affecting his public character, and peculiarly affecting it as the Speaker of that house, who, to a certain extent, must be indebted to the existing Government, and would, therefore, be guilty of lending a hand to the extinction of that body to which he owed his own pre-eminence.—[The Right Honourable Gentleman here entered into a very minute detail of the circumstances attending his interviews with the King subsequent to the burning of the two Houses of Parliament.]—He declared that he had no anticipation of the dissolution of the late Ministry, and that the first intimation he received of it was an article which he read in the morning papers. The next charge which he had seen brought against him was, that he had busied himself in the formation of a new administration, and the only overt act which was alleged against him was, that he attended the Privy Council meetings. He did attend them, and the first was on the Monday following the resignation of the late ministry. But on no occasion was the business which was transacted other than of a formal nature. The statements, that he had made constant visits to the Home Office, and had been continually with the Duke of Wellington before the return of Sir R. Peel, were totally false. Now with respect to the formation of the present ministry, he would boldly say, that with the exception of his Right Hon. Friend Sir R. Peel, the Lord Chancellor, and the Duke of Wellington, he never had advised, never suggested, never counselled, and never knew of the appointment of any one individual, till it had taken place. So much for that charge. He would now come to this—namely, the dissolution of the last Parliament. It had been said that he assisted at the Council where that measure was resolved upon. It was not true. He never did advise, never did counsel, never was consulted, and never had anything to do with the dissolution of the last Parliament. So little did he know of it, that it was by accident, purely by accident, that he became acquainted with it. He knew nothing of the fact till it was announced in the "Gazette." With respect to who was the best person to fill the office of Chairman, he was sure that the House would concur with him, and he meant no disparagement to his Right Hon. Friend (Mr. Abercromby) in saying so, that at the present moment, from peculiar circumstances, it would require great

experience, and great knowledge of the business of the House, in order to discharge the duties of Chairman. Whether he was elected or not felt to nothing when compared to this. He had the highest respect for the Right Hon. and Learned Gentleman who had been proposed in opposition to him, and he hoped he would believe that he spoke with perfect sincerity when he said that no man rated his talents higher than he did; and he felt that it was no disparagement to him to say, that even he would feel great difficulties in filling the Chair of this House. He would now conclude; but before he sat down, perhaps the House would permit him to express a wish—it was the one uppermost in his mind—that whatever might be the determination of the House upon the present occasion, they might form a sound judgment in electing him at their Speaker who would discharge his duties most usefully to the country, most acceptably to the House, and most satisfactorily to the public at large. The Right Hon. Gentleman concluded amidst very loud cheers.

Mr. Abercromby expressed his gratitude for the manner in which his name had been introduced; but felt that he was indebted for it rather to the partiality of his friends than to his own merits.

Lord Stanley strongly supported the re-election of Sir C. M. Sutton.

Lord J. Russell defended the amendment; and contended that the late Speaker had so mixed himself up with the recent changes as to compromise the dignity of the House and of the office he then held.

Sir R. Peel strongly supported the motion, and maintained that in so doing he was following the precedent set by the first Reformed Parliament, a fact that ought to be decisive with those who opposed the motion. There was not any good ground for opposing it, while every argument and feeling were in its favour.

Mr. Cobbett said he would not vote for Mr. Abercromby, because he would do nothing tending to bring the late Ministers into office again, and because that gentleman had voted for the Poor Law Bill.

After some further discussion the House proceeded to a division. The numbers were—for Mr. Abercromby 316, and for Sir C. M. Sutton 306, being a majority of 10 in favour of Mr. Abercromby.

Feb. 20.—The House having been summoned to the House of Lords, they proceeded attended by their Speaker; on their return, the Speaker took the chair, and briefly stated that he would do all in his power to merit the approbation of the House.

Feb. 24.—An Amendment, the same in substance as that in the Lords, was moved,—the motion was continued by adjournment on Wednesday and Thursday.

## THE COLONIES.

### WEST INDIES.

Barbadoes papers of the 14th of December contain the memorial of the Council and Assembly of that colony in answer to the Colonial Secretary's objections to the supplementary bill to the Abolition of Slavery Act, passed by the Legislature of Barbadoes. It goes very fully into their subjects of complaint, while it admits generally the fairness of spirit in which the Act of Parliament is framed; regrets the honest endeavours of the Council and Assembly to co-operate with Parliament in bringing the mighty experiment to a happy issue have not succeeded; and after taking up the various objections of the Colonial Secretary, concludes by expressing, on behalf of the Legislature, the deep sense of the serious responsibility of their situation; and adds, that nothing but a firm conviction of the overpowering mischief of the regulations could have induced them to endanger the

claims of the island to a participation in the compensation fund, by offering opposition to the wishes of his Majesty's Government.

- Demerara papers to the 17th of December describe the negroes as still remaining in a state of idleness. Every kind of produce was advancing in price; and the colony was in a very distressing state. The conduct of the Lieutenant-Governor was the subject of much animadversion, and a memorial on the subject had been prepared and signed by upwards of eleven hundred of the colonists. The memorialists state their firm conviction that the colony can never know peace, nor enjoy the benevolent intentions of his Majesty's Government, while it remains under the course of policy adopted by his Excellency Sir James Carmichael Smith; they therefore solicit attention to the document accompanying the memorial, and pray that their grievances may be redressed, ere the system of misgovernment shall have involved all in ruin.

#### PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND.

The Governor of Prince Edward's Island had issued a proclamation for the assembling of the Colonial Legislature for the dispatch of business on the 26th of January. An Order in Council had been published, annulling an Act passed by the Colonial Assembly, authorizing an issue of notes from the Treasury for 5000*l.*, to meet the increased expenditure of the colony, which, in 1833, amounted to 13,759*l.* The refusal of his Majesty to sanction the Act had created some surprise in the colony, especially as the large expenditure of 1833 was occasioned by matters of an urgent nature, in building a bridge, and making other public improvements; but besides the authority of the Colonial Act, notes had been issued, and his Majesty's Government had directed them to be immediately cancelled. The subject would occupy the attention of the Legislature on its assembling.

#### CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Papers from the Cape of Good Hope, to the 6th of December, state that the first day of freedom was honoured in Cape Town by many expressions of joy and gratitude. "The Meteor Flag of England" was unfurled on the Commercial Exchange, on the tops of several private houses, and on some patriotic ships in the bay. Several gentlemen gave entertainments in honour of liberty and Old England to large parties of all ages and classes; and in the evening the same "Noble Britons"—chiefly merchants—who celebrated the resurrection of freedom in France, and the renovation of the British constitution by a Reform in the House of Commons, assembled, and in the true English style expressed their gratitude for the crowning mercy. Both in the town and its vicinity all things were tranquil and satisfactory on the occasion.

A school-room, as a monument to commemorate the abolition of slavery in that colony, was about to be established by subscription.

The Committee for promoting the emigration of females to the Australian colonies, where there is a great disparity between the sexes, have been authorized by Government to grant a free passage to females. The Committee formerly only allowed 12*l.* to female emigrants, who had to pay 5*l.* to make up the deficiency. The new ship *Canton*, 510 tons, has been taken up to convey those who may wish to avail themselves of the bounty of a free passage, and will sail from Gravesend on the 30th of April. Servants accustomed to the duties of a farmhouse in England are particularly recommended to emigrate, the colonial farmers being in great want of young women of steady and industrious habits to fill situations in their families.

## FOREIGN STATES.

## UNITED STATES.

THE Committee appointed by the Senate in consequence of the President's Message, and especially of that part of it which relates to the dispute between the United States and France, have given in a Report, which is strongly pacific. It comes to the following conclusion, after a detailed review of the question between the two Governments, and of the different negotiations to which it gave rise:—

"The President seems to have been aware of the possibility of a misinterpretation of his Message, and he has sought to guard, the Committee hope with success, against its being viewed in the light of a menace. But if his recommendation be followed up by the passing of a law of reprisals in Congress it is much to be apprehended that our purpose might be supposed to be one of intimidation. France would look to our acts, not to our protestations. And, in a reversal of situations, Congress would hardly consider it consistent with its dignity, its independence, and the freedom of deliberation, to pass an act of appropriation for a Foreign Government, with a measure of self-redress, denounced and suspended over its head by that Foreign Government. If Congress shall decline authorizing reprisals, France will have no right to impute to the Government of the United States any design to appeal to her fears, and will be deprived of any such pretexts for refusing to execute the Treaty. In that event, the Message of the President will be regarded as the manifestation of a lively sensibility to the honour and interests of his country; but his recommendation not being adopted by the only department of the Government competent to carry it into effect, it could afford no apology to France for disregarding the obligations of national faith and justice."

Finally, the Report recommends to the Senate the adoption of the following resolution:—

"Resolved—That it is inexpedient at this time to pass any law vesting in the President authority for making reprisals upon French property in the contingency of provision not being made for paying to the United States the indemnity stipulated by the Treaty of 1831, during the present Session of the French Chambers."

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED  
PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

## THE EARL OF DARNLEY.

WE are concerned to state that the Earl of Darnley, who met with an accident by a blow from an axe which separated two of his Lordship's toes, died in consequence at his seat at Cobham Hall. It appears that tetanus was induced from the effect of the wound. His Lordship expired in the 40th year of his age. He succeeded to the title not quite four years since; was married to the second daughter of Sir H. Parnell; and has left five children, the eldest son, now Earl Darnley, being in his 8th year, having been born April 16, 1827. This excellent nobleman was highly respected. His politics were liberal, and his manners kind and conciliating, and his beautiful demesne, Cobham Hall, and superb collection of pictures were accessible to the public, at stated periods, for their amusement. His Lordship had also a fine collection of pictures at his mansion in town, and the whole collection was estimated to be worth 50,000*l.*, being choice pictures by

the best masters. His Lordship was the fifth Earl of Darnley, of Athboy, and Baron Clifton, of Rathmore, in the county of Meath, in the peerage of Ireland, and of Leighton Bromswold, in England. He was Lord Lieutenant of the county of Meath, and Hereditary Steward of Gravesend and Milton. In 1829, during the life-time of the late Earl's father, a petition was presented to the King, claiming the Dukedom of Lennox, in the peerage of Scotland, as heir of the line of Charles, sixth Duke of Lennox, and fourth Duke of Richmond. The petition was referred to a committee of privileges of the House of Lords, and no decision has hitherto been made. Cobham Hall, near Gravesend, came into the family through the Stuarts, having been granted by King James I. to James Stuart, first Duke of Richmond, after the attainder of Henry Lord Cobham, for his participation in Raleigh's conspiracy.

#### THE CATHOLIC PRIMATE.

The Most Rev. Thomas Kelly, Catholic Primate of Ireland, died of fever. He studied at Maynooth, where, having been ordained on the 23d September, 1820, by the Archbishop of Dublin, he was appointed Junior Dean, an office which he filled with zeal and discretion, until, after the consecration of Doctor Mac Hale, as Coadjutor of Killala, he succeeded that illustrious prelate in the chair of Dogmatic Theology. Having discharged the arduous and important duties of Senior Professor for little more than a year, he was, on the 16th June, 1826, appointed Bishop of the then vacant See of Dromore, and consecrated in the chapel of Newry by the Archbishop of Dublin, on the 27th of August following, just six years after the completion of his collegiate studies, and his ordination to the ministry of the Catholic Church. His Lordship was, on the 23d December, 1828, made Coadjutor of Armagh, with future succession to the late venerable Dr. Curtis; and on the 26th July, 1832, succeeded that truly apostolic Prelate, to whom, in all things, he proved a worthy successor in the primatial chair. Doctor Kelly possessed talents of the very highest order. In college he was a most distinguished student—as a clergyman he was zealous—as a bishop, the head of the Irish church; his conduct was characterized by prudence, mildness, and temperance. Though constantly obliged to mix in public, he led the austere and mortified life of a cloister. His Grace could have hardly reached his fortieth year, and in that short span he grew old by self-denial.—*Dublin Evening Post.*

#### THE RIGHT HON. JAMES FITZGERALD.

This gentleman died at Booterstown, at the advanced age of 93. He was called to the Irish bar in 1769, and in a space of time inconceivably short attained the highest professional honours. In 1784 he was promoted to the dignity of the King's Prime Sergeant, which office he held till the Union. He then resigned his office of Prime Sergeant, and never after accepted office. He became a member of the Irish Parliament in 1772, in which situation he continued till its destruction by the Union. He was the first man who had the liberality to propose, in the Irish Parliament, a bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics, which he successfully carried; by this they were freed from some of the severest restrictions of the penal code. He was returned five successive times to the Imperial Parliament as the representative of Ennis. He has lived a long, consistent life—the principles he embraced in his youth he cherished in his age, and thus he lived respected, and died regretted, by every Irishman. His eloquence was of the purest style, and the tone of his voice so melodious, that he has been deservedly styled the "silver-tongued Prime Sergeant."

#### BARON DUPUYTREN.\*

This distinguished man died at Paris on the 8th of February, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. In November 1833, Baron Dupuytren was struck with paralysis; from this, however, he recovered sufficiently to

travel to Rome, whence he returned in the following spring; but he was subsequently attacked with pleurisy, and sunk under his sufferings as above stated. William Baron Dupuytren, was born at Pierre Buffiere, in the department of the Haute Vienne, on the 5th of October, 1778. According to the French journals, and a letter from our correspondent, his parents appear to have been in humble circumstances, and not very careful of him, for he was allowed to play somewhat *en vagabond*, in the streets of his native town. The child was thus engaged, when he got entangled among the feet of an officer's horses; the officer picked him up, became interested in him, and took him to Paris. This was in the year 1790; and officers were still at that time men of rank and influence—hence young Dupuytren was not sent to the stables, but to school, where he displayed peculiar aptitude for learning, and fortunately added to the number of his friends, for the officer who had at first kindly aided him soon disappeared in the turmoil of the revolution. M. Thouret, a rising physician, was the second patron of Dupuytren, and undertook to teach him medicine; the youth applied himself with zeal to the practical part of the science, and soon distinguished himself as an anatomist. In 1803, he became surgeon-doctor, and from this period rose gradually, till in 1815 he was nominated chief surgeon of the Hôtel Dieu, and in 1818, Member of the Institute. It was fortunate for Dupuytren, that he was preceded by a man of science like Bichat, in whose steps he might tread, or rather upon whose shoulders he might climb; for it is doubtful whether he, the first of operators, had naturally a scientific mind, though he knew well how to avail himself of the light thrown on science by his predecessor, and to seize on hints and suggestions, and develop them. He has left a fortune of 300,000*l.* sterling, the greater part of which goes to his only daughter, Madame de Beaumont. He has, however, according to report, bequeathed 8000*l.* either to endow a Professorship of Pathological Anatomy, or, as our correspondent says, to found an asylum for twelve aged and reduced physicians.

#### PRINCE HOARE, ESQ.

In recording the death of this distinguished gentleman, which took place at his residence at Brighton, on the 22nd of December, our recollections are called back to the literary history of the last half century, during which, either by his connexions with authors or with artists, or by his own numerous publications, his name continually occurs to our memory and respect. He was born at Bath, in 1755, and in his father's studio he began his career as an artist; thence he came to London as a pupil of the Royal Academy, and afterwards continued his education by visiting Rome (1776), and had there as fellow-students, Fuseli, Northcote, and other painters, who became celebrated. On returning, in 1780, to England, he devoted himself for awhile to the practice of his profession in London: but ill health compelled him to relinquish the arts, in which he would otherwise probably have risen to eminence. On the recovery of his health by the fine climate of Lisbon, he directed his talents to dramatic composition, and with such success, especially in small afterpieces, that many of them still retain their original popularity. The farces of "No Song no Supper," "The Prize," "My Grandmother," "Lock and Key," "Three and the Deuce," &c. &c., from their simple and natural humour, have secured a constant repetition on the stage. Mr. Hoare produced many dramatic pieces which were never printed: but the more successful of some of the comedies and operas were published at the time. The effects of his early education, and the natural refinement and delicacy of his taste, could not be overlaid by this exercise of his talents for the stage; and the publication of "The Artists," in 1809,—a periodical work, in which he was assisted by many eminent painters and authors—as well as his "Epoch of the Fine Arts," 1813, and other similar productions, show that his nature possessed

all the finest sensibilities, as well as the broad apprehensions of comic and humorous incidents; indeed, that tone of delicate and moral sentiment seems to have been the essence of his character, for in his last publication, the "Life of Granville Sharpe," he has manifested a gravity and seriousness of feeling which has made the work not only a display of his friend's character, but of his own. Mr. P. Hoare's last publication was a brief Essay, published not long since by the Royal Society of Literature (in the formation of which Society he had greatly assisted), on the moral power of Shakspeare's dramas. With this elegant and thoughtful paper he closed his literary career, establishing, by arguments and facts, the indispensable union of moral truths with dramatic and all literary excellence.

With these various intellectual endowments, it is unnecessary to say that Mr. Hoare was benevolent and charitable in his life; and the sincerity, integrity, and kindness of his character, and the mild and gentle beauty of his manners, gained him the respect and delight of that refined and enlightened class of society among which he was so well and extensively known.

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

*Married.*—At St. George's, the Rev. Charles Martyn, to Clariss, daughter of the late Sir Charles Flower, Bart.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Pierce Somerset Butler, Esq., eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Pierce Butler, M.P., of Ballyconra, in the county of Kilkenny, to Jessy Anne, relict of P. A. Warren, Esq., of Lodge Park, in the same county.

The Baron Paul Louis Jules de Peyronnet, only son of the Count de Peyronnet, to Georgiana Frances, second daughter of the late George Whitfield, Esq., of the Islands of St. Vincent and Grenada.

Gilbert Abbott à Beckett, Esq., of the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of Joseph Glossop, Esq., of Berkeley-street, Piccadilly.

At Baldcaskie, Fifeshire, Captain Somerville, of the Scotch Greys, to Anna Maria, youngest daughter of the late Major-General Sir Henry Torrens, K.C.B.

At Abergeley, North Wales, the Right Hon. Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency, to Georgiana Frederica, daughter of Peter Fitz Gibbon Hinchey, Esq., of Merrion-square, Dublin.

At Hartburn Church, Northumberland, by the Rev. John Hodgson, (having been previously married according to the rites of the Roman Catholic religion), Henry Montonnier Hawkins, Esq., eldest son of the late Anthony Montonnier Hawkins, Esq., M.D., of the Gaer, Monmouthshire, to Jane, only daughter of James Fenwicke, Esq., of Longwiton Hall, Northumberland.

*Died.*—At Bantry House, in the county of Cork, in the 56th year of her age, Margaret Anne, Countess of Bantry, eldest daughter of

William Earl of Linstowell, deeply regretted by her family and friends.

William Montague, youngest son of the late Major-Gen. Sir Montague Burgoyne, Bart., of Sutton Park, in the county of Bedford.

At her residence, Alverston, Warwickshire, the Hon. Louisa Barnard, relict of the late Rev. Robert Barnard, of Lighthorne, in the same county, aged 65.

At Earl's Court, Brompton, the Hon. George Lady Ponsonby, widow of Major-General the Hon. Sir William Ponsonby, K.C.B.

At Ramsgate, Mrs. Carleton, widow of the late General Carleton, aged 83.

At Warwick House, Worthing, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Richard Jones, K.C.B., late of the Hon. East India Company's Service, in his 83rd year.

In South-street, aged 86, Mary Lady Affleck, widow of Richard Passall, Esq., and subsequently married to the late Sir Gilbert Affleck, Bart.

In Montagu-square, Judith, relict of the late Rear-Admiral Manby, of Northwold, Norfolk, in the 47th year of her age.

In Norfolk-street, Park-lane, Henry Trail, of Dairsie, in the county of Fife, Esq., in the 80th year of his age.

In Edward-street, Portman-square, in the 97th year of her age, Catherine, relict of the Hon. General Simon Fraser, eldest son of the last Lord Lovat.

At Uxbridge, Thomas Avery, Esq.

John George Donne, Esq., jun., of Whitlands, Devon, the only son of John George Donne, Esq., of Upper Scymour-street, Portman-square.

At Winchester, Lady Rivers, relict of the Rev. Sir Peter Rivers, Bart. in the 96th year of her age.



## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

### IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

*Twopenny Post-Office.*—The following new regulations, which have been for some time in progress, have been issued by command of his Majesty's Postmaster-General, the Right Hon. Lord Maryborough :—

"The principal office is at the General Post-Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, where letters may be put in one hour later than at the receiving-houses; but, for the accommodation of the public at the west end of the town, letters will be received at the office at Charing-cross, corner of Craig's-court, and at the office in Regent-street, near Langham-place, half an hour later at each dispatch than at any of the other receiving-houses. There are now six deliveries and six collections of letters in London daily; and by this new regulation, the seven o'clock delivery has been extended to all places in the environs of town within the circle of three miles from the General Post-Office, most of which at present will have five deliveries and five dispatches daily. The country delivery of the Twopenny Post has been extended from nine miles to a circle of twelve miles from the General Post-Office.

"The following is the time letters should be put into the receiving-house for each delivery of the day in town, and that by which they are dispatched. If put in at eight, ten, and twelve in the morning, two, five, and eight in the afternoon, they are sent for delivery at ten and twelve in the morning, two, four, and seven in the afternoon, and eight o'clock next morning. Letters can be put in one hour later than the above at the General Post-Office, and each delivery should be completed generally one hour or one hour and a half after they are dispatched. From London to the country, if put in by eight o'clock in the morning, two or five in the afternoon, they are dispatched at ten o'clock in the morning, four and seven in the afternoon. To places having but two deliveries a day, letters are sent off at the above hours, of ten in the morning and four or seven in the afternoon. Those that go off at ten o'clock are delivered at noon; those at four are delivered the same evening; and those at seven o'clock are delivered early next morning. To places having

only one post a day they go off at ten o'clock, and are delivered the same day at noon. Letters from the country to London, if put into the post in time for the morning dispatch, they arrive in town between ten and eleven o'clock, and are sent out for delivery at twelve o'clock; if the afternoon dispatch, at seven o'clock. The postage of each letter or packet passing from one part of the three-miles' circle to another is only twopence. To all places beyond this circle (being within the limits of this office) it is threepence.

"The postage of this office on each general or foreign post-letter or packet, to or from places beyond the three-miles' circle, is twopence, in addition to the general or foreign post-rate. Newspapers, if put into any Twopenny Post-Office within the circle of three miles from the General Post-Office, will pass to the country districts of this office, if in covers open at the ends, for one penny each; but from one part of the circle to another, or from the country to any part of the circle, or one part of the country to another, the postage is the same as for letters. No letters or packets exceeding the weight of four ounces can be sent by the post, except such as have first passed by, or are intended to pass by, the general or foreign mails. To prevent delay, the public should be very particular with letters intended to pass through the Twopenny Post, that they are put into the proper receiving-houses, as it too frequently happens that letters are put into a general-post receiving-house by mistake, whereby they are unavoidably delayed in their delivery."

The Benchers of the Inner Temple, on the suggestion of the present Attorney-General, have adopted a resolution, and recommended it for the adoption of the other Inns of Court, by which the advantages given to graduates of the English Universities and of Dublin over persons who have not graduated at those Universities are repealed. When the example set by the Inner Temple has become general at the other Inns of Court, and has been adopted by the College of Physicians, the only ground of complaint, it is said, which the Dissenters had at their exclusion from the Universities will be removed.

## HAMPSHIRE.

The Southampton Railway is proceeding with as much success as can be expected in this dead time of the year. The works at Shapley Heath, near Hartley Row, are beginning to attract notice; for there the Company have attacked a mountain of sand, removing it into the adjoining valleys, which is performed by carts running on temporary wrought-iron rails. They are also proceeding with the removal of a sand hill at Elvetham, and in a few weeks the works will be progress through Frimley, where they will cut into two parts the Oasis Farm of John Richard Binie, Esq. That this undertaking will be of great national importance will be seen by the single fact, that a vessel laden with invalids, widows, and children, who left Halifax in the beginning of November last, came in sight of the Isle of Wight in fourteen days, and would then have easily made the port of Portsmouth, or the Southampton Water: yet, in getting round the Straits of Dover, the vessel was twice driven on the coast of France, and twice on the coast of England, and after losing two topmasts and several of the crew, together with Mr. Damerum, the surgeon, arrived at Gravesend on the 11th of December, *three weeks* after they could have gone safely into the port of Southampton; and had the railway been finished, might have been in London a few hours after their arrival in England. Thus was a vessel fourteen days in making 65 degrees of longitude, and three weeks in making *three* degrees—such is the danger of making the port of London from the S. and S.W. in adverse winds!

## KENT.

While some workmen were excavating ground, in Boughton quarry, near Maidstone, they discovered the skeleton of a man, about five feet and a half below the surface. The feet and hands were quite mouldered away, but the arms were placed in a transverse position on the breast-bones. The ribs and all the spinal vertebrae were decayed; while the skull and teeth were in the highest state of preservation, not being deficient or rotten. Near the skeleton was found a plain Roman urn of clay.

The site of the place is supposed to have been a Roman embankment, and it is believed that the body must have been interred for upwards of 1000 years. The urn is in the possession of Mr. T. M. Joy, the artist, on whose father's estate these relics of antiquity were found. After the skeleton had been exposed for some time to the gaze of the curious, it was again committed to the earth.

A curious gold medal was discovered a short time ago by a labourer who was excavating a part of the road on the Ashford line, near Tunbridge-Bridge. It is one of the Roman Emperors, and the obverse is a Roman head in relief, with an inscription which is said to denote its being commemorative of Severus. The head is encircled with small garnets, inlaid. It appears to have been worn as an ornament, as a rudely-chased suspender is attached to the top of it. This piece of antiquity is now in the possession of Mr. Eastes, of Canterbury. —*Kentish Paper.*

## LEICESTERSHIRE.

*Ancient Remains.*—As a number of workmen were digging in a field on the right-hand side of Barkby-lane, Leicester, and lately laid out for building, about three or four feet below the surface of the earth they turned up several skulls, besides various other bones connected with the human frame. The extraordinary size of the leg-bones plainly indicated the parties, when living, to have been a stout and, no doubt, hardy race of men. Several sets of teeth were also discovered in a perfect state; but how and at what time they were buried history furnishes no record.

## SURREY.

*Waste Lands.*—As a proof that even the most hopeless of our waste lands may be brought into productive cultivation, it is stated that part of the sandy soil on Bagshot Heath, generally considered one of the most barren spots of the kingdom, has last year yielded at the rate of ten bushels of potatoes to the acre, over several acres, and has now a luxuriant crop of cattle-cabbage, of not less than forty tons to the acre, growing upon it.

## SHERIFFS APPOINTED FOR THE YEAR 1835.

Bedfordshire—Charles James Metcalfe, of Roston, Esq.

Berkshire—Benjamin Wroughton, of Woolley-park, Esq.

Buckinghamshire—The Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, of Hall-Barn-park, Bart.

Cambridge and Huntingdon—John Fryer, of Chatteris, Esq.

Cheshire—Joseph Leigh, of Belmont, Esq.

Cornwall—John Buller, of Morval, Esq.

Cumberland—Richard Ferguson, of Harker Lodge, Esq.

Derbyshire—Ashton Nicholas Every Mosley, of Burnaston House, Esq.

Devonshire—Samuel Trehaque Kekewich, of Penmore, Esq.

Dorsetshire—Sir Henry Digby, of Minterne Magna, Knt.

Essex—George William Gent, of Moyns Park, Steeple Bumpstead, Esq.

Gloucestershire—Henry Wenman Newman, of Clifton, Esq.

Herefordshire—Richard Webb, of Donnington Hall, Esq.

Hertfordshire—William Robert Baker, of Bayfordbury, Esq.

Kent—John Ward, of Holwood, Esq.

Leicestershire—William Henick, of Beaumanor, Esq.

Lincolnshire—Thomas Earle Welby, of Alington Hall, Esq.

Monmouthshire—Charles Marriott, of Dixton, Esq.

Norfolk—Hudson Gurney, of Keswick, Esq.

Northamptonshire—Lewis Loyd, of Overstone Park, Esq.

Northumberland—Bertram Mitford, of Mitford Castle, Esq.

Nottinghamshire—Christopher Nevill, of Thorney, Esq.

Oxfordshire—John Fane, of Wormsley, Esq.

Rutlandshire—Godfrey Kemp, of Belton, Esq.

Shropshire—Sir Baldwin Leighton, of Lorton, Bart.

Somersetshire—William Manning Dodding-ton, of Horsington, Esq.

Staffordshire—Edward Monkton, of Somersford, Esq.

County of Southampton—Henry Weyland Powell, of Foxlease, Esq.

Suffolk—Robert Saye, of Sibton Park, Esq.

Surrey—James Strudi Broadwood, of Lyne House, Esq.

Sussex—Charles Dixon, of Stanstead Park, Esq.

Warwickshire—The Hon. Charles Bertie Percy, of Guy's Cliff.

Wiltshire—Henry Seymour, of Knoyle, Esq.

Worcestershire—Sir Edward Blount, of Morley Hall, Bart.

Yorkshire—Richard Henry Roundell, of Gledstone, Esq.

## WALES.

Anglesey—William Hughes, of Plas Llandy-frydog, Esq.

Breconshire—Sir Edward Hamilton, of Trebushun, Bart.

Cardiganshire—Thomas Davies, of Mat-gwillan, Esq.

Carmarthenshire—Edward Rose Tunno, of Llangenneck Park, Esq.

Carnarvonshire—John Morgan, of Weeg, Esq.

Denbighshire—Sir Robert Henry Cunliffe, of Acton Park, Knt. and Bart.

Flintshire—Charles Blancy Trevor Roper, of Plasteg, Esq.

Glamorganshire—John Dillwyn Llewelyn, of Penllegare, Esq.

Merionethshire—Postponed.

Montgomeryshire—Hugh Davies Griffiths, of Llechweddgarth, Esq.

Pembrokeshire—Nicholas Roch, of Coches-ton, Esq.

Radnorshire—Thomas Williams, of Cross-foot, in the parish of Chiow, Esq.

## IRELAND.

Antim—Hugh Lecky, of Bushmills, Esq.

Armagh—Edmond Bacon, of Rich-hill, Esq.

Carlow—James H. Eustace, of Hardy-mount, Esq.

Cavan—John Finlay, of Blachley-lodge, Esq.

Clare—Lucius O'Brien, of Dromoland, Esq.

Cork—Viscount Berhaven.

Donegal—R. McClintock, of Dunmore, Esq.

Down—N. Batt, of Purdysburn, Esq.

Dublin—The Viscount Brabazon.

Fermanagh—J. Lendrum, of Jamestown, Esq.

Galway—D. Perse, of Roxborough, Esq.

Kerry—J. F. Bland, of Derryquin Castle, Esq.

Kildare—John Bonham, of Ballintaggart, Esq.

Kilkenny—Wm. Stannard, of Grange, Esq.

King's County—Lord Viscount Glandine, of Durrow.

Leitrim—T. B. Jones, of Dromard House, Esq.

Limerick—Wm. Monsell, of Tervoe, Esq.

Longford—F. J. Jessop, of Doory Hall, Esq.

Louth—G. Taaffe, of Smarmore Castle, Esq.

Mayo—J. K. Gildea, of Clooncorrac, Esq.

Meath—H. Fowler, of Rathmelton, Esq.

Monaghan—B. O. Cole, of Crieve, Esq.

Queen's County—John Piggott, of Cappard, Esq.

Roscommon—Sir G. King, Bart., of James-town.

Sligo—T. Jones, of Ardnaree, Esq.

Tipperary—John, Earl of Ossory.

Tyrone—C. Eccles, of Ecclesville, Esq.

Waterford—P. Barron, of Tramore Lodge, Esq.

Westmeath—Sir P. Nugent, Bart., of Donore.

Wexford—R. Doyne, jun., of Wells, Esq.

Wicklow—Wm. Beresford, of Ballinastow, Esq.

# THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## FRANCIA, THE DICTATOR.

[So little is known in Europe of this remarkable man, that, although we have already published, upon hearsay evidence, some account of him and his country, we gladly lay before our readers the statement of a gentleman whose personal intercourse with the Dictator has enabled him to supply information of considerable interest and importance. It will be perceived that he represents the character and government of Francia in a still less agreeable light than our former correspondent. This may be, in part, perhaps attributable to the persecutions he endured, and the injuries he sustained by order of "the Despot of Paraguay;" but these injuries and persecutions, on the other hand, are so many additional testimonies in support of the view given of Francia's character.]

WHEN the Spanish Governor Velasco was deposed after the victory gained over the Buenos Ayres troops, a junta, consisting of the two military chiefs Yegros and Cavallero, who had been in the action, together with a Dr. Francia, was elected in the ordinary way, to preside over and direct the affairs of the infant republic.

This Dr. Francia has made himself infamous by his tyranny. He has exercised, in a spirit so ferocious and unrelenting, every species of cruelty, not over his fellow-mortals merely, but over his fellow-countrymen, that though, politically speaking, he is little known in Europe, he yet deserves to be *made* known as a rare monster of atrocity in these days of comparative humanity and civilization. He would have ranked in the worst days of Rome, in refinement of cruelty, with the worst of the Roman emperors.

In the calculating *motives* of his cruelty,—in his unrelenting severity of execution,—in his studied aggravation of distress,—in the exercise of tyranny too petty to be called great, and yet too ferocious not to be classified as monstrous,—he proceeded to such deeds of imprisonment, confiscation, and murder, as may well claim for him a very awful pre-eminence in the annals of ambitious depravity.

This extraordinary person was educated at Cordova, (the Salamanca of South America). He is a man of a shrewd, saturnine disposition, and of very retired and studious habits. By dint of application, and in spite of the jealousy of the Church, he contrived, in addition to the ordinary branches of education taught at the University, to get a slight knowledge of algebra, and a still more superficial one of geometry and Greek. It was asserted that he understood both these branches of study well; nor in the whole fraternity of collegians was there anybody to vouch for the contrary. Having taken out his degree, he returned to Paraguay, where he soon came into considerable practice as a lawyer. A stern adherence to the justice of the case as he conceived it,—more

than ordinary acuteness and learning in his profession,—great knowledge and consequent management of the weaknesses of his countrymen,—together with his reputation for mysterious familiarity with the occult sciences,—brought him into great repute. To be able to multiply and subtract letters,—to read in a language the characters of which even were unknown,—to measure an angle and ascertain the height of an eminence with a theodolite,—and to show the satellites of Jupiter through a telescope, were sciences as truly occult to every other inhabitant of Paraguay but Dr. Francia himself, as at the University where he was educated would have been a critical dissertation in Hebrew on the curious, and recondite, and most important subject of the digamma.

This ascendancy of Dr. Francia in his own profession was carried by him into the government of which he soon became a member. He began too soon, however, to attempt the overthrow of the military influence of his two colleagues, by the mere strength of his own legal knowledge and growing popularity. He sneered, cavilled, and commanded, till the other members of the junta got impatient of his petulance. He, on the other hand, refused any longer to brook their ignorance and assumption. In a fit of disgust and spleen on his part, and under very ready acquiescence on theirs, he retired to the privacy of his small country house, about six miles from town.

Here it was that gradually and effectually, though silently, he kept extending his influence among the people, by assiduously courting the lower classes,—by apparent indifference about power, but constant insinuations how much it was abused,—and by an affectedly close prosecution of those studies, to which he knew he owed so much of the blind and increasing deference he enjoyed.

I happened to live very near to him, at this period, in the country; and being one evening out shooting, passed so close by his house that, in the exercise of a hospitality at that time common in all the Spanish colonies, he invited me in. The cottage had a low thatched roof with a little porch around it, which afforded shade out of doors, and, by keeping the walls and the windows free from the rays of the sun, not only preserved the humble dwelling cool, but cast an agreeable shade of chiaro-scuro over the small rustic apartments within. It was situated at the foot of a little hill, beautifully wooded from the base to the top. A few palm trees waved their graceful and lofty foliage on the natural greensward of the open lawn in front of it. A large field of the sugar-cane and one of cotton on one side of the house, and a thick dark orange grove, affording food and shade to a multitude of parrots, on the other, half occupied the little valley in which stood the lowly but romantic dwelling of him who was to be the Dictator and Tyrant of Paraguay.

The last rays of the sun were just streaming in upon the peaceful little vale, and tinging with the bright colours of evening the woody acclivities in which it was embosomed. The parrots were coming to roost, and the pheasants were taking their evening's repast along the skirts of the fine natural copses everywhere around.

There was a delightful air of tropical luxuriance and stillness in the scene, well calculated, one should have thought, with the solitary and studious habits of Dr. Francia, to soften his character into something in unison with the ostensible nature of his occupations, and the beautifully sequestered spot in which he pursued them: but wild ambition, like a

lurking monster, lay crouching within his bosom, and only waiting for an opportunity to spring from its lair, that it might destroy and desolate the land with blood, and leave around it a scene of carnage and dismay.

He was walking to and fro under the porch, enveloped, after the Spanish fashion, in a loose scarlet cloak, and sipping, through a tube, out of a small calabash, or maté-cup, an infusion of the yerba or Paraguayan tea. His figure was tall and spare, his complexion swarthy, and his air and manner evidently stern, though relaxed into an expression of grave politeness to receive a guest, whom he perceived to be a foreigner.

After the first salutation, there was leisure to examine a countenance full of sagacity, asperity, and penetration. His jet black hair was carefully combed back from his bold forehead, and allowed to fall in profusion from the back part of his head almost down upon his shoulders. He shot forth from his dark eyes a very keen and searching glance, from which the attention was taken, however, in some slight degree, by a composed, natural, and even simple demeanour and address. He spoke in very general terms of the state of the country; said he lived very much to himself, and made offer of his house and services, in the terms of commonplace civility usual in the country.

Shortly after this period he came again into power, having laid all his plans and taken all his preliminary measures for making it permanent, cruel, exclusive to himself, and wholly uncontrollable.

About the time of Dr. Francia's return to be a member of the government, Buenos Ayres sent a deputy to Paraguay, with the reasonable and natural expectation of entering into such arrangements, as, without the remotest acknowledgment of dependence on the part of the latter, should lead to reciprocal and friendly relations in politics, but especially in commerce between both. The defined alliance proposed by Buenos Ayres was one so obviously called for by the relative position and circumstances of the two countries, that one should have expected a very speedy termination of the business, by the execution of a treaty founded on stipulations consonant with the views and interests of both parties. The result was far otherwise.

Dr. Francia had previously determined to have no intercourse with Buenos Ayres or any other country, except Great Britain; and this was to have been permitted on pretty much the principles and terms so long and so liberally conceded to us by China. He was to have established an outpost at a place called Neembucú, 240 miles from Assumption, the capital of Paraguay, and to have allowed his mercantile allies, the English, to supply from thence their manufactures, on condition that they should at the same time provide him with arms and ammunition. He determined about this period also to get rid of his colleagues in power; and affected, that before he could give an answer to the deputy from Buenos Ayres, it was necessary he should assemble the Grand Congress, to be composed of representatives minutely and scrupulously chosen from among the people. He accordingly issued orders for that purpose, in such a way as that it would require about three months to collect the representatives. The intermediate time he successfully employed in encouraging and increasing the enmity there naturally existed among his countrymen to Buenos Ayres—in gaining over to his interest the officers in immediate command of the Paraguay troops—in

making himself personally and familiarly acquainted with every deputy as he came into town—and in at once flattering his vanity, and stimulating his cupidity, by large but undefined promises of protection and encouragement in relation to the order of men to whom the deputy might happen to belong. By one delay after another, never appearing to originate with Dr. Francia, he protracted the meeting of Congress two months beyond the time appointed for its sitting, after all the deputies had arrived in Assumption. By this plan, he not only had an opportunity of increasing adherents, fortifying converts, and deciding doubters, but brought such inconvenience and expense upon the poor deputies, as, aided by Francia's suggestions, determined them to insist upon a final settlement of all their business on the first day of the meeting of Congress.

They delivered themselves and the country up, bound hand and foot, to the man who was to use the power with which they had invested him for the annihilation of their trade—the ruin of their agriculture—the absolute slavery of the lower classes—and the prostration, imprisonment, or execution of every man in the country with the remotest pretension to influence, wealth, or knowledge.

It were endless to relate the petty, low, but determined and systematic devices by which Francia proceeded now to initiate his system of terrorism. His first care was to call in and to have repaired under his own immediate inspection every straggling musket and rusty blunderbuss which could be collected. The number of guards ("Quartcleros" as they were called, from occupying a quartel or species of barracks) was augmented, and all higher rank than that of captain dispensed with; the Dictator himself became colonel, general, paymaster, quartermaster, and head-tailor to the regiment. Not a musket was delivered out but by his own hands; grenadier hats and coat-trimmings were not only devised, but fitted, stored, and distributed by himself. He held personal communication with every man, almost, in his regiment of guards; pampered, flattered, paid, and caressed them. At the same time he diffused among them a spirit of constant and ever-jealous rivalry, and aspiration to his favour and countenance. He began his system of indulgence with the private, and diminished it as he carried it through the grades of corporal, serjeant, ensign, lieutenant, till it faded into nothing with the captain: whose superior rank was thus held subordinate to the estimate and importance which every man in the company naturally attached to the Dictator's private countenance and favour as shown to him—but denied, or at all events not publicly shown, to his captain. This feeling of importance permitted to the subordinate officers and men was again, however, counteracted by the Dictator's exacting from the soldiers and subordinate officers a strict obedience to the captain's orders. The captain thus felt himself, without understanding the plan acted upon by the Dictator, in possession of actual command, without moral power; and the soldier felt, without seeing how, that although he must obey the captain and his other superior officers, as one condition of the Dictator's favour, yet, that if either the captain or the officer did not take care, the Dictator might very easily pitch upon him (the soldier) to fill his place. The jealousy entertained on the one hand by every superior officer of the one next subordinate to him created a prying vigilance as to his conduct, and a never-failing report in case of

misbehaviour. The hope of advancement fostered by the Dictator in the subaltern and private kept *them* on the other hand within the sphere of duty, but equally ready to report at head-quarters any dereliction from it on the part of their superior officer. At the same time, an *esprit de corps* was not only encouraged, but inculcated, by which every man in the regiment—even the lowest—was to consider himself as higher in the scale of importance than any mere civilian. By this distinction in favour of his soldiers, the Dictator not only meant to soothe and compensate for the little feverish feeling to which, individually, every man in the regiment was subjected by his system of discipline, but to try how far he might push a system of terrorism, and annihilation of every spark of civil liberty among the people. He was determined, if possible, at once to quell into absolute and silent submission every spirit daring enough to question an authority which he seemed to have determined should not only be boundless, but boundless in its career of cruelty. He devised incessantly new means by which to render still more abject, servile, and ignorant—under the appearance, withal, of contentment—a people already so low as the Paraguayans were in the scale of political prostration.

At this period, accordingly, it became impossible to walk the streets without being intentionally jostled by every soldier you met; he obliged you to take off your hat to him—laughed at you—sneered at you—and asked you for money. No home was safe from their obtrusion, and not many could escape the contagion of their vices. Francia occasionally checked them—more to let them feel the Dictator's unbounded power even over the military license which himself had encouraged, than to benefit, or oblige, or gain popularity from those who thus suffered by it.

His next step was to cut off all intercourse, both mercantile and epistolary, with every place beyond the boundaries of Paraguay; not a soul was permitted to enter or leave the province—not a bale of merchandize to be exported;—a dead and horrid silence pervaded the province, as if to hide the sad and awful scenes about to be enacted there from the observation, and even from the knowledge, of mankind.

Busy vessels no longer enlivened the river, nor ministered to commerce; the exportable produce of the country rotted in the warehouses; no more tobacco was grown, because none was inquired for; the yerba could not be sent away, and therefore was not collected; the sugar cultivator suspended his labour; thousands of hale, active men were thrown listless and idle upon the community; and poverty stalked forth over the land, in all the length and the breadth of it. Twenty-one years have elapsed since Francia shut up the country from its natural intercourse with other parts; and in that time, not only have the inhabitants relinquished the active and industrious pursuits by which they carried on their once beneficial traffic, but idleness, vice, and misery, and a slavish apathy and total indifference about their condition, have overtaken them. At the same time, the countries which they before supplied, especially with the yerba, or tea, and mild tobacco, have either relinquished the use of them, or have had them superseded by importations from other places: so that their misery is not only present but prospective, inasmuch as it will require great exertion and re-action to bring things back even to their original state; and if we estimate the progress that *would* have been made under an ordinarily reasonable



administration,<sup>7</sup> and compare it with the retardation which has been the unavoidable consequence of Dr. Francia's tyranny, the amount of political delinquency for which he has to answer will appear equally frightful and incalculable.

Having delivered himself from all interference from *without* the province, the Dictator proceeded now to silence all *within*. First, under the most frivolous pretexts, and soon under none at all, he proceeded to question, investigate, and set up a political inquisition into the private actions, words, and even looks of every man of the least respectability in the country. One man was taken up because he had written a letter to Buenos Ayres, another because he had received one from that place. Sometimes it was a delinquency to have spoken to the former members of Government; and at others, to have regretted that the trade of the province was dying away. One after another of such presumptuous scribblers and babblers as these was first imprisoned, and soon after shot: their friends and relations often shared the same fate, because they had been heard to regret the untimely end of him who had suffered before them. Latterly, it was an unpardonable offence to *inquire* even after the fate of a long-imprisoned, solitary, and furnished dungeon-outcast, under the Dictator's displeasure. One very fine young man, Andrez Gomez, who was several years in my service in the capacity of agent, upon the simple ground of better knowledge and more free inquiry than was usual among his countrymen, and of connexion and correspondence with people *not* in the country, was torn from the arms of his mother and sister—thrown into a dungeon—chained to the floor of it—left without communication with a human being but the gaoler—without the means even of cleaning his person—till despair took place of patience and reason, and he became a mournful maniac—the victim of Francia's groundless but unrelenting displeasure. To such a length and to so great a degree has this persecution of well-doing, virtuous men been carried,—of men who constituted the only little respectability that was to be found in the country,—that there is not now a single family of that class which does not mourn the loss of a father, a husband, or a brother, and always of that member of the family who was looked upon as its *greatest ornament*. The least spirit of enterprise or investigation, especially, was unpardonable; and poor Padre Maiz, whom the Spanish Bishop was content to banish to a country curacy for having constructed a celestial globe, has now been immured in a dungeon, for saying that "*vox populi*" was "*vox Diaboli*" in such a country as Paraguay.

The Dictator's practice, when he rides out, is to send two guards about one hundred yards before him; it being an understood requisition to the inhabitants, when these guards come in front of their houses, either that they shut their doors quite close, or leave them wide open,—in the latter case, the owner of the house is obliged to stand out in the street. This is to prevent the supposed probability of any one's taking aim, from behind a *half-opened* door, at the Dictator; but it seems, in fact, only to be one of the many devices by which he has chosen to bring it irresistibly home to every man under his government, that Dictator Francia is lord and master—absolute. No one knows so well as the Dictator himself, in Paraguay, that he has effectually silenced sedition and conspiracy. He has left wholly unnerved every arm, and most effec-

tually subdued every spirit capable of giving that arm an impulse strong enough to reach his cold heart.

Nothing can be more clearly indicative of the penetration, management, and resolution by which Francia has subdued into slavish fear the people over whom he rules, than the fact that, though they are 300,000 in number, his whole regular military force does not exceed 3000 men\*.

But the same system of discipline, founded upon the great agitating principles of our nature—hope and fear, which he introduced into his small regiment of guards, he diffused over the whole community. He dispensed with all assistance in his government, except what was merely mechanical, and could be rendered by the very lowest members of the community. He was his own Minister of Finance, Secretary at War, Collector of Customs, and Keeper of the strong box of the State. No petty commandant of a petty village could pay his drummer and fifer without an express order from the Dictator. He was the very axis upon which every piece of the State-machinery turned,—at once the centre of attraction toward which everything gravitated, and the point from which all public matters, great and small, were made to emanate. At the same time, he professed ever to be looking out for agents and assistants; and the lowest man employed about him was allowed to entertain the hope that he might become his minister or secretary. As the hopes of those about him were thus excited, so, on the other hand, was their fear equally alarmed, lest, instead of having places under the Government, they might one day find themselves in a prison, or on the scaffold.

He once imprisoned a man, for whom an individual, in acknowledged favour, ventured to intercede. "Sir," said the Dictator, "I made you my friend, not because you deserved it, but because I chose it. You now pretend to *dictate* to me, and by implication to impugn my judgment, by speaking in favour of a person whom you know that judgment has condemned. You thus negatively advocate his cause, and support his principles. Go where he is." And without a word more, he dispatched him to a solitary dungeon, contiguous to that in which lay confined the individual for whose liberation he had so imprudently and so fruitlessly pleaded.

A lieutenant, presuming upon the Dictator's fancied partiality for him, disobeyed his captain, and gave it as a reason for his doing so, that he

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\* In an article, in the last Number of the "New Monthly Magazine," on Dr. Francia, the population of Paraguay is stated at 500,000; but this includes the migratory and other tribes of Indians on the west bank of the river Paraguay, or Great Chaco; and many of these, though, strictly speaking, in Francia's territory, can in no sense be said to be under his control. The river forms the great dividing barrier between them and that part of the province which lies on the east side of it. The morasses and almost impervious brushwood of the Chaco form an insuperable obstacle to any attempt at conquest there, even were that desirable.

The Indians referred to in the present Article are the Guarani Indians, originally found on the east side of the river, settled in small townships by the Jesuits, and now, in a great measure, amalgamated with the descendants of the Spaniards.

The militia in Paraguay are stated, in Mrs. Norton's article, at 20,000 men. At one time (about 1812) there might have been about *half* that number; but since Francia called in the muskets, blunderbusses, and pistols scattered over the country, and in the hands of the straggling militia force, their exercise has been discontinued, and even the mustering of them at all; they cannot, therefore, now, be considered as a military body. Francia early became jealous of them, and took instant steps to curtail their power of ever rising against him.

was more a favourite of the Dictator's than the captain himself. The Dictator heard this—said not a word to the lieutenant; but ordering a muster of the *Quarteleros*, or Guards, he went up to the officer, and pulling him out of the ranks, he addressed him in this way:—"I found you a beggar, and I made you an officer: I now find you an ill-behaved officer, and send you back to be a well-behaved beggar: for if you are not that, I shall put you in the stocks or a worse place." Hereupon, he had the officer stripped of his uniform, clothed in garments suited to a beggar, and drummed out of the regiment.

In the year 1814, an event happened to myself, which, as developing in its progress and results much of both the policy and character of Dr. Francia, I shall here relate.

Before he discovered himself to be the ambitious despot and cruel tyrant which he afterwards proved, I was in habits of great intimacy and personal friendship with him; and I had derived much pleasure, as well as information on matters connected with South America, in his society. Being almost the only foreigner in the country, Dr. Francia had calculated, through me, on providing himself with what he might require in the shape of warlike stores, without interference on the part of Buenos Ayres to prevent their transit to Paraguay; and he anticipated that even if such a disposition should be manifested, our naval commanders on the station would not permit it to be carried into action. The province of Paraguay was at this time at peace with all the others of the river Plate. On leaving Paraguay, accordingly, with an intention to return shortly, Dr. Francia commissioned me to bring him, if possible, some sabres and muskets.

I shipped them, with the consent of the Buenos Ayres' Government, in a vessel of my own, and proceeded up the river Plate on my voyage, the third I had now made to Paraguay. I had left a brother there, in management of my rather extensive concerns, during my absence. One beautiful evening I went out in a boat to shoot pheasants, which abound along the banks of the river. The schooner was moored to a tree, the wind not being strong enough to enable us to stem the current, and the laborious work of dragging the vessel up by ropes being, for the day, at an end.

On my return, what were my horror and surprise to discover that a party of soldiers had taken possession of her, and were pointing their muskets into the boat: a serjeant, apparently in command of the party, called out to me to stop, and presently sent his own boat to mine, with a number of fierce-looking and most tattered men-at-arms. They tied my hands behind my back, and in woful plight conveyed me on board of my own ship. Here I found all mystery and confusion. I could get no explanation of the outrage committed, nor of the power or party by whose authority it was done; but I found my cabin completely ransacked—every one of the soldiers intoxicated—one man with my watch, another with a coat, a third with a pair of boots; my whole wardrobe was already distributed among these Philistines, and the place, which two hours before I had left a picture of comfort and neatness, was converted literally into a den of thieves and robbers. They stripped me of every article of clothing, leaving me, in lieu of my own dress, one of their very scanty great-coats and an old soldier's cap. After beating me with their swords, and threatening with pointed pistols and

brandished sabres to take my life, they thrust me, bound as I was with thongs, into the hold of the vessel. Here I lay, in horror and in darkness, the whole night. I could hear nothing but the yells and carousals of this troop of brigands—except that, ever and anon, one or other of their number would lift up the hatchway or covering of the hold, and cry aloud to me, “*Prepárese a morir!*”—(Prepare to die.)

At length the morning dawned upon me; and a search was commenced into every corner of the vessel—packages were upturned and broke open amid oaths and execrations, boisterous threats, and fiendlike looks. The muskets and sabres were found; but the men were persuaded there must be money on board, which, not having discovered, they thought I had determined to conceal. Hereupon they landed, and carried me into the wood; I could give them no money, for they had taken all. They tied me to a tree, and being drawn up by their serjeant, were ordered to level their muskets and fire. At this moment one of their own band—a robust, swarthy Indian—interceded. He claimed a right, he said, to ask a favour—and that favour, to my no small joy and gratitude—was, “that my life should be spared.” It was so. I was again carried on board of my vessel—again put into the hold; and the crew being ordered to get under weigh, we were turned in a direction contrary to that of our intended voyage, and carried down the river at a rapid rate, both wind and current being with us. I was now informed that the men in possession of the ship and property, as well as of my person, were a party of soldiers belonging to the famous chief Artigas; and that they had been despatched from a place called the Baxada of Santa Fé, for the express purpose of overtaking and seizing the ship. Information, it seems, had been lodged with the commandant of that place by one of the sailors, who had left her on the upward voyage, that there were arms on board; and this functionary, without further ceremony or pretext, had sent out the party on their commission of robbery, which, but for the interference of my Indian friend, would have been consummated by murder. As we sailed down the river, and my rough companions perceived my unobtrusive acquiescence in what was beyond my control, they relaxed a little in their severity, and gave me occasionally a glass of my own wine. One day they laid their hands upon a double flageolet, and after much expression of wonder at the combination of two flutes or pipes into one, they insisted upon it that I should play them a tune. I was not, as you may conceive, gentle reader, in the best frame of mind to indulge in music; but the reiterated, and now rather stern orders to proceed, made me change my note. “*Toca la flauta,*” said the serjeant; “*Vamos, hombre, toca la flauta,*” said my Indian friend; “*Toca, le digo,*” insisted a fierce-looking corporal,—till, rather frightened by their threats than yielding to their solicitations, I did literally sit down; and a prisoner, on the stern of the vessel, in my miserable habiliments and total uncertainty as to the fate which awaited me—surrounded, too, by an audience far from indulgent or complacent, I tuned my flageolet. I pray that no one who condescends to read this may ever, in a similar predicament, be constrained as I was “*tocar la flauta,*” (to play the flute;) and yet the sequel will show that I was constrained to do much harder things.

Having reached the Baxada, I was landed from the vessel under a *feu de joie* of musketry, in token of rejoicing for the victory achieved,

and the brave troops who had made so brilliant a prize in so undaunted a manner, marched me up the hill which leads from the harbour to the town. With my arms pinioned, my soldier's coat and cap, and a pair of old shoes being *most literally* my only habiliments, was I escorted along in a strange land, and without the slightest chance, according to human probabilities, of communicating even to my friends at Buenos Ayres the predicament in which I was placed. We were separated by a distance of 320 miles, with only two or three small intervening towns, and mud-huts at intervals of five leagues each, for the relay of horses.

At this critical moment, and as despair almost was quite overpowering hope, I met, coming out of the town, a red-haired Englishman named Manuel, who had once been a servant of mine. As the party, under whose escort I was, passed him, I had just time to implore him "for God's sake to go and report to my friends what he had seen, and what he could further learn of my imprisonment." Five minutes afterwards I was marched into the public prison. It consisted of but one large apartment totally unfurnished, unless a dozen bullocks' skulls, occupied by so many prisoners, as *seats*, could be called furniture. I was received by the savage inmates of this charnel-house with a frightful yell of commingled welcome and derision. They struck their hands in rapid succession against their mouths, and shouted forth their fiendish screams at a pitch so discordant and so loud, that I felt as if I had at once been ushered into Dante's hell, or Milton's pandemonium. It was towards evening, and the flickering embers of a fire, in the middle of the prison, at which the half-naked and swarthy wretches had been cooking their day's meal, sent up, enveloped in smoke, a few feeble rays, which lingering on their ferocious countenances, added indescribable horror to the general gloom of the place. The prisons in South America teem with inmates guilty of every species of crime, but chiefly of the crime of murder. Every one of the lower classes there carries a knife in his girdle, and in their orgies at the gin-shops, or "*pulperias*," the use of the knife is invariably resorted to as the only legitimate arbiter of their quarrels. You are constantly shocked, as you pass one or other church-door in any of the larger towns, by the exhibition of some stabbed corpse, laid out by order of the clergy to excite the compassion of the beholders, and *through* this compassion, to extort from them the means to defray the expense of burying the murdered man. Thus, even murder, there, constitutes no inconsiderable part of the Church's gain.

With this class of prisoners, was I now constrained to live in common: they insisted upon my treating them to a bottle of spirits, assuring me that it was an invariable, indeed immemorial practice, thus to drink the health of every new lodger at his own expense. They added, that if I were not shot before the next lodger came, I should then participate, in common with them, in the enjoyment of this well-known right and ancient privilege of the prison. I had no money—not a quartillo left me: and so—not to infringe this traditional and long-respected privilege—they stripped me of my cap and old shoes, sold them for "*aguardiente*" (the spirit of the country), and pledged me, as they insisted upon it that I should pledge them, in a draught of the nauseous beverage, handed round to the company in a filthy bullock's horn.

I relished this second edition of "*toca la flauta*," as little as the first: but not to shock or detain you by a detail of the tedious and varied misery.

which, day after day, and night after night, I experienced in this wretched abode, I shall simply add, that almost overborne by the weight of calamity and woe which pressed upon me, I sought the last refuge of the wretched—sleep; and I *found* it—found it even upon the cold, dank floor of the Baxada Prison, and amid the yells and the carousals of the inmates of it. Nine long days and longer nights did I pass there; and I heard, during that time, my execution spoken of by the other prisoners as a thing quite settled. They went out to work in their chains every day, and heard, and repeated to me, the reports on this subject, as *quite* matter of notoriety.

Frequently was I taken, under an escort, to the governor's house, to be examined on the various crimes and misdemeanours—all of course supposititious—that were alleged against me; and each time was I fully persuaded, that instead of being called out for examination, I was wanted for execution.

It is alleged that a shock of joy is often more fatal than a shock of grief; and I believe experience has shown it to be necessary to announce, to even the hardest felons, the news of a reprieve from sentence of death with great circumspection. Possibly, however, as *much* circumspection might be wanted to announce to an ardent, loving husband the quite unexpected death of a dear and doating wife. How the theory of this comparative violence of sudden and unexpected emotions of pleasure and of woe might turn out really to be, if closely and analytically examined, I am not at present prepared to say; but you shall require no theory to persuade you, gentle reader, of the joy unspeakable, the heartfelt delight, with which I received his Excellency the Governor, when, on the ninth evening of my confinement, he came in, and with an air of awkward condescension, which spoke *volumes* to me, announced that he had received orders from General Artigas to set me at liberty. Not an antelope bounding on the Andes—not a frisking fawn skipping in buoyant joy before its dam—not a horse that “paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength”—no, nor yet Leviathan, when “in his neck remaineth strength, and sorrow is turned into joy before him,”—was half so joyful as I, when my prison doors were thrown open, and I was told to “go free.” I felt not the ground under me as I ran, or rather flew, to the house of a countryman in the town,—a Mr. Nightingale,—and there found solace, welcome, and repose. My beard, which had grown for a fortnight, was shaved; the tattered great coat, my sole and scanty covering, was exchanged for a clean shirt and comfortable suit of clothes; a hospitable board was spread for my refreshment; and wine, that “maketh glad the heart,” was substituted in a limpid glass, for the ditch-water beverage, in a bullock's horn, which had been my cold, cold drink in prison. I found from my friend Mr. Nightingale (and, be it observed, in justice to him, that all intercourse with me in prison, except with the prisoners themselves, had been interdicted, or I should have seen him before,) that my guardian angel, “red-haired Manuel,” had ridden to Buenos Ayres, a distance of three hundred and twenty miles, in the almost incredibly short space of two days and two nights.

He had taken his departure a few hours after he met me in my forlorn procession to prison. He heard at once, in the town of the Baxada, all the particulars of my capture, and set off with them, instantly, to my friend Mr. Thoroughgood, known at that time from his extraordinary

height of six feet five, and extensive dealings with Paraguay, sometimes as the "Paraguay Giant," and sometimes (his Christian name being Thomas) as "Doh Tomás y medio,"—that is, "Thomas and a half." Mr. Thoroughgood instantly laid my case before the Honourable Joscelyn Percy, then in command of the Hotspur frigate, and of his Britannic Majesty's ships and vessels in the river Plate. This officer, with a truly Hotspur alacrity and decision, yet tempered, in him, as a seaman, by the discipline of modern naval tactics, and as a diplomatist, by the mandatory coolness of very defined instructions from the Foreign Office, determined at once what was to be done.

He had a beautiful little vessel, which he had built on board of his own frigate, after her model, and called the "Little Hotspur." He despatched this man-of-war yacht to General Artigas, under the command of a very gallant English tar, *then* Lieutenant ———. He was familiarly styled, by his messmates, and very appropriately, "Old Blowhard;" and he is *now* a distinguished post-captain in the navy. With his smart coat, and most uncompromising cocked hat, this officer delivered into the hands of the then all but omnipotent chief Artigas the despatches of Captain Percy. They were to the short and simple effect, that unless I were liberated, and my property delivered up, (it being notorious that I had infringed no known law of the country,) he would immediately proceed to make reprisals of all property under Artigas' flag. This spirited display of cool and reasonable resolution had its desired effect on the banditti chief Artigas: he despatched instant orders for my liberation to the Governor of the Baxada; and in *consequence* of these orders it was, that I was released from prison.

But Captain Percy did not stop here. At the same time that he sent over his ship-of-war to Artigas, he despatched a well-known, active, and athletic courier, of the name of Bob Braveall, to me at the Baxada, with a communication to the Governor of that town, to this effect:—

"Sir,—You have, I understand, taken violent possession of the ship, property, and person of the British subject, Mr. Renimaxe; I beg to inform you that I have despatched the bearer, Mr. Braveall, to the Baxada, for the express purpose of conveying to you a copy of my official notice, on the subject of Mr. Renimaxe's illegal imprisonment, to General Artigas. And I have to request, on the alternative there proposed, that all proceedings against the British subject referred to be suspended, and himself in the meantime liberated from prison, under such surveillance as you may deem proper, until you receive specific and final instructions on the subject from the most excellent Protector (so was Artigas then styled) of the independent provinces of the river Plate.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed)

"JOSELYN PERCY,

"Commander of his Britannic Majesty's Forces  
in the Rio de la Plata."

The Commandant and Governor of the Baxada had received, the day before, the order from General Artigas himself for my liberation, issued in consequence of the receipt of Captain Percy's communication to him direct, by the Little Hotspur. It was the *day after* my liberation, that the courier, Mr. Braveall, arrived at the Baxada from Buenos Ayres; and though the demand for my liberation was no longer necessary, through *this* channel, it will yet be readily believed that I did not the

less gratefully or gladly receive so triumphant a testimonial of my innocence, and so handsome and effectual a proof of the alacrity and zeal with which British interests were watched over, even in the remotest parts of that almost uninhabited waste. I have much pleasure, and I have much pride, in paying this small; *alás! very small* tribute of public acknowledgment and gratitude to Captain Percy, be he, *now*, where he may.

In a few days after my personal liberation, my property was restored to me, and my vessel, with the trifling deficit of about five thousand dollars, which, besides the muskets, had been actually and irretrievably plundered by the military cormorants of the place. The vessel proceeded on her voyage to Paraguay; I visited my friends at Buenos Ayres, and thanked Captain Percy for his most timely and effectual interposition; I then went to the camp of General Artigas, and endeavoured, but in vain, to get compensation for my stolen property; and I finally proceeded to Paraguay, on horseback, expecting at any rate, *there*, to be received by Dr. Francia with open arms, after all I had suffered and lost on his account. How far my expectations were answered, in this respect, will be shown in a subsequent paper. It is solely with a view to the better development of Dr. Francia's character, by showing the part he acted in the sequel of this episode, that it has been at all introduced.

A TRAVELLER.

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### A POET'S EPITAPH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

STOP, mortal! Here thy brother lies,  
 The Poet of the Poor!  
 His books were rivers, woods, and skies,  
 The meadow and the floor;  
 His teachers were the torn heart's wail,  
 The tyrant and the slave,  
 The street, the factory, the jail,  
 The palace—and the grave!  
 Sin met thy brother everywhere!  
 And is thy brother blamed?  
 From passion, danger, doubt and care,  
 He no exemption claim'd.  
 The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,  
 He fear'd to scorn or hate;  
 But, honouring in a peasant's form  
 The equal of the great,  
 He bless'd the steward, whose wealth makes  
 The poor man's little more;  
 Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes  
 From plunder'd labour's store.  
 A hand to do, a head to plan,  
 A heart to feel and dare,—  
 Tell Man's worst foes, here lies the man  
 Who drew them as they are.



## GILBERT GURNEY.

## CHAPTER VI.

So much has been said and written from the days of Shakspeare to our own degenerate times about the vice of drinking, that I have no intention of dilating upon its folly and disgracefulness; but in confessing that I drank a great deal too much of everything exciting and intoxicating upon this particular occasion, I may perhaps be permitted to say, that although, under the influence of agreeable conversation and a bad example, I might be induced now and then to exceed, I was not habitually addicted to what are called Bacchanalian pleasures; and that one bout similar to that to which I now refer, generally produced at least a six weeks' course of repentance. So it was upon this memorable night—for memorable, indeed, it proved to me; and so rapidly did our potations affect my faculties; that in the plenitude of our mutual confidence—by which, be it understood, I mean the confidence of Daly in inquiring, and my own confidence in answering—I imparted to him the secret of my attachment to an amiable, dear, unsophisticated creature, who was living in the romantic and beautiful sea-port of Tenby in South Wales; whither she had been conveyed, as it had been hinted to me, to get her out of my reach, by her mother, whose designs for her were of the Corinthian order, and who had no notion of allowing her lily to waste its sweetness upon a desert "heir" to four or five hundred a-year.

I just recollect the enthusiasm with which I described my Emma's beauties as the lamps twinkled before my eyes, and the various "drinks" which Daly had ordered passed over my senseless palate; but I was diffuse in my eulogiums, and candid in the extreme as to the certainty of my failure in obtaining the golden apple of the Cambrian Hesperides, watched as it was by the matronly dragon who, as I firmly believed, detested me.

In those days there really existed something like sentiment and affection, devoted and unqualified by worldly grovellings. Now, these exist no longer; nobody ever hears of an unmarried woman's being seriously attached; the highly-accomplished and double-refined beauty of the period at which I write would be shocked to death if she were thought to be what in other times was called being in love. Girls like dandies, and with the dandies whom they like they flirt, and they waltz, and, if it happens to be quite convenient to all parties, eventually marry them. Wit and accomplishments have taken place of that sober serious devotion which "looked unutterable things;" and a man in these times convicted of having been upon his knees, would be as much damaged in the estimation of the sporting-world, as a horse would be for the same reason.

But when I was sitting sipping and sighing at Dejeux's it was not so. I remember treasuring a fan of Emma's, as I would the relic of a saint, eye and worshipping it, too. To a white kid glove ripped at the thumb, I have bowed as pilgrims would at a shrine; and a rose which once had graced her bosom has been deposited in the leaf of some favoured book to dry, a botanical memorandum of her beauties and my own devotion.

I have a faint recollection of Daly's strong encouragement in my pursuit, and a most earnest protestation of assistance in any of the

manœuvres of the post-chaise and rope-ladder school, to which, if I ever possessed my Emma, I must be indebted for that happiness. I remember, too, I loved to hear him talk of the possibility of my success, and the facility with which all our machinations were to be carried into effect, till at last I had dreamt myself into a certainty of obtaining the hand of one whose heart I was quite sure I had already gained, and only awoke from the semi-slumberings of happiness to pay the bill, Daly having most unfortunately left his purse at home, and having no change whatever in his pocket.

I do not recollect our further proceedings with any degree of distinctness. I knew we were to walk to St. James's-street, where Daly proposed introducing me to a participation in the noble game of hazard; and I have a faint remembrance of stopping to pay an evening visit to some relations of his on our way thither; but it seems all like a bright vision of some very lovely good-natured ladies, and vastly pleasant men, who appeared to make me entirely welcome to the party, and who drank punch with unaffected delight. All sublunary pleasures must have an end, and however agreeable this "drop in" might have been, we at length "dropped out" and pursued our journey to the gaming-house in which I was to make my sporting *débüt*, and which I recollect stood on the left-hand of the street, near the Thatched House Tavern, and had a white bow window projecting over the *trottoir*, somewhat resembling a well-fed alderman's white waistcoat.

There is always something awkward and embarrassing in the *premier pas*. The first speech of the politician—the first sermon of the parson—the first cause of the lawyer, by necessarily putting the performer in a novel position, agitates, and in some degree unnerves him; and although I had somewhat recklessly presented myself to a most respectable and accomplished party of Daly's friends before we reached our present destination, I felt nothing very awful in my position there; one party is so very much like another, and conversation and manners in these days so very much assimilate in all circles, that whether in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square or Leicester-fields, a man knowing a little of the world will of course find himself equally at home. But when we stepped up two or three stairs, and our progress was impeded by a stout door made of three-inch plank, and covered with green baize, in the middle of the upper part of which appeared a small sort of wicket or hatch through which the Cerberus of the inner regions eyed us, in order to ascertain whether we were admissible or suspicious, I felt a sort of qualm, and a kind of wish to return; but my nervousness was entirely dissipated when I heard Daly tell the man whose eye glanced out of the hole like that in the sign-board of the "Observer" newspaper, or in the puffing bill of Dr. Sinellome's nostrum, that I was a friend of *his*; and, upon this "Open, Sesame!" of my hopeful conductor, found the door thrown back in order to admit us. Upstairs I went, and half-way up we encountered another door similarly contrived and pierced; but at this barrier Daly's face was sufficient for a passport without a word, and we were in a minute afterwards ushered into the room, where the game was in full play.

I confess the smell of the lamps which overhung the round table—for, in those days the refined French hazard was unknown to us—and of the company, was rather oppressive; the noise of the dice, the cry

of the groom-porter, and the bawling of the betters, somewhat astounded me; but I admit—such is the influence of sensuality—that the appetite which my copious libations at Dejeu's had fictitiously produced, received an additional stimulus, not unaccompanied by the hope of gratification, when I beheld in the recess of the bow-window before mentioned, a table plentifully covered with an excellent cold supper, at which divers and sundry of the company were indulging themselves *con amore*. I began to think my simile on first sight of the window was now perfectly borne out, and that whatever might be the sporting character of the assembly, the *comestibles* were most judiciously and naturally placed in what I had likened to an alderman's waistcoat.

I was not soon induced to join in the game, although a gentleman whose hat was not of the newest, but who was buttoned up to the very chin in a sort of military great coat, offered me his seat the moment I approached the table; but I whispered to my *fidus Achates*, that whatever interest the game might have for others, the cold meat and pickles offered a more attractive subject for my contemplation. There, however, he checked my eagerness for the attraction, by hinting that, as the supper was furnished *gratis*, I could not, with anything like propriety or gentlemanly feeling, undertake to play with my knife and fork at a table where the keepers of the establishment must be sure to lose, unless I also performed at the other, where the chances were that they might win. In order to exemplify the absolute necessity of this probation, he told me that, although he was quite as hungry as myself, he should entirely abstain from eating, because (as I knew) he had no money to play with; he therefore could not qualify for the refreshment, which, as in masonry, seemed only to be afforded after labour.

Of course I did not allow my free-hearted friend to starve for such a paltry consideration as that, but instantly handed him out of my purse a five-pound note, with which he said he would play for both of us, so that he might at once increase the store, and give me a proper insight into what he represented to be a most pleasing and profitable pursuit.

I must confess that, after ten minutes sojourn in the midst of the motley group, all those alarms and prejudices which my grave friend the justice and my exemplary mother had so prudently instilled into my mind as to the horrors of gaming-houses, which, in the earnestness of their zeal for my safety, they constantly designated by a word wholly "unfit for ears polite," I saw nothing but good humour and good fellowship. Some won their tens, and twenties, and fifties with perfect good-nature, and others lost them with equal complacency. Daly made me sit down beside him—the box came—he called a main. I did not even know the terms—seven's the main—he threw again, and out came eleven, upon which the gentleman in the chair with a rake in his hand, cried out, "Eleven's the nick," and immediately I saw my five-pound note converted into a ten, by a process which appeared to me not only extremely simple, but remarkably pleasant. Daly threw again, again called seven, and threw nine; a loud cry of "Five to four" rang through the room; "Fifty to forty," cried one, "Done," bawled another,—“Do it in fives, Colonel,” screamed a little man very like a frog in the face, upon whose back an Irish gentleman was sitting or leaning, pushed forward by half a dozen eager spectators in the background. I heard nothing but "Five to four" for a minute or two, varied with a counter-cry of "Nine to seven."

then a pause, broken only by the rattling of the dice, and then a call of "Nine—the caster wins;" whereupon notes and guineas changed hands all round the outside rim of the table, and Daly swept up ten pounds as a stake and five for his single bet.

I was then as much pleased with the practice of the game as I had just before been with the principle, and although Daly "threw out," as they called it, next time, and lost five pounds, it was clear he had realized fifteen; so that having myself been a winner of seven before, on our partnership account, I took the box, and covered five sets of one pound each, omitting the more important ones, which I could not afford to cover. I called my main, seven—and threw it—raked up my money, and called again, seven; threw deuce-ace; upon which the monster in the chair bellowed out "Crabs," and made no more ado but swept the dice out of my reach with a kind of rat-trap which was stuck to the end of his stick.

Having, however, now done my duty by playing, although I had neither lost nor won, I nudged Daly as to the eatables; he assented to my practical proposition, and we quitted the round table for the long one, where I admit I felt myself more of an adept than at the other. During my repast, which I enjoyed, Daly was particularly assiduous in disabusing my mind with respect to the illiberal prejudices by which sporting men were so regularly assailed. He pointed out to me many men of high distinction, fathers of families, and holding high ostensible situations, who were actively engaged in the fascinating pursuit, and dwelt particularly upon the misapplication of the gross term universally applied to houses of that description.

"So far," said Daly, "from hazard being considered a wrong or disreputable game, you must know, that the kings of England, till the reign of George III., used annually, on Twelfth night, to play hazard in an open room in St. James's Palace, which ceremony the public were admitted to witness. Hence the name given to these places of amusement.—The room in which the king publicly exhibited himself to his people, doing exactly what all our sporting friends are doing here, was called as those houses are now called, on account of its darkness by day, and hence the opprobrium which has fallen upon us players in modern times, who congregate in places which, to the delicate imaginations of little masters and misses, deserve the same horrible appellation on account of its infamy, instead of having received it from the court itself: hence, too, the title of my worthy friend in the chair with the rake—he is called groom-porter—why, nobody on earth could possibly surmise, who did not know that, in the royal hazard-playing which I have just mentioned, it was the duty of the groom-porter of the palace to call the odds."

"That I did not know," said I, excessively pleased to find that the temple of chance did not deserve the hard name which, from mingled ignorance of its honest joys, and the derivation of the name itself, my parent and guardian had thought proper to give it. I believe I appeared sceptical as to my friend's facts, which, however, made him more earnest in his asseverations; and when I ventured to express a doubt that any room in a palace could be called by such a name, he convinced me of his correctness by telling me that it was the room in which the birth-day odes were always performed, which odes it was customary to rehearse

previously at the concert-room in the Devil Tavern, Fleet-street,—a circumstance which caused the well-known lines on the poet laureate of the day.

Somehow, Daly succeeded in soothing all my alarm, and quieting all my scruples, and I found myself almost insensibly swallowing large jorums of cold brandy and water, thereby merely following the example of my surrounding neighbours, who evidently were friends of the concern, if not of the house, and who appeared taking provision enough to serve them for the next three days; and in this calm state of amusement, in the midst of the din and rattle, which at first I could scarcely endure, I went on until, forced by the good fortune of Daly, I began to feel an unaccountable desire to resume my place at the board. In making the effort, I found myself more unsteady than I had expected; however, the distance was not great, and aided by Daly, I seated myself at the table. I did not like to mention to Daly the promised division of spoils, because I thought he might go on and win, as he seemed extremely lucky, and that it would be better to let him take his own way. Accordingly, I drew forth my only ten-pound note, last resident of my purse, and began my career. A most assiduous friend, whose face I had never seen before, brought me a new edition of brandy and water, which I drank, and then took the box and played with small and varying success; but the heat and excitement very soon produced a sensible alteration in my deportment. I began to wish to find Daly and to retire, but my eyes in vain wandered over the groupe; I inquired of a man with whom he had been conversing, and found that he had taken his departure. I was surprised that he should have left me in the hands of the Philistines, but much less alarmed or mortified than I should have been under any other circumstances. I drank more, and played on—and on—and on. Nor did consciousness come to my aid until I was awakened by my servant coming into my room to fetch my clothes, at about nine o'clock in the morning.

His address to me was somewhat astounding—"Where shall I put all this money, Sir?" said he. I looked up, and saw him in the act of withdrawing from my coat pocket a handful of bank-notes, ones, twos, fives, tens, and so on.—

"Oh," said I, affecting a perfect composure, "leave them on the table."

So he did; but out of the room he had not gone one minute before I jumped out of bed to ascertain, not how the sum before my eyes came there, but to what it amounted. I concluded I had won largely—but who had brought me home—how did I get to bed—did I open the house door with my own pocket key? I had no recollection of any incident intervening between the last jorum of St. James's-street nectar and my first start from the slumbers of Suffolk-street,—there, however, lay some clean, some dirty, some torn bank-notes, of all sorts, amounting in all to two hundred and seventy-five pounds.

How these notes had become mine I could not recollect; that they had remained mine while I was in a state of such perfect unconsciousness convinced me that the men who are unceremoniously denounced as villains universal and undepiable, were not quite so black as they are painted—else how could I have been suffered not only to win when fortune favoured me, but permitted to carry off the produce of my success?

This act of integrity done towards me in youth, I admit has had a very powerful effect in regulating my subsequent opinions of the characters of men like those by whom I had been, on the preceding night, surrounded and protected.

Having cast a hurried glance over my newly-acquired treasure, I returned to bed, taking with me two letters which I found on my table—one I knew to be from my mother, the other was in a strange hand. Anxious to have the lecture of my excellent parent over, and to hear how she bore Daly's visit, upon the subject of which I was quite sure she would write, I opened her's first, and then perused the details of the affair very much as Daly himself had described them, but with a sequel least agreeable of all, informing me of the recognition which the Miss Dodg had made of the "rude and forward" deputy assistant clerk, and her extreme sorrow and vexation that it could be no longer concealed, since his acquaintance with me had been admitted, that I was the companion of his most unjustifiable frolic. As far as that went, as I had secretly resolved to marry nobody but Emma Haines, it was a matter of no great importance to me, although the acquaintance with the young ladies would have very agreeably enlivened the circle at Teddington, if I had intended to make the cottage a place of frequent resort. Matters had now entirely changed as far as my means and inclinations were concerned; the previous night's conversation with Daly had quite determined me on my course. He had overcome, with arguments which I considered full of sound reason and justice, all the boyish scruples I had hitherto felt with regard to filial obedience upon points where the heart was concerned, and was completely convinced that love—love of that peculiar sort which Daly had made me sensible I felt for Miss Haines—was paramount to all other sentiments or affections.

It is extraordinary to see with what facility a shrewd and clever person can win over a less-experienced man to the principles he advocates, provided their character and tendency are in unison with the less-experienced man's feelings! I could not understand what it was that had hitherto kept me tongue-tied with respect to Emma, a being I loved by stealth, as far as my own parent was concerned. I owed my mother the duty of a son it was true, but I had a right to an opinion of my own, and Emma Haines had a fortune of five and twenty thousand pounds, and the match would be a good match, and she was fond of me and I was fond of her; what then was the objection?—her mother's positive refusal to hear of such a thing as a proposal from a penniless boy; and this refusal I knew, if I mentioned any thing on the subject to my parent, would heat up the Gataker blood, and I should be as solemnly warned by my own mother to desist from any further attempts upon the heart of Miss Haines as I had already been by hers.

However, rope-ladders, post-chaises, and all the rest of it, were dancing in my imagination; and for an instant I believed that fortune had at last withdrawn the fillet from her eyes, and already displayed her favourable intentions for the future by putting in my possession, by her own means, a sum adequate to defray all the necessary expenses of my juvenile matrimonial expedition. With these bright visions in my mind's eye, it may be supposed I did not read my poor mother's details of Daly's visit with any very profound attention; but hastily scanning the letter, I threw it down in order to make myself acquainted with the

contents of the other epistle. I broke open the seal and read as follows:—

“ 6 o'clock, Friday.

“ Dear Sir,—I despatch this to you the moment I reach town. I was called in to your mother at a little after three, whom I found in a very afflicting state, from an attack of apoplexy. Having taken the most effective measures at the moment, I set off to town as fast as I could in order to find and carry down Dr. Baillie to her. I arrived just now, and while he is getting ready to return with me, I write this. Let me entreat of you not to lose a moment in going to her; for, although I would not excite unnecessary apprehensions, her case is a serious one, and may *prove very dangerous*. Nothing I can add will express the urgency of your visit more strongly than the simple fact that having restored her to consciousness before I quitted her, the first words your mother uttered were your name, and an entreaty to see you.”

\* \* \* \* \*

When I read thus far, the letter fell from my hand—my eyes swam—my head turned round. I felt that mad impatience, that necessity for immediate action—that wildness of purpose, which are the instant results of intelligence like this—my mother dying and calling for me—dead, perhaps, without seeing me, and I revelling in heartless pleasure, in sensual dissipation, in moral turpitude, and actually planning future disobedience to her wishes, and revolts from her just and affectionate control. She who had borne me, nursed me, loved me better than herself, to be neglected and forgotten!—yet I was not so base—so vile. I could not have anticipated the awful visitation; I had seen her well the previous evening—had parted from her—had received the fond, maternal kiss—perhaps the last. There were no symptoms, no warning of this thunder-stroke which was so soon to fall and sever, perhaps, the ties of affection and love; yet how could I reflect that I might have been home early; that I might have received the letter from the village apothecary, which I had just read, in time to have seen her, even to have received her last blessing, and to have closed those mild blue eyes which for years and years had beamed so tenderly on me.

I struck my forehead with my clenched fist—I hid my burning cheek in the pillow—tears relieved the agony of my heart. I rang the bell—my servant came. I ordered him to get my horse instantly. He evidently thought me mad—I think I was so. I had, never since I could remember, been so near a great calamity, such as the loss of a beloved parent—a neglected parent, now seemed to be—neglected indeed she was; for while I knew that she was within my reach, I was careless as to visiting her; her house was made unpleasant to me by her ungracious companion, and, as I have said before, my mother's temper itself had been unfavourably changed by the influence and irritation of that odious person; yet now that there was a chance that she was gone, that I should never see her smile, never hear her voice again. . . . .

In this temper of mind, I need hardly say that I flew rather than rode from London. I was insensible to every object, to every feeling—to every impression but the one—and the idea that my poor mother was, perhaps, on the verge of another world, and that an increased rate of travelling might yet bring me to her fond embrace, made me urge the willing animal upon which I was mounted to the top of his speed.

In less than an hour I reached Twickenham. As I entered the road leading to Teddington, a fatal sound struck my ear. I pulled up my horse and listened—with a dread beyond imagination I heard it again. I turned sick—my heart seemed to cease its pulsation;—it was the death-bell tolling for my poor lost, lost mother!

The blow had fallen—no more was there need of hastening to the house of mourning. Not all the prayers of all the world could give me now that which of all things most I craved—that mother's blessing. No, mute was the tongue which had taught me truths I heeded not—and cold were those lips from which a parting kiss would have been some consolation in the hour of separation;—I had lost them all—all by my own heartless folly and dissipation—by my addiction to the society of those against whom her affection and experience had so often cautioned me;—while yet my sainted parent lay on the bed of death, I was reveling and gambling in the house of sin!

I dismounted, and bade the servant go on with the horses. I could scarcely stand, and I could not bear that the man should see how little of a man his master was. He trotted forward, but I could not stir. I leaned against a tree by the road side, and cried like a child.

Ought I to be ashamed of the confession?—no;—the loss of such a parent was of itself a calamity sufficient to unnerve a son at my time of life, who knew the devotion of that parent to her child; but the aggravating circumstances, my absence from her bed-side; the reasons for that absence; the thousand, thousand recollections which flashed across my mind—I would gladly have died myself upon the very instant.

I walked on; and as I approached our little church, the sound of the bell tolling louder and louder as I came nearer to it, cut to my very heart's core; its hollow clang had to my ear less of sorrow in it than of reproach;—it seemed to upbraid me for my absence, and chide me for delay. Oh! how true it is that when those we have adored are gone—when those lips we have loved are sealed in silence, and can no longer speak a pardon for our indiscretions or omissions—we reproach ourselves with inattentions and unkindnesses, which, at the time we fancied them committed, would perhaps have been matters only of indifference or even jest.

Overwhelmed by my feelings, I pursued my way to the well-known entrance of my poor mother's pretty—once cheerful residence.

I reached the gate—the windows of the cottage were closed—and my poor mother's favourite dog lay whining on the outside of the door—it ran to me and barked its welcome as I walked across the lawn. The door was opened, as I approached it, by my mother's maid. \* I never shall forget the expression of mingled sorrow and reproach which her countenance exhibited as her eye met mine; the faithful woman's look conveyed at once to me the extent of my misconduct—it told me I had been sought for—asked for—prayed for—but I was absent. My conscience added a thousand pangs to those which that absence alone could not fail to inflict.

I passed into the drawing-room, where I found Miss Crab. I threw myself into the chair in which I had last seen my poor mother sitting, and, hiding my face in my hands, gave vent to my sorrow in another flood of tears. Miss Crab came to me, and took my hand, and pressed



it. I felt grateful for this show of kindness, for I was alone in the world—and I wept the more.

"I know," said Miss Crab, "that arguments are useless—I will not attempt to check the course of natural affections. Your excellent mother, Gilbert, is gone; but, sudden as was the summons, she died without pain, and departed repeating your name and blessing you."

"And I not here," sobbed I, "to hear that blessing!"

"That was unfortunate," said my companion; "you must have been out very late, because any time in the evening you could have come; your poor mother, when she became conscious of her danger, watched the hours, and every noise she heard she fancied it was your arrival."

"And when—" said I, when—"?" I could ask no more.

"Between four and five this morning," was the answer.

The hour, then, at which I was unconsciously returning from the gaming-table, was the period at which the pure spirit of my exemplary parent was taking its flight—at that moment—Oh mercy, mercy on me!—my mother was in the last agony of death.

Miss Crab saw the convulsive heavings of my breast; the half-choked utterance of my words alarmed her, and with a kindness foreign to her nature, she left me for a moment, and returned with a tumbler of water, of which she made me swallow a portion.

"I am not surprised," said she, "to see you thus affected; if you had been with her at the last, it would have been a source of consolation whenever the thought of her recurred; but now you will never be able to forget that, anxious as she was to take a last farewell of you, you were out of the way! However, what's done cannot be undone, and I suppose at your time of life pleasure is paramount."

"Pleasure!" said I; "do, for Heaven's sake, spare me this reproachful language; years—ages of repentance—will not compensate for this one fault."

"I always told you, Gilbert," said the odious woman, "that you would be sorry some time or another, but not till it was too late; I'm sure I would not say a word to aggravate your feelings now, but I *do* think that if you had been more attentive to your poor mother's wishes, and been more with us, and gone on more steadily, she might have been here now——"

"Merciful Heavens, Madam," exclaimed I, "do you wish to drive me raving mad? Is it not enough that I have lost the being who bore me, nurtured me, and loved me better than herself? am I to be reproached not only for faults I admit, but for conduct which she never blamed herself?"

"Not to *you*, Gilbert," said Miss Crab, "and that was the misfortune; she was too fond of you; and when you were present, she could not endure to see you pained by her remarks; it was when we were alone that her anxiety and sorrow evinced themselves, and preyed upon her spirits and constitution."

"Do you mean," said I, angry in the midst of my wretchedness at such insinuations, "do you mean to infer that I have contributed by any conduct of mine to shorten the life of my excellent parent?"

"I mean no such thing," said Miss Crab; "all I know is, that Dr. Baillie said last night that he considered the attack to be the result of

mental agitation, and certainly she was very much excited yesterday by the discovery of your connexion with that surveyor's clerk, who behaved so rudely to her great friends the Dods."

"Surveyor's clerk," said I, spurning with disgust the idea of entering into explanation of the affair with my fiend-like companion at a moment when she was pronouncing the greatest calamity of my life the result of my own indiscretion and irregularities. What a heart this woman must have had! I have often, on looking back upon these scenes, wondered how anything in female form could be so bitter and so malevolent.

"I cannot talk," said I; "I will not listen; all my omissions and negligencies are magnified ten thousand fold—I see them all in the most vivid colours—I need no friend, however kind, to point them out—but even I cannot consent to admit the justice of the charges you so unseasonably bring against me, or acknowledge myself an accessory to my poor mother's death."

I rose from the chair and paced the room in an agony of grief. "I suppose," said my friend, after a pause, "you will go up and see her, Gilbert?—you will be more composed afterwards."

See! see my beloved mother—she whom I had left in health and happiness but a few hours before—see her stretched in the sleep of death?—to be sure—to be sure I would. It was all like a dream—a dream from which, when I had beheld her dead, I must awake. I mechanically answered "Yes," and as mechanically followed my friend to the door of the bed-chamber—the door at which a thousand times my lost parent had parted from me with a blessing and a kiss. We entered the apartment; every thing was as I had last seen it—the flowers which my mother had gathered the day before were blooming in their stands—her work lay on the table—all seemed as usual. My companion took my hand in one of hers, and led me to the bedside; with the other she drew back the curtain, and there I saw her—my mother—cold, pale, inanimate—dead; the world's prayers could not have obtained me one single look from those closed eyes; there was a smile on her lips, but they were mute for ever! I had never seen death before—the thousand feelings of awe, of devotion, of sorrow, of repentance, conflicting in my heart and mind, were too much for me, and overcome by the contest, I sank insensible on the bed.

Oh that week—that wretched, miserable week—the hateful preparations for the funeral—the absolute necessity for action; perhaps it was better that such arrangements required attention. For myself, I resolved that the hour at which my mother's dear remains were removed from the house should be the last of my residence in it; I could never have borne to see it after she was gone. This resolution produced new occupation. Miss Crab, whose fine feelings were never likely to interfere with her worldly interests, appeared disposed to stay where she was. My mother had made a will, in which she left every thing to me, excepting the lease and furniture of the cottage, which, if Miss Crab chose to continue resident there, were bequeathed to her for her life; this bequest, and one of a ring to Cuthbert, were the only two. In consequence of Miss Crab's announcement of her wish to remain at the cottage, and of my determination never to disturb her quiet possession by even a solitary visit to the scene of my former happiness, it became necessary that certain inventories should be made, and other forms gone through, to carry the inten-

tions of my poor mother into effect. In those arrangements I was aided and assisted by the worthy magistrate whom I have already mentioned, and who came down to Teddington the moment the melancholy intelligence reached him.

He too accompanied me to the funeral. That day will never be forgotten by me ; till the moment I saw the black coffin borne from the door, I did not feel that I had really lost my beloved parent—the link was not *quite* broken ; but then—then all my sorrow burst upon me, and I was scarcely conscious of what afterwards occurred, until the drawing up of the ropes by which the body had been lowered into the grave, awakened me again to a sense of all my miseries. Years, years have rolled on, and yet that hour is still vividly fresh in my mind—the smell of the soldered coffin is still in my nostrils—the falling earth upon its lid still rings in my ears.

### TO THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

SPIRIT of immortal birth !  
 Power, our praise excelling !  
 Where, in this all-wondrous earth,  
 Shall we fix thy dwelling ?  
 Thou, who rapture's fire canst boast,  
 And the keys of healing,  
 Say, where reigns thine influence most,  
 And thy loftiest feeling ?  
 By the rock, whose solid might  
 Storms have riven in sunder ?  
 Where the mountain, height on height,  
 Tempts the living thunder ?  
 Where the sullen mist-wreath sleeps,  
 And shrill blasts are sounding,  
 And from earth the torrent leaps,  
 As to freedom bounding ?  
 Where the melancholy deep  
 Heaves with constant motion,  
 And the hoar, fantastic steep  
 Frowns o'er glimm'ring Ocean ;  
 And the moon-illumined caves,  
 As with choral numbers,  
 Murmur to the listless waves  
 In their tranquil slumbers ?  
 Lies thy path through valleys green,  
 Where the dew gleams longest,  
 And the harvest's ears are seen  
 Closest rank'd and strongest ?  
 Where the stainless lily blows  
 On the shining river ?  
 Where the purple loosestrife glows ?  
 Where the tall reeds quiver ?  
 It may be that still decay  
 Haunts more, meet may render,  
 Ivied arch and turret, gay  
 With its lichen'd splendour ;—

Abbeys, o'er whose solemn height  
Pale the noonbeam streameth ;—  
Cloisters, where the entering light,  
As in reverence, beameth.

Musing by those fretted cells,  
Dost thou love to linger,  
When the deep-toned organ swells  
'Neath the volent finger?  
And in sunset's magic reign,  
With a radiance holy,  
On thy sight the blazon'd pane  
Glow, or darkens slowly?

When, on some triumphant day,  
Pomp and splendour glisten  
Round the banner'd pageant's way,  
Art thou nigh to listen  
To the loud, exulting shout,  
And the trumpet's warning,  
And the merry peal, rung out  
'Neath the sunny morning?

Or when winter stoops on earth,  
And grim tempests darken,  
Sitt'st thou, to the young-eyed Mirth,  
In our halls to hearken;  
Joying in affection's sight,  
Proof to years or sorrow,  
And the laugh of glad delight,  
Fearless of to-morrow?

Oh, thou Queen of constant bliss!  
Thralls to error's lightness;  
Vainly do we seek for this—  
Here to meet thy brightness:  
Faint to us thy glories are,  
And thy glances clouded,  
As the dimly-wandering star,  
Seen, and instant shrouded.

But in those bright halls above,  
As thine home, residing,  
Where the heart's *one* sense is love,  
Changeless and abiding:  
And to wake their tuneful strings  
Ransom'd hosts are bending;  
And the adoring seraph sings,  
Tranced in bliss unending.

Still, as in the days of old,  
Thou thy smile art showing  
Inspiration's fount of gold  
At thy guidance flowing;—  
At thy guidance flowing;—  
Holiness thy perfect theme,  
Blessing thine endeavour;—  
Pure thy powers as Truth's own beam,  
And thy joys for ever.

J. F. HOLLINGS.

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## NOTES OF A MUSICAL STUDENT.

## ENGLISH SINGERS AND SINGING.

THERE are more fine voices, and fewer good singers, among the English, than any other nation in Europe. It is not merely that the proportion of singers to voices is smaller; the actual number of voices is greater, and of singers less. This fact is not so generally known as it deserves to be. It is a vulgar error to suppose that our climate is unfavourable to the production of fine voices; and its prejudicial effects on the voice are greatly over-rated. Even Italian vocalists suffer less from our raw and variable climate than might be expected. "Indisposition" is a term of most happy equivocation in theatrical phraseology. As regards the quality and permanence of the voice, climate alone would seem to have little more effect upon it than upon the other organs. That change of temperature and climate does affect the voice it would be absurd to deny. A winter campaign in London greatly injured Velluti's; but it was already past its prime: moreover, he is not a fair criterion; for his voice can scarcely have been so robust as one of more natural formation. Besides the variations of climate, he it remembered, the singer is exposed to sudden and violent changes of temperature and currents of air that would affect any one less inured than theatrical performers very seriously. The gust that sweeps across the stage on the drawing-up of the curtain cannot but have an effect upon the often thinly-clad vocalist, notwithstanding the excitement which unquestionably enables the body to resist cold. The best proof that can perhaps be given that climate has not much share in producing voices, is the fact that Italy, "the land of song," is not so celebrated for fine voices as for good singers. Comparatively with the superiority of the old Italian method of vocal instruction, how few remarkably fine voices has Italy produced! The most famous are attracted to this country by the wealth and "bad taste" of John Bull; and yet it is no easy matter for the manager of the King's Theatre to get together a complete and efficient *corps d'opera*. The only one of the Italian male vocalists known to the English public in the present day, who possesses a voice naturally perfect in quality and power, is Donzelli. Lablache's voice is unequal, and his enormous power is limited to two or three upper notes. Tamburini, the most finished singer now before the public, owes far more to his taste and science than to his voice, which is by no means first-rate either as regards its power or quality. Rubini's voice, though of a fine quality, has, by being forced, lost its sustaining power; and in his florid style and redundant execution consist all his strength. Thus, in the majority of the present corps of Italian singers, the voice is inferior to the art of its production: in fact, the Italians as a people are accustomed to throw out their voices *ore rotundo*. The peasant who carols over the mountains sings with that spirit and vivacity that fine animal spirits and perfect freedom from restraint inspire. The Englishman who ventures to sing as he walks along does but hum after all: or if the shade of night or a bye-way tempts him to the indulgence of an extra degree of energy, how like a culprit he looks should he unexpectedly encounter a well-dressed passenger! The reader may have

shared the amusement we have often experienced on emerging suddenly from one of the green alleys of Kensington Gardens, and coming suddenly upon some young bass-singer groping for his G, or a tenor exercising his B b, to note how instantaneously the confidence of the embryo vocalist, thus taken *flagrante delicto*, vanishes, the abortive note sinking tremulously into *sotto voce*. That *mauvaise honte*, which is one of our national characteristics, has no small degree of influence upon the *muffled* voice of the amateur singer; who, even if he have been taught how to bring his voice from the chest, either imprisons it within the teeth, or stifles it with the tongue. The mouth is the grave of many a voice, of which the verdict should be, "frightened to death." Englishmen's voices are not generally deficient in power, if given free utterance to; nor would they lack permanence, if carefully developed. Yet a want of power is one of the principal deficiencies of even professional singers in England. This is owing in most cases either to the voice having been prematurely forced, or to imperfect training. In illustration of the first-mentioned cause, the cathedral choirs afford numerous instances. The system by which the supply of treble voices is kept up is cruel in its operation on the victims, and destructive of their voices. If a wrong method of production be injurious to the mature voice, how much more so to the delicate organization of a child! It is undoubtedly a very mistaken notion to suppose that singing, even in children, injures the lungs: on the contrary, a moderate exercise of the voice tends to strengthen them. But though the vital power be not affected, the vocal organs may be destroyed by over-exertion, and by their exercise being prolonged beyond the time when the first or infantine voice has begun to evince signs of "breaking," especially if a false mode of singing and neglect of proper cultivation be superadded. Even in Italy, where the infantine voice is properly developed, many a good singer is nipped in the bud by over-exertion when young. Not that it follows of course that a boy with a beautiful voice will have a fine manly voice; but the chances are greatly diminished by the straining of the muscles of the throat before they acquire their full strength. The life of a boy chorister is a drudgery that is only profitable to the person who *farms* the choir. He learns to sing at sight, 'tis true, but by the time he is proficient in this art, his voice is perhaps gone—in nineteen cases out of twenty—never to return. The injury to his mind and habits, it is not our province to speak of, but we would warn parents of the danger to youth in this particular. Forcing young voices is not, however, confined to the choirs. Many a young singer of great promise is injured by premature exertion, from none but honourable motives. We never hear Miss Clara Novello at one of the many concerts and festivals where she sings, but we fear lest the freshness and beauty of her voice should be impaired by too early and severe trial of its powers. Our respect for Mr. Novello induces us to throw out this hint, in the spirit of kindness. Illustrations of the ill effects of imperfect training of the voice are even more numerous than the public singers of the old English school now before the public; for they include all those whose voices have been destroyed by bad teaching. The existence of an art of singing, to be taught independently of voice, taste, or musical knowledge, was almost unknown amongst our professors. We have no school of singing, in the true

sense of the term, native to this country; and it is only within these few years that the Italian method has become familiar to English masters. The formation of the voice was left to nature, or rather to chance. The singer was taught to form his style, and acquire execution before the powers of his voice were properly ascertained; and the course of practice was itself of a kind unfavourable to their development. So little knowledge had the master of the means of determining the capabilities of the vocal organs, that the endeavour to strengthen the voice by practice ended in straining it; so that the more careful masters were deterred from bringing out the full power of the voice for fear of doing it injury.

We have no means of forming an accurate judgment of those models of the old English school of singing (as it is courteously styled), Harrison and Bartleman; but if we are to judge of them by their successors—and perhaps imitators—Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Bellamy, our notions of their powers and accomplishments must be much humbler than those of some professors whom we have heard speak of those departed vocalists.

Let us pass in review the present representatives of the old English school of singing—the upholders of what they are pleased to term “the pure style.” One great merit they possess in common, that of being good musicians. Knyvett has a pleasing taste, but his voice has no power, being almost inaudible even in a concert-room; and it is of that bad quality, the falsetto counter-tenor. Mr. Hawkins, by the bye, is another of this class: he spoils a good tenor to acquire an artificial alto. The falsetto is rarely tolerable, never agreeable, and most frequently painful, from its piercing, unnatural quality of tone. Moreover, it is very liable to be out of tune, and it will not admit of distinct articulation. It was very little cultivated in the old Italian school; an intermediate voice partaking of the qualities of head and chest tones was acquired in its stead. The male counter-tenor has scarcely ever been recognised by classical composers, except in choral writing. Among the Germans, the alto is generally supplied by contralti in part music.—*Mais revenons à nos moutons.* Vaughan, who is looked upon as the successor of Harrison, has a voice of agreeable quality, but no power; his style is called pure: we should call it a manner, and the reverse of pure; for it is tame, mechanical, and monotonous; its ornament consisting in a small set of shakes, cadences, and *twiddles*, introduced in the same places of similar songs *ad infinitum*. Horncastle’s singing is equally mechanical. His style is coldly correct, with neat execution; but his voice is utterly deficient in tone. Hobbs’s voice possesses some sweetness, but its tone has been muddled away by the gastronomic action of tavern dinners. He too is a disciple of the “pure style,” with the addition of a few flourishes *more suo*. Bellamy, the fellow-student and follower of Bartleman, is the most unfavourable specimen of the “good old school.” His manner is cold and hard; his production of tone is nasal; his execution disjointed; and he is apt to indulge in clumsy and unmeaning flourishes. E. Taylor we regard less as a vocalist than a musician. He is a bad singer, but a good critic, when his prejudices allow him. His voice is stunning in a small room, but almost inaudible in a spacious one: even in the King’s Theatre, than which we know of none more easy for a singer, he produced no effect; his enunciation, moreover, is

mouthings and inarticulate. The public are much indebted to him, however, for the influential exercise of his fine taste, sound judgment, and good understanding in musical matters. His opinions, though sometimes clouded by prejudice, are in the main enlightened; and his writings show him to be an ardent lover of music and a man of education. Sale is called a good glee singer; by which is meant (we presume) a singer without voice or style, not always including either the necessary qualification of singing in tune. He does not often favour us with a solo; we presume he took his farewell at the Festival in Westminster Abbey. His performance on that occasion will be remembered by all who heard it; but whether it will operate as a warning or encouragement to singers of his class, let those answer who can judge.

From these representatives of the "pure style" of "the old English school," some idea may be formed of its mode of cultivating the voice. However the merits of the individual specimens may vary, they possess one quality in common—that of not being heard before an orchestra of any weight. In speaking thus freely of these vocalists, we have overcome a reluctance to expose the defects of singers now before the public, by the consideration that these individuals are veterans and established favourites, whom these strictures are not calculated to injure either in fame or fortune. Examples of prominent character were necessary to instance the pernicious consequences of a want of scientific vocal training; and as the fault is not in the individual but the system, no blame attaches to them. A conviction of the incalculable mischief that has been caused by this false method of teaching singing, the effects of which have blighted the hopes and prospects, and ruined the voices of hundreds of promising vocalists; and a conviction also, the result of practical experience, of the benefits that will arise (they are even now becoming evident) from the adoption of the scientific mode of the old Italian school, has impelled the writer to take the decided course of demonstrating both the one and the other, in the individual instances with which the public are familiar.

The famous school of Italy, which has produced nearly all the fine singers of Europe for the last century, we are sorry to hear, is being superseded by one that has nothing in common with it but the name. Let us hope that it will not become wholly extinct until it has had time to take root and flourish in this country. Of the scions of that good old stock that we desire to see grafted on our wild and crabbed plant of English growth, the most distinguished is Crevelli; and the estimation in which he is held as a professor by a considerable portion of the musical world proves that the value of the system upon which he teaches is at last beginning to be appreciated. Italian singing is a term applied by the vulgar to a display of the worst possible taste in the introduction of the most preposterous flourishes and cadences, which may be characterized as the flagree of the art of singing. The genuine Italian style may be likened to the Corinthian order in architecture, at once solid and beautiful, classic and ornamental. The dry and mechanical manner of the old English singer has been dignified with the epithet Doric; but we should compare it rather to the bad Gothic of the last century, not only inelegant, but positively barbarous and uncouth. The principles of the Italian school of singing are as simple as they are sound and effica-



cious. A striking exemplification of their simplicity is to be found in the following well-known anecdote of an old Maestro. He gave to a pupil a page or two of exercises to practise, and kept him to this lesson for five years; and at the end of this time, when the singer had got impatient of being kept so long in the go-cart of the science, and asked what other music he should study, the Maestro replied, "You may now go forth as the first singer in Italy." We are fortunate in being able to give an instance of the good effects of the Italian method of vocal teaching, in the person of the first singer of the English stage, and the most lasting popularity of this or any other country—Braham; to whose merits the Italians (not forgetting their Donzelli) have paid this high tribute—"Non c'è tenore in Italia come Braham."\* Though a native of England, Braham is an Italian singer. The richness, evenness, and permanency of his voice; the purity and power of his production of tone; the beauty, finish, and facility of his execution, and his clear and distinct articulation, are the results of his Italian education. His style (when he does not condescend to sing to the galleries) is chaste, impressive, and full of feeling. There is no class of music which he cannot perform with effect, whether it be the massive grandeur of Handel, the quaintness of Purcell, the brilliancy of Rossini, or the homely sweetness of Dibdin. Nature has been most bountiful to him, but he has made right use of her munificence. Braham presents the rare instance of a singer with a voice naturally of fine quality, compass, and power, judiciously trained, cultivated with assiduity, exercised with genius, and preserved by temperance.

Teachers of singing in this country generally begin at the wrong end; that is, they teach the use of the voice before it is formed. They not only do not understand the right method of training the vocal organs, but many are not aware that the voice requires to be developed by art, or even what voice it is they have to assist in developing. Vocal exercises are the gymnastics of the voice, which the enlightened professor directs according to the strength or weakness of particular parts of the vocal organs, and in proportion to the progressive advancement of the pupil. The voice is a beautiful instrument of nature's own workmanship; the singer is the performer upon it; as well may an untaught person expect to bring out tones from a violin like Paganini or De Beriot, or to play upon the piano-forte like Cramer or Moscheles, as an uneducated or badly taught singer, to bring out the latent powers of his voice. Some knowledge, at least, of the instrument he professes to teach is expected of the master; but for the teaching of singing, the qualification of being able to sing at all is not always thought necessary: and a knowledge of the voice is a requisite that does not enter into the head of either master or pupil. Singing-masters in general are, in fact, most ignorant of the precise thing they are required to be best acquainted with: and no wonder; they were never taught it themselves. To give an adequate notion of the extent of professional ignorance upon this point would fill a volume: to instance individuals by name would be invidious, and averse from the object we have in view and the spirit in which we pursue it. •

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\* "There is not such a tenor as Braham in Italy."

Mistaking basses for baritones, and baritones for tenors, is of common occurrence. What would the reader think, for instance, of a gentleman, but too well known among the London chœurs, cultivating a contralto for a high soprano, or of a singing-master in pretty good practice confounding the terms in the nomenclature of voices? To give one among many instances of the fatal effects of mistaking the character of a voice:—Sapio came out as a tenor, whereas his voice is naturally a fine baritone of very high quality. By the aid of a good chest and a great deal of energy, he forced it up beyond its natural compass, and the consequence was that a season or two as a dramatic singer fairly knocked him up. His feeling and impulse only accelerated this result; a huskiness came over his voice, and its intonation was no longer under control. Mr. Sapio occasionally appears at concerts; and while we admire his expression, and the richness of some of his notes not yet destroyed, we lament to perceive the difficulty which he experiences in executing a piece of any length without getting out of tune.

The study of voices is one of extreme nicety and difficulty. Moreover it is a science not wholly communicable: it must be based upon theory, but reared by individual experience. Experiments without number—and many fatal ones—are made upon others by incompetent persons, which have not even the advantage of adding to the knowledge of the experimentalizer. Most vocal instructors are rather music-teachers than singing-masters. They give their pupils a knowledge of the signs and sounds of the language of music; enable his eye and ear to sympathize a little by practice, teaching him perhaps to sing well at sight,—a useful acquisition, doubtless, and not to be undervalued. They give him, too, a little stock of dry flourishes; but *vocal execution, in the true sense of the term*, they cannot teach, being themselves utterly ignorant of its nature and of the principle on which it depends—the proper production of tone. This is a sweeping assertion: but so few are the exceptions, that they only serve to prove the rule. The system of the majority of *soi-disant* singing-masters is so much alike, that a sketch of the operations of one may serve as a sample of the whole. The reader who may have witnessed, or been so unfortunate as to endure the infliction of what is complacently termed a “singing lesson,” will judge of its truth, and thus be able to test the validity of our assertion. Whether the “victim”—a cant term for a pupil, in use among the craft, whose expressiveness insinuates a lurking consciousness of the humbug—be an amateur or professional, the illustration will equally apply.

The principal difficulty in giving an ordinary singing lesson is to fill up the hour prescribed for the operation. The master having, with due deliberation, deposited his hat, great coat, and umbrella, and passed the customary salutations and compliments, after a preliminary warm of his hands, sits down to the piano, on which he places his watch, by way of indicating how precious is his time. After running over the keys in a few extemporaneous flourishes, the patient is directed to sing the scale, the master accompanying with full chords so loudly as to drown the voice of the singer, and calling out now and then as the din rises to its height, “Crescendo,” “Open your mouth.” The pupil

having sung a few notes, alternately humming and bawling in the pianos and fortes; his voice, strained beyond its powers, cracks in a furious effort to rise above the accompaniment. An interval of five minutes, equally acceptable to master and pupil, is occupied by a lecture on "not forcing the voice;" and the pupil, arriving at the 7th of the scale, quite overcome with his previous exertions, sings the note flat; then succeeds another welcome interval, which is filled up by an equally edifying discourse on the expediency of singing in tune. In what way he is to avoid forcing his voice, and by what means he is to insure correct intonation, the pupil is left to guess. A few passages for the practice of taking intervals being next gone through, some new piece of music—chosen as likely to please friends, but with no definite object as far as the pupil's progress is concerned—is placed on the desk; and the master having exhibited his skill by singing it over in his best manner, the pupil follows, carefully copying the master's peculiarities, who directs him to be careful in articulating the words distinctly. The master then displays a patent pencil of approved neatness, and leisurely inserts some trills and flourishes, "carefully eschewing such as he himself cannot execute, and terminating with a cadence and a sorry attempt at a shake. The pupil knocked up, and the master tired, both see with satisfaction that the prescribed term has expired; and the master takes his leave under a running fire of instructive commonplaces, and posts off to another "victim," where a similar scene is enacted and a like sum extracted. This farce would be harmless if *nothing* were taught; but the pupil unhappily acquires by these means a fatal facility in a false method; and his voice is advanced by "easy stages" on the "road to ruin."

In proof of this, a whole hecatomb of "victims" to bad teaching might be instanced. Singers with fine voices and good taste, who promised well, every now and then appear in the concert-room or on the stage; but suddenly, after a longer or shorter lapse of time, and a more or less gradual declension of powers, disappear and are heard no more of. Voices break down at the time when an artist, properly educated, is in his prime. The more natural ability the singer possesses too, unfortunately, the sooner he is lost to the public. His taste and feeling lead him to strive at vocal expression that tries the half-formed voice and ill-taught singer most severely.

From the long catalogue of musical disappearances we select two or three of the most prominent. Every play-goer of ten years standing must remember the *débüt* of Miss Wilson, who, to a fine and powerful voice, joined great feeling for her art; her career, alas! ended with *one* season! Miss Stephens, who is still in the prime of life, and enjoying good health, was a few years ago the idol of popularity, and possessed perhaps the finest soprano voice this country ever produced, of great compass, exquisite sweetness, and extraordinary flexibility; yet her performance at the Abbey festival was positively distressing, her tone weak and impure, and her intonation most faulty. What has become of Miss Inverarity? A few years ago she made a *débüt* that enchanted the musical world—displaying a voice of fine quality, good compass, considerable flexibility, and immense power; with the addition of a charming feeling for singing, unexceptionable taste, and a talent for

acting far beyond what is ordinarily evinced by vocalists, and the aid of a handsome person. Every one who has watched her progress must have latterly remarked the diminution of the power of her voice, and the imperfection of her intonation.

The qualifications requisite to make a perfectly accomplished vocalist are neither few nor of an ordinary kind, and their combination in the same individual is rare indeed. A voice of fine quality, extensive compass, and great power, at perfect command; correctness of ear, taste, and judgment; a knowledge of the science of music; industry, and sensibility—these can hardly be expected to co-exist in due proportion in one person: but to the possession of nearly all these qualities, developed more or less in a high degree, must the vocalist, ambitious of permanent reputation, aspire. Braham we have already instanced, and he is a solitary example among English vocalists. Wilson, however, is a delightful and improving singer; his voice is naturally melodious and even, and since he has returned to the tuition of Crewelli, it has increased in volume and flexibility. He brings out his voice well and articulates distinctly, and his style is chaste and expressive, though in dramatic singing he is not impassioned enough. He promises to become a first-rate artist, by virtue of his steadiness and perseverance. Whether his feeling will break through the *Scotch mist* that hangs round it remains to be seen; we think “he has it in him.” H. Phillips has been fortunate in coming before the public and making a stand at a time when there was none to oppose him. His natural powers are limited, but he has increased them by careful and persevering practice. Like all self-taught men, he has his defects; he has a trick of jerking out his notes in an unpleasant manner—he is apt to sing in his throat—and in extending the compass of his voice he has rendered it uneven, requiring all his tact to conceal this defect; he has likewise a tendency to sing out of tune—the effect of forcing his voice beyond its powers. To look on the other side of the picture, his conception is good—his expression full of feeling—his style of singing is chaste and free from vulgar embellishment—he throws out his tone well—and his execution is smooth and polished. His acting too is more easy, animated, and expressive than that of any other English singer. He is successful both in serious and comic characters, but his forte is comedy; the picturesqueness of his diablerie, indeed, arises from a vein of comic humour. He is always gentlemanly, whether he personates the fiend himself, or the mortal with whom the fiend has taken up his lodging. There is a mannerism too—not an unpleasant one, partaking as it does of a sort of *bonhomie*—in all he does, whether he sings “Lord, have mercy” at a festival, or “The best of all good company” at Drury-lane. We know no singer more easily imitated, or so inimitable in his way (if the paradox may be allowed) as Henry Phillips.

Miss Romer bids fair to become the first female singer on the English stage. She has a magnificent voice, and is taking the proper course for improving it. Her execution, when we last heard her, was crude and unfinished, and her voice left too much to its own guidance; but there was a deep feeling for the character she personated and the music she sung, that promised to get the better of all the bad habits and uncertainty that impeded her. Her improvement was manifest in her last performance of *La Sonnambula*.

Mrs. Wood was never a favourite of ours. To deny her claim to extraordinary powers would be absurd. Her voice is by nature rich, powerful, and of extensive compass; but she appears to produce it with difficulty, and the straining has a painful effect. An appearance of ease on the part of the singer is essential to the perfect enjoyment of a vocal performance. Mrs. Wood has what we should term an artificial and uneasy style of singing; ever striving after effects that she does not often succeed in producing. This is particularly evident in compositions of a light character—ballads especially—which require ease and simplicity of style. Wanting naturally that thorough feeling which would regulate the style and execution of the singer, she endeavours to supply its place by long pauses, abrupt transitions from *forte* to *piano*, and sudden gushings of sound—tricks evidently the result of a vicious system and false taste. As an artist, too, she falls far short of perfection: the distortion of her face is at once a proof that she sings with effort, and has an imperfect production of tone; her articulation, too, is almost unintelligible. An auditor at a concert, without a programme, might almost be at a loss to know in what language she was singing. Her execution is neat and brilliant; but she exercises it without judgment and with no reserve. A want of natural taste and feeling makes her reputation rest wholly on her skill as an artist; and, clever as she is, she has not art enough to conceal her deficiencies. Her last appearance in London was a very unfavourable one, displaying her defects increased and her beauties diminished.

Miss Shirreff had, we understand, before she began to practise, a very beautiful voice; but, by some process, that which should have developed and strengthened it has tended the other way: she is, however, a delightful vocalist in many respects. She sings with gusto (where the music suits her), and at all times well in tune, and with great precision and brilliancy, and her articulation is remarkably distinct.

A voice would seem at first thought to be the prime requisite for a singer; but though there never perhaps existed a person with a naturally fine organ who could not be drilled into a decent singer by a good master, there are hundreds whose vocal powers have been destroyed by want of cultivation or bad teaching; so that a fine voice is not the all in all. Atkins is a striking instance of the fallacy of the maxim that, 'of one hundred requisites to make a singer, a voice is ninety-nine.' His voice is naturally a bass of extraordinary weight, fine quality, and great compass; but from his method—or rather want of method—of producing it, its powers are not brought out, and it has an unpleasant coarseness of tone. Style or execution he has none: and he has a faculty very rare among basses—that of singing rather sharp. A knowledge of the proper way to produce its tones and to manage its powers, however, may be said to combine all the essentials of a singer *sine qua non*. Without this knowledge certainly all the others are dangerous in their exercise, or at least neutralized in effect; while its possession alone has atoned for the most lamentable natural deficiencies. On it mainly depend the quality, power, and permanence of the voice and facility of execution. In like manner, a correct ear, taste, and judgment will generally be found accompanying the union of musical sense and sensibility; while the degree of skill in the exercise of the voice, and of proficiency in musical science, will depend upon the application and

industry of the pupil. The mere art of singing—that is, of producing musical sounds with the voice—is mechanical; but it cannot be acquired without the aid of an instructor who understands the nature of voices theoretically and practically. He should not only be acquainted with the mode in which the voice is produced, and the natural action of the vocal organs, but with the causes of defects, their operation on the voice, and the way to remedy them. He should have studied the vocal organization anatomically, and the physical effects consequent on their faulty and undue exercise: quinsy, catarrh, and other diseases of the throat he may leave to the physician; but he should be a voice-doctor in so far as regards the injuries whose cause and cure depend on a proper and improper mode of singing. The physician, however, who might devote a little of his time to the study of the effects of local diseases on the vocal organs, would strike out a line of practice hitherto, we believe, almost unknown: he would find, alas! but too many patients, and we fear a large proportion of them vocally incurable.

To improve and mature good qualities, no less than to remedy and eradicate defects; to strengthen weak points, and to supply imperfections, also form material parts of the duty of a master of the art of singing. One instance may suffice to illustrate the severity of the old Italian mode of practising. Marchesi, whom some veteran Opera-goers may even yet remember, spent two years, it is said, in improving and strengthening two or three notes in his voice. Of course, this and similar anecdotes are to be taken *cum grana*. Practical experience, grafted on sound theoretical knowledge, being an indispensable qualification of a singing-master, it follows that he should exemplify, in his own mode and style of singing, those principles which he would inculcate in his pupil: thus is that test supplied which the reader has doubtless been seeking for in the all-scientific professor who is required to make the all-accomplished singer. A bad singer cannot be a good teacher. By a bad singer is meant one who does not produce his tone properly; whose intonation is faulty; who cannot, in short, do with his voice what he pleases. The volume of the voice may be but a thread, and but a span in extent; but the slender column of sound will rise from the chest round, pure, and free from flaw: its bulkier portion will be subdued to the proportions of its slenderer parts, which will have been increased in size and strength by careful culture; there will be no straining of weak notes or shouting on loud ones—no vain endeavour to reach above or below the ascertained limits of its compass. The column of sound will have a base and a capital, as well as a solid shaft; and though composed of tones originally different in quality, they will, by cultivation, have become so blended one with the other, that the line of separation will scarcely be distinguishable: it will form one complete, smooth, and harmonious whole; moreover, the ornaments will be such as adorn the classic structure of melody, which it assists in raising. There will be nothing redundant nor heterogeneous; all will be chaste, and in pure taste.

The professor whose voice is thus formed, and whose skill is thus exercised, is alone perfectly competent to form the voice and taste of the singer; and should he rejoice in such a master, implicit faith in his skill, reliance on his judgment, and obedience to his directions, are the least that the pupil can evince. In whatever degree he infringes the

rules laid down for him, he does injury to himself and injustice to his tutor; and sooner or later he will have reason to repent. The best masters cannot always make fine singers; much depends upon the pupil after all. The ill-success of some of the vocal students of the Royal Academy is a favourite theme of congratulation with the numerous professional enemies of that excellent, though much-reviled institution. Too much occasion has been afforded for the attacks made upon it: but, on the other hand, too little credit has been given for what it has really done towards establishing a school of vocal and instrumental instruction in this country. Its professors include the highest names in the musical profession, and their attention and zeal are exemplary. But their individual exertions can avail but little with careless pupils. The old saying, "you may lead a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink," is a homely but apt illustration of the state of things that neutralizes the strenuous efforts of the professors. Students of singing are necessarily adults; or at least such as have arrived at years of indiscretion. They cannot be subject to the same control as junior pupils; and their diligence and docility must depend on themselves. The Academy has unluckily had some lazy young persons, who, though in some instances they may have had fine voices, have taken no pains to improve them; and the consequence is, "they have done nothing." Theirs is the fault and the loss; but the Academy bears the blame. The experiments, however, have as yet been few. The Conservatory at Naples is the growth of centuries; the Musical Academy of London has not been established fourteen years. Let us hope better things of the present set of vocal students: the instrumentalists have not given so much cause for dissatisfaction. Of the vocal pupils of the Academy Mr. and Mrs. Seguin have been most frequently before the public. E. Seguin has a very fine bass voice of great weight and compass, and considerable flexibility. For several years we never heard him without regret that so noble a voice should belong to one who seemed either to set so little value on its possession as to bestow no care on its cultivation, or to overrate it so much as to think it required none. He has, we hope and believe, latterly begun to apply himself to study; indeed, his singing already evinces the good effects of steady practice. If he aspire to aught beyond the provoking station of mediocrity, however, he must persevere still more. He cannot have forgotten the care and pains bestowed upon him while he was in the Academy, nor the advice given him. It is not too late for him to profit by both; we trust he will for his own sake.

Mrs. Seguin is a favourable specimen of the teaching of the Royal Academy. Her singing is more artist-like than perhaps any other English female vocalist. Her voice is certainly not of a pleasing quality; though powerful and well-produced, its tone is harsh and unmusical. She is, moreover, sadly deficient in the greatest of all requisites of a dramatic singer—expression. Her appearance at the Opera last season was, nevertheless, highly creditable to her. As an artist she stood her ground well, even by the side of Grisi. It is scarcely to be expected, however, that she will attain a higher distinction than that of a correct and useful performer.

To return once more to the voice. The true natural character of the voice being determined, the power of producing its tones pure, and free

from natural or acquired defects—of sustaining the notes of—of passing from one to another with facility and smoothness—of maintaining a pure even tone throughout all the varieties of intonation, changes of time, and the degrees of power required; in short, of expressing the sense of the sounds correctly, and developing the true character of the composition by giving effect to the lights and shades, and conveying to the hearer by the tones of the voice the ideas and the emotions embodied by the composer: all this is the laborious duty of the enlightened instructor to teach, and the not less laborious and difficult task of the docile, intelligent, and persevering pupil to learn. How all this is to be done is not to be told by us, nor perhaps by any one in print; *vivâ voce* tuition alone can impart it to the apt and patient scholar.

### •MY CREAM-COLOUR'D PONIES.

Go order my ponies; so brilliant a Sunday  
 Is certain to summon forth all the *élite*;  
 And cits who work six days, and revel but one day,  
 Will trudge to the West End from Bishopsgate-street  
 See! two lines of carriages almost extending  
 The whole way from Grosvenor to Cumberland Gate  
 The Duchess has bow'd to me! how condescending!  
 I came opportunely—I thought I was late.

I'm certain my ponies, my cream-colour'd ponies,  
 Will cause a sensation wherever I go;  
 My page in his little green jacket alone is  
 The wonder of all! Oh, I hope he won't grow!  
 How young Sir Charles looks, with his hat so well fitted  
 To show on the left side the curls of his wig!  
 I wonder that yellow post-chaise was admitted!  
 And there's an enormity—three in a gig!

Dear me! Lady Emily bow'd to me coolly;  
 Oh, look at that crazy old family coach!  
 That cab is a mercantile person's—'tis truly  
 Amazing how those sort of people encroach!  
 Good gracious! the pole of that carriage behind us  
 Is going to enter my phaeton's back!  
 Do call to them, Robert! Oh! why won't they mind us?  
 I hear it! I feel it! bless me, what a crack!

Don't glance at the crowd of pedestrians yonder,  
 There's vulgar Miss Middleton looking this way.  
 Let's drive down to Kensington Gardens; I wonder  
 We hav'n't met Stanmore this beautiful day.  
 They've upset the Countess's carriage! how frightful!  
 Do look at Sir David—he'll drive here till dark!  
 Let's go where the crowd is the thickest; delightful!  
 My cream-colour'd ponies, the pride of the Park!

T. H. B.



## LOVE IN THE LIBRARY.

*Boy.* Will you not sleep, Sir?  
*Knight.* Fling the window up!  
 I'll look upon the stars. Where twinkle now  
 The Pleiades?  
*Boy.* Here, Master!  
*Knight.* Throw me now  
 My cloak upon my shoulders, and good night!  
 I have no mind to sleep! \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* She bade me look  
 Upon this band of stars when other eyes  
 Beamed on me brightly, and remember her  
 By the Lost Pleiad.  
*Boy.* Are you well, Sir?  
*Knight.* Boy!  
 Love you the stars?  
*Boy.* When they first spring at eve  
 Better than near to morning.  
*Knight.* Fickle child!  
 Are they more fair in twilight?  
*Boy.* Master, no!  
 Brighter as night wears on,—but I forget  
 Their beauty, looking on them long!  
 "Sir Fabian," a Poem by N. P.

It was a September night at the University. On the morrow I was to appear upon the stage as the winner of the first honours of my year. I was the envy—the admiration—in some degree the wonder of the collegiate town in which the University stands; for I had commenced my career as the idlest and most riotous of freshmen. What it was that had suddenly made me enamoured of my chambers and my books—that had saddened my manners and softened my voice—that had given me a disgust to champagne and my old allies, in favour of cold water and the Platonists—that, in short, had metamorphosed, as Bob Wilding would have said, a gentleman-like rake and *vau-rien* into so dull a thing as an exemplary academician—was past the dreaming of most of my acquaintances. Oh, once-loved Edith! hast thou any inkling in thy downward metempsychosis of the philosophy of this marvel?

If you were to set a poet to make a town, with *carte-blanche* as to trees, gardens, and green blinds, he would probably turn out very much such a place as Newhaven. (Supposing your education in geography to have been neglected, dear reader, this is the second capital of Connecticut, a half-rural, half-metropolitan town, lying between a precipice that makes the sag-end of the Green Mountains and a handsome bay in Long Island Sound.) The first thought of the inventor of Newhaven was to lay out the streets in parallelograms, and the second was to plant them from suburb to water-side with the magnificent elms of the country. The result is, that at the end of fifty years, the town is buried in leaves. If it were not for the spires of the churches, a bird flying over on his autumn voyage to the Floridas would never mention having seen it in his travels. It is a glorious tree, the elm—and those of the place I speak of are famous even in our land of trees, for their surprising size and beauty. With the curve of their stems in the sky, the

long weepers of their outer and lower branches drop into the street, fanning your face as you pass under with their geranium-like leaves, and close overhead, interwoven like the trellice of a vine, they break up the light of the sky into golden flecks, and make you, of the common highway, a bower of the most approved secludedness and beauty. The houses are something between an Italian palace and an English cottage—built of wood, but, in the dim light of those overshadowing trees, as fair to the eye as marble with their triennial coats of paint; and each stands in the midst of its own encircling grass plot, half-buried in vines and flowers, and facing outward from a cluster of gardens divided by slender palings, and filling up with fruit-trees and summer-houses the square on whose limit it stands. Then, like the vari-coloured parallelograms upon a chess-board, green openings are left throughout the town, fringed with triple and interweaving elm-rows, the long and weeping branches sweeping downward to the grass, and with their enclosing shadows keeping moist and cool the road they overhang; and fair forms (it is the garden of American beauty—Newhaven) flit about in the green light in primitive security and freedom, and you would think the place, if you alit upon it in a summer's evening—what it seems to me now in memory, and what I have made in this Rosa-Matilda description—a scene from Boccaccio, or a vision from long-lost Arcady.

Newhaven may have eight thousand inhabitants. Its steamers run to New York in six hours (or did in my time—I have ceased to be astonished on *that* subject, and should not wonder if they did it now in *one*—a trifle of seventy miles up the Sound), and the ladies go up in the morning for a yard of bobbin and return at night, and the gentlemen the same, for a stroll in Broadway; and it is to this circumstance that, while it preserves its rural exterior, it is a very metropolitan place in the character of its society. The Amaryllis of the pretty cottage you admire wears the fashions twenty days from Paris, and her shepherd has a coat from Nugee, the divine peculiarity of which is not yet suspected east of Bond-street; and in the newspaper hanging half out of the window there is news, red-hot with the velocity of its arrival, from Russia and the Rocky Mountains, from the sources of the Mississippi and the brain of Monsieur Hairbault. Distance is an imaginary quantity, and Time, that used to give every thing the go-by, has come to a stand-still in his astonishment. There will be a proposition in Congress ere long to do without him altogether—every new thing “saves time” so marvellously.

Bright as seems to me this seat of my Alma Mater, however, and gaily as I describe it, it is to me, if I may so express it, a picture of memory glazed and put away; if I see it ever again, it will be but to walk through its embowered streets by a midnight moon. It is vain and heart-breaking to go back, after absence, to any spot of earth of which the interest was the human love whose home and cradle it had been. But there is a period in our lives when the heart fuses and compounds with the things about it, and the close enamel with which it overruns and binds in the affections, and which hardens in the lapse of years till the immortal germ within is not more durable and unwasting, warms never again, nor softens; and there is nothing on earth so mournful and unavailing as to return to the scenes which are unchanged, and look to return to ourselves and others as we were when we thus knew them.

Yet we think (I judge you by my own soul, gentle reader) that it is ~~others~~—not we—who are changed! We meet the friend that we loved in our youth, and it is ever *he* who is cold and altered! We take the hand that we bent over with our passionate kisses in boyhood, and our raining tears when we last parted, and it is ever hers that returns not the pressure, and *her* eyes, and not *ours*—oh, *not ours*!—that look back the moistened and once familiar regard with a dry lid and a gaze of stone! Oh God! it is ever *he*,—the friend you have worshipped,—for whom you would have died,—who gives you the tips of his fingers, and greets you with a phrase of fashion, when you would rush into his bosom and break your heart with weeping out the imprisoned tenderness of years! I could carve out the heart from my bosom, and fling it with a malison into the sea, when I think how utterly and worse than useless it is in this world of mocking names! Yet “love” and “friendship” are words that read well. You could scarce spare them in poetry.

## II.

It was, as I have said, a moonlight night of unparalleled splendour. The morrow was the college anniversary—the day of the departure of the senior class,—and the town, which is, as it were, a part of the University, was in the usual tumult of the gayest and saddest evening of the year. The night was warm, and the houses, of which the drawing-rooms are all on a level with the gardens in the rear, and through which a long hall stretches like a ball-room, were thrown open, doors and windows, and the thousand students of the University, and the crowds of their friends, and the hosts of strangers drawn to the place at this season by the annual festivities, and the families, every one with a troop of daughters, (as the leaves on our trees are, compared with those of old countries—three to one,—so are our sons and daughters,) were all sitting without lamps in the moon-lit rooms, or strolling together, lovers and friends, in the fragrant gardens, or looking out upon the street, returning the greetings of the passers-by, or, with heads uncovered, pacing backward and forward beneath the elms before the door,—the whole scene one that the angels in heaven might make a holiday to see.

There were a hundred of my fellow seniors,—young men of from eighteen to twenty-four,—every one of whom was passing the last evening of the four most impressible and attaching years of his life, with the family in which he had been most intimate, in a town where refinement and education had done their utmost upon the society, and which was renowned throughout America for the extraordinary beauty of its women. They had come from every state in the Union, and the Georgian and the Vermontese, the Kentuckian and the Virginian were to start alike on the morrow-night with a lengthening chain for home, each bearing away the hearts he had attached to him (one or more!) and leaving his own, till, like the magnetised needle, it should drop away with the weakened attraction; and there was probably but *one* that night in the departing troop who was not whispering in some throbbing ear the passionate but vain and mocking avowal of fidelity in love! And yet I had had *my* attachments too;—and there was scarce a house in that leafy and murmuring paradise of friendship and trees, that would not have hailed me with acclamation had I entered the door; and I make this record of kindness and hospitality (unforgotten after <sup>many</sup> long years of

vicissitude and travel) with the hope that there may yet live some memory as constant as mine, and that some eye will read it with a warmth in its lid, and some lip—some one at least—murmur, “I remember him!” There are trees in that town whose drooping leaves I could press to my lips with an affection as passionate as if they were human, though the lips and voices that have endeared them to me are as changed as the foliage upon the branch, and would recognize my love as coldly.

There was one, I say, who walked the thronged pavement alone that night, or but with such company as Uhland’s\*; yet the heart of that solitary senior was far from lonely. The palm of years of ambition was in his grasp,—the reward of daily self-denial and midnight watching,—the prize of a straining mind and a yearning desire;—and there was not one of the many who spoke of him that night in those crowded rooms, either to rejoice in his success or to wonder at its attainment, who had the shadow of an idea what spirit sat uppermost in his bosom. Oh! how common is this ignorance of human motives! How distant, and slight, and unsuspected are the springs often of the most desperate achievement! How little the world knows for what the poet writes, the scholar toils, the politician sells his soul, and the soldier perils his life! And how insignificant and unequal to the result would seem these invisible wires, could they be traced back from the hearts whose innermost resource and faculty they have waked and exhausted! It is a startling thing to question even your own soul for its motive. Ay, even in trifles. Ten to one you are surprised at the answer. I have asked myself, while writing this sentence, whose eye it is most meant to please, and, as I live, the face that is conjured up at my bidding is of one of whom I have not had a definite thought for years. I would lay my life she thinks at this instant I have forgotten her very name. Yet I know she will read this page with an interest no other could awaken, striving to trace in it the changes that have come over me since we parted. I know (and I knew *then*, though we never exchanged a word save in friendship) that she devoted her innermost soul when we strayed together by that wild river in the West, (dost thou remember it, dear friend? for now I speak to thee!) to the study of a mind and character of which she thought better than the world or their possessor; and I know—Oh, how *well* I know!—that, with husband and children around her, whom she loves and to whom she is devoted, the memory of me is laid away in her heart like a fond but incomplete dream of what once seemed possible,—the feeling with which the mother looks on her witless boy and loves him more for what he *might* have been, than his brothers for what they are!

I scarce know what thread I dropped to take up this *improvisata* digression (for, like “Opportunity and the Hours,” I “never look back†;”)—but let us return to the shadow of the thousand elms of Newhaven.

The Gascon thought his own thunder and lightning superior to that

\* Almost the sweetest thing I remember is the German poet’s thought when crossing the ferry to his wife and child:—

“Take, O boatman! thrice thy fee,—  
Take, I give it willingly:  
For, invisibly to thee,  
Spirits twain have cross’d with me.”

† Walter Savage Landor.

of other countries, but I must run the hazard of your incredulity as well, in preferring an American moon. In Greece and Asia Minor, perhaps, (*ragione*—she was first worshipped there,) Cytheria shines as brightly; but the Ephesian of Connecticut sees the flaws upon the pearly buckler of the goddess, as does the habitant of no other clime. His eye lies close to the moon: There is no film, and no visible beam in the clarified atmosphere. Her light is less an emanation than a presence—the difference between the water in a thunder shower and the depths of the sea. The moon struggles to you in England—she is all about you, like an element of the air, in America.

The night was breathless, and the fragmented light lay on the pavement in motionless stars, as clear and definite in their edges as if the "patines of bright gold" had dropped through the trees, and lay glittering beneath my feet. There was a kind of darkness visible in the streets, overshadowed as they were by the massy and leaf-burthened elms, and as I looked through the houses, standing in obscurity myself, the gardens seemed full of daylight—the unobstructed moon poured with such a flood of radiance on the flowery alleys within, and their gay troops of promenaders. And as I distinguished one and another familiar friend, with a form as familiar clinging to his side, and, with drooping head and faltering step, listening or replying (I well knew) to the avowals of love and truth, I murmured in thought to my own far away, but never-forgotten Edith, a vow as deep—ay, deeper than theirs, as my spirit and hers had been sounded by the profounder plummet of sorrow and separation. How the very moonlight—how the stars of heaven—how the balm in the air, and the languor of summer night in my indolent frame, seemed in those hours of loneliness, ministers at the passionate altar-fires of love! Forsworn and treacherous Edith! do I live to write this for thine eye?

I linger upon these trifles of the past—these hours for which I would have borrowed wings when they were here—and, as *then* they seemed but the flowering promise of happiness, they seem *now* like the fruit, enjoyed and departed. *Past* and *future* bliss there would seem to be in the world—knows any one of such a commodity in the *present*? I have not seen it in my travels

### III.

I was strolling on through one of the most fashionable and romantic streets (when did those two words ever before find themselves in a sentence together?) when a drawing-room with which I was very familiar, lit, unlike most others on that bright night, by a suspended lamp, and crowded with company, attracted my attention for a moment. Between the house and the street there was a slight shrubbery shut in by a white paling, just sufficient to give an air of seclusion to the low windows without concealing them from the passer-by, and, with the freedom of an old visiter, I unconsciously stopped, and looked unobserved into the rooms. It was the residence of a magnificent girl, who was generally known as the Connecticut beauty—a singular instance in America of what is called in England a *fine* woman. (With us that word applies wholly to moral qualities.) She was as large as Juno, and a great deal handsomer, if the painters have done that much-snubbed goddess justice. She was a "book of beauty" printed with virgin

type; and that, by the way, suggests to me what I have all my life been trying to express—that some women seem wrought of *new* material altogether, apropos to others who seem mortal *réchauffés*—as if every limb and feature had been used, and got out of shape in some other person's service. The lady I speak of looked *new*—and her name was Isidora.

She was standing just under the lamp, with a single rose in her hair, listening to a handsome coxcomb of a classmate of mine with evident pleasure. She was a great fool, (did I mention that before?) but weak, and vacant, and innocent of an idea as she was, Faustina was not more naturally majestic, nor Psyche (*soit elle en grande*) more divinely and meaningly graceful. Loveliness and fascination came to her as dew and sunshine to the flowers, and she obeyed her instinct as they theirs, and was helplessly, and without design, the loveliest thing in nature. I do not see, for my part, why all women should not be so. They are as useful as flowers; they perpetuate their species.

I was looking at her with irresistible admiration, when a figure stepped out from the shadow of a tree, and my chum, monster, and ally, Job Smith (of whom I have before spoken in these historical papers), laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Do you know, my dear Job," I said, in a solemn tone of admonition, "that blind John was imprisoned for looking into people's windows?"

But Job was not in the vein for pleasantries. The light fell on his face as I spoke to him, and a more haggard, almost blasted expression of countenance, I never saw even in a madhouse. I well knew he had loved the splendid girl that stood unconsciously in our sight, since his first year in college; but that it would ever so master him, or that he could link his monstrous deformity, even in thought, with that radiant vision of beauty, was a thing that I thought as probable as that hirsute Pan would tempt from her sphere the moon that kissed Endymion.

"I have been standing here looking at Isidora, ever since you left me," said he. (We had parted three hours before, at twilight.)

"And why not go in, in the name of common sense?"

"Oh! God, Phil!—with this demon in my heart? Can you see my face in this light?"

It was too true! he would have frightened the household gods from their pedestals.

"But what would you do, my dear Job? Why come here to madden yourself with a sight you must have known you would see?"

"Phil!"

"What, my dear boy?"

"Will you do me a kindness?"

"Certainly."

"Isidora would do anything you wished her to do."

"Um! with a reservation, my dear chum!"

"But she would give you the rose that is in her hair."

"Without a doubt."

"And for me—if you told her it was for me. Would she not?"

"Perhaps. But will that content you?"

"It will soften my despair. I will never look on her face more; but I should like my last sight of her to be associated with kindness."

Poor Job! how true it is that "affection is a fire which kindleth as

well in the bramble as in the oak, and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, not where it may best burn." I do believe in my heart that the soul once in thee (now at rest—I trust they have re-set thee, disguised jewel that thou wert, in heaven) was designed for a presentable body—thy instincts were so invariably mistaken. When didst thou ever think a thought, or stir hand or foot, that it did not seem prompted, monster though thou wert, by conscious good-looking-ness! What a lying similitude it was that was written on every blank page in thy Lexicon: "Larks that mount in the air, build their nests below in the earth; and women that cast their eyes upon kings, may place their hearts upon vassals." Apelles must have been better looking than Alexander, when Campaspe said that!

As a general thing you may ask a friend freely to break any three of the commandments in your service, but you should hesitate to require of friendship a violation of etiquette. I was in a round jacket and boots, and it was a dress evening throughout Newhaven. I looked at my dust-covered feet, when Job asked me to enter a soirée upon his errand, and passed my thumb and finger around the edge of my white jacket—but I loved Job as the Arabian loves his camel, and for the same reason, with a difference—the imperishable well-spring he carried in his heart through the desert of the world, and which I well knew he would give up his life to offer at need, as patiently as the animal whose construction (inner and outer) he so remarkably resembled. When I hesitated, and looked down at my boots, therefore, it was less to seek for an excuse to evade the sacrificing office required of me, than to beat about in my unprepared mind for a preface to my request. If she had been a woman of sense, I should have had no difficulty; but it requires caution and skill to go out of the beaten track with a fool.

"Would not the rose do as well," said I, in desperate embarrassment, "if she does not know that it is for you, my dear Job?" It would have been very easy to have asked for it for myself.

Job laid his hand upon his side, as if I could not comprehend the pang my proposition gave him.

"Away, prop, and down, scaffold," thought I, as I gave my jacket a hitch, and entered the door.

"Mr. Slingsby," announced the servant.

"Mr. Slingsby?" inquired the mistress of the house, seeing only a white jacket in the *clair obscure* of the hall.

"Mr. Slingsby!!!" cried out twenty voices in amazement, as I stepped over the threshold into the light.

It has happened since the days of Thebet Ben Khorat,\* that scholars have gone mad, and my sanity was evidently the uppermost concern in the minds of all present. (I should observe, that in those days I relished rather of dandyism.) As I read the suspicion in their minds, however, a thought struck me. I went straight up to Miss Higgins, and, *sotto voce*, asked her to take a turn with me in the garden.

"Isidora," I said, "I have long known your superiority of mind," (when you want anything of a woman, praise her for that in which she is most deficient, says La Bruyere,) "and I have great occasion to rely on it in the request I am about to make of you."

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\* Vide Willis's Poems.

She opened her eyes, and sailed along the gravel-walk with heightened majesty. I had not had occasion to pay her a compliment before since my freshman year.

"What is it, Mr. Slingsby?"

"You know Smith—my chum."

"Certainly."

"I have just come from him."

"Well!"

"He is gone mad!"

"Mad! Mr. Slingsby?"

"Stark and furious!"

"Gracious goodness!"

"And all for you!"

"For me!"

"For you!" I thought her great blue eyes would have become what they call in America "sot," at this astounding communication.

"Now, Miss Higgins," I continued, "pray listen; my poor friend has such extraordinary muscular strength, that seven men cannot hold him."

"Gracious!"

"And he has broken away, and is here at your door."

"Good gracious!"

"Don't be afraid! He is as gentle as a kitten when I am present. And now hear my request.—He leaves town to-morrow, as you well know, not to return. I shall take him home to Vermont with keepers. But he is bent upon one thing, and in that you must humour him."

Miss Higgins began to be alarmed.

"He has looked through the window and seen you with a rose in your hair, and, despairing, even in his madness, of your love, he says, that if you would give him that rose with a kind word, and a farewell, he should be happy. You will do it, will you not?"

"Dear me! I should be so afraid to speak to him!"

"But will you? and I'll tell you what to say."

Miss Higgins gave a reluctant consent, and I passed ten minutes in drilling her upon two sentences, which, with her fine manner and sweet voice, really sounded like the most interesting thing in the world. I left her in the summer-house at the end of the garden, and returned to Job.

"You have come without it!" said the despairing lover, falling back against the tree.

"Miss Higgins's compliments, and begs you will go round by the gate, and meet her in the summer-house. She prefers to manage her own affairs."

"Good God! are you mocking me?"

"I will accompany you, my dear boy!"

There was a mixture of pathos and ludicrousness in that scene which starts a tear and a laugh together, whenever I recall it to my mind. The finest heart in the world, the most generous, the most diffident of itself, yet the most self-sacrificing and delicate, was at the altar of its devotion, offering its all in passionate abandonment for a flower and a kind word; and she, a goose in the guise of an angel, repeated a phrase of kindness, of which she could not comprehend the meaning or the



worth, but which was to be garnered up by that half-broken heart, as a treasure that repaid him for years of unrequited affection! She recited it really very well. I stood at the latticed door, and interrupted them the instant there was a pause in the dialogue; and getting Job away as fast as possible, I left Miss Higgins with a promise of secrecy, and resumed my midnight stroll.

Apropos—among Job's papers, which I looked over with some curiosity after his death, there was a copy of verses which, spite of some little inconsistencies, I think was written on this very occasion. If his ghost interrupt me not before I get through, they ran thus:—

## I.

Nay—smile not on me! I have borne  
Indifference and repulse from thee;  
With my heart sickening I have worn  
A brow, as thine own cold one, free;  
My lip has been as gray as thine,  
Ever thine own light mirth repeating,  
Though, in this burning brain of mine,  
A throb the while, like death, was beating;  
My spirit did not shrink or swerve—  
Thy look—I thank thee!—froze the nerve!

## II.

But now again, as when I met  
And loved thee in my happier days,  
A smile upon thy bright lip plays,  
And kindness in thine eye is set—  
And this I cannot bear!  
It melts the manhood from my pride,  
It brings me closer to thy side—  
Bewilders—chains me there—  
There—where my dearest hope was crush'd and died!

Oh, if thou couldst but know the deep  
Of love that hope has nursed for years,  
How in the heart's still chambers sleep  
Its hoarded thoughts, its trembling fears—  
Treasure that love has brooded o'er  
Till life, than this, has nothing more—  
And couldst thou—but 'tis vain!—  
I will not, cannot tell thee, how  
That hoard consumes its coffer now—  
I may not write of pain  
That sickens in the heart, and maddens in the brain!

Then smile not on me! pass me by  
Coldly, and with a careless mien—  
Thou wilt pierce my heart, and fill mine eye,  
But I shall be as I have been—  
Quiet in my despair!  
Hotter than the throbbing fever  
Else were in my brain for ever,  
And easier to bear!  
I'll not upbraid the coldest look—  
The bitterest word thou hast, in my sad pride I'll brook!

If Job had rejoiced in a more euphonous name, I should have bought a criticism in some review, and started him fairly as a poet. But "Job Smith!"—"Poems by Job Smith!"—It would never do! If he wrote like a seraph, and printed the book at his own expense, illustrated, and illuminated, and half-a-crown to each person that would take one away, the critics would damn him all the same! Really one's father and mother have a great deal to answer for!

But Job was a poet who should have lived in the middle ages, no less for the convenience of the *nom de guerre*, fashionable in those days, than because his poetry, being chiefly the mixed product of feeling and courtesy, is particularly susceptible to ridicule. The philosophical and iron-wire poetry of our day stands an attack like a fortification, and comes down upon the besieger with reason and logic as good as his own. But the more delicate offspring of tenderness and chivalry, intending no violence, and venturing out to sea upon a rose-leaf, is destroyed and sunk beyond diving-bells by half a breath of scorn. I would subscribe liberally myself to a private press and a court of honour in poetry—critics, if admitted, to be dumb upon a penalty. Will no Howard or Wilberforce act upon this hint? Poets now-a-days are more slaves and felons than your African, or your culprit at the Old Bailey!

I would go a great way, privately, to find a genuine spark of chivalry, and Job lit his every-day lamp with it. See what a redolence of old-time there is in these verses, which I copied long ago from a lady's album. Yet, you may ridicule them if you like!

There is a story I have met,  
Of a high angel, pure and true,  
With eyes that tears had never wet,  
And lips that pity never knew;  
But ever on his throne he sat,  
With his white pinions proudly furl'd,  
And, looking from his high estate,  
Beheld the errors of a world;  
Yet, never, as they rose to Heaven,  
Plead even for one to be forgiven.  
God look'd at last upon his pride;  
And bade him fold his shining wing,  
And o'er a land where tempters bide,  
He made the heartless angel king.  
'Tis lovely reading in the tale,  
The glorious spells they tried on him,  
Ere grew his heavenly birth-star pale,  
Ere grew his frontlet jewel dim—  
Cups of such rare and ravishing wines  
As even a god might drink and bless,  
Gems from unsearch'd and central mines,  
Whose light than heaven's was scarcely less—  
Gold of a sheen like crystal spars,  
And silver whiter than the moon's,  
And music like the songs of stars,  
And perfume like a thousand Junes,  
And breezes, soft as heaven's own air,  
Like fingers playing in his hair!  
He shut his eyes—he closed his ears—  
He bade them, in God's name, begone!

And, thro' the yet eternal years,  
 Had stood, the tried and sinless one ;  
 But there was yet one untried spell,—  
 A woman tempted—and he fell !  
 And I—<sup>if</sup> semblance I may find  
 Between such glorious sphere and mine—  
 Am not to the high honour blind,  
 Of filling this fair page of thine—  
 Writing my unheard name among  
 Sages and sires and men of song ;—  
 But honour, though the best e'er given,  
 And glory, though it were a king's,  
 And power, though loving it like Heaven,  
 Were, to my seeming, lesser things,  
 And less temptation, far, to me,  
 Than *half a hope of serving thee !*

I am mounted upon my hobby now, dear reader ; for Job Smith, though as hideous an idol as ever was worshipped on the Indus, was still my idol. I tormented and snubbed him much during his life, as a kind of valve for my annoyance at his first impression upon my friends ; but now that he is dead, and I can present him to you without forcing his unabated ugliness upon your eye, my heart melts to his memory. His verses read more pleasantly to me, even. Here is a little touch of his quality :—

I look upon the fading flowers  
 Thou gav'st me, lady, in thy mirth,  
 And mourn, that, with the perishing hours,  
 Such fair things perish from the earth—  
 For thus, I know, the moment's feeling  
 Its own light web of life unweaves,  
 The deepest trace from memory stealing,  
 Like perfume from these dying leaves,—  
 The thought that gave it, and the flower,  
 Alike the creatures of an hour.  
 And thus it better were, perhaps,  
 For feeling is the nurse of pain,  
 And joys that linger in their lapse,  
 Must die at last, and so are vain !  
 Could I revive these faded flowers,  
 Could I call back departed bliss,  
 I would not, though this world of ours  
 Were ten times brighter than it is !  
 They must—and let them—pass away !  
 We are forgotten—even as they !

I think I must give Edith another reprieve. I have no idea why I have digressed this time from the story which (you may see by the motto at the beginning of the paper) I have not yet told. I can conceive easily how people, who have nothing to do, betake themselves to autobiography—it is so pleasant rambling about over the past and regathering only the flowers. Why should pain and mortification be unsepulchred ? The world is no wiser for these written experiences. "The best book," said Coleridge, "does but little good to the world, and much harm to the author." I shall deliberate between this and May, whether to enlighten the world as to Edith's metempsychosis, or no.

SLINGSBY.

“ ALL HEART.”

WHEN I first knew Tom Richards at school, he was a thoughtless, idle, dirty, naughty boy; he cared for nobody, and it was evident that nobody cared for him. He was a snarer of birds, a killer of cats, a tormentor of dogs; the dread of all little boys, and the scout of all big ones. From this let no one imagine that Tom wanted feeling; snaring birds, killing cats, tying kettles to the tails of dogs, and frightening little boys out of their wits, were all matters of mere amusement. But if you talked to Tom in an angry tone, or above all if you rapped Tom's knuckles, Tom's eyes filled with tears, and it was evident that Tom's feelings were hurt.

Tom's tears, in fact, lay near his eyes, and on small occasions he would blubber like a girl. This was by some supposed to indicate deep feeling, and certain it is that the prevalent opinion was that Tom had a *very good heart*.

Now I must confess that I thought but little about Tom at the time; but had I been asked to give an opinion, I should have said, that if you wished to trace his tears to their source, his heart was the very last place you should have thought of; bodily pain or wounded vanity, the loss of a plaything, or the confiscation of a tart, would make his eyes twinkle. But little as I could then pretend to penetrate into the motives or actions of men or boys, I should have said that though Tom certainly gave no evidence of possessing a *bad* heart, he had never so far blubbered himself into my good graces, as to make me believe that he had a particularly *good* one. Tom Richards and I, in fact, knew but little of each other; we sat on different forms, played at different games, and whether he or I first quitted the school was a matter (I should imagine) little noted by either, whichever may have been the one left behind.

He was the son of a very rich mercantile man; I one among many descended from a younger brother, a colonel in the army, who had very early in life united himself to a charming young lady without a penny.

I was therefore left to cut and carve my own destiny; and for many years after I quitted school, I was far away in a foreign clime diligently toiling for independence. I was absent twenty years, and then came home, with a face quite as yellow as the gold which I had contrived to scrape together, and though by no means a nabob, I possessed sufficient to insure my future comfort. I confess I think I was wiser to come back and settle down contented with my little competency, than to go on toiling, as many do, amassing wealth, and sacrificing health—digging out dollars for other people, and graves for themselves. On my return to England after so long an absence, I felt a lonely being; and after sojourning in London sufficiently long to become very sick of the Oriental Club, I resolved to settle in Cheltenham, partly because I thought the waters would (like Rowland's Kalydor) be beneficial to a faded complexion; but principally because many excellent families, formerly well known to me in India, had made that pretty town their home. With them I passed my time pleasantly enough, and could curry and mullagatawney have made me insensible to the chill breezes of a Gloucestershire atmosphere, I might still have imagined myself a native of Calcutta or Bombay. At an evening party I one night encountered a fat,

good-humoured, little man, who was my partner in a rubber of whist: little passed between us beyond the usual interchange of civilities common among strangers so circumstanced; I was aware that his name was Richards, a common name enough, and after paying him the few shillings which were his due as victor of the green cloth, I wished him good evening.

The next day, soon after the removal of my morning meal, to my very great surprise, Mr. Richards was announced, and he immediately entered the room in a state of hurry and agitation, for which it was impossible for me to account. He came forward rapidly, grasped my hand, looked at me with a pair of wet, twinkling eyes, and wiping them with a pocket-handkerchief, sank into an arm-chair.

"The poor man," thought I, "is periodically a lunatic, and now the fit is upon him!—how shall I get him out of my house?"

I stood upon my own hearth-rug irresolute what step to take; the servant had left the room, and if I were to ring the bell, I thought my new acquaintance might be irritated; I looked at him in silence.

Mr. Richards with his eyes still wet, gave me a sort of April smile, and faintly articulated "JONES!"

I have not before made the avowal to the reader, but my name is Jones—a name familiar to the ear as Richards, perhaps more so; but the more common your name, the more necessary is it that it should be treated with becoming respect. There were not three men in the wide world who had ever hailed me as plain "Jones" before, and here was an acquaintance of twelve hours familiarly omitting the "*Mister*."

The gentlemanly man, whom you prefer,  
Will know you for a year, and call you *Sir*;  
The vulgar being, whom you never seek,  
Will slap your back, and *Jones* you in a week!

Nay, here was actually a fat man of the name of Richards, calling me "Jones" at our second meeting, and holding out the bare paw of familiarity! I drew instinctively back, and ejaculated "Sir!"

Mr. Richards started up, put his arm upon my shoulder, and cried with a flutter of sensibility, "You do not remember me?"

"Pardon me," I replied, "indeed I do not."

"No, and I did not remember *you* last night; and I dare say I am somewhat changed since you knew me as a boy," said the very fat man, with a sentimental sigh.

"Possibly, Sir," said I; "I certainly do not recollect you."

"My dear Jones," he replied, grasping both my hands, and affectionately squeezing them; "I am Tom Richards, your old schoolfellow: what a meeting after the lapse of so many years!" and while I was endeavouring to bring to my recollection a person for whom I had never felt interested, and who had never professed nor evinced any interest for me, he was indulging in a fit of sensibility, from which he was suddenly moved by a knock at the door.

"A visitor!" he exclaimed: "how provoking that such a meeting should be interrupted: I am unfit to meet any one;—adieu, friend of my early days! I trust we shall often meet."

Saying this he hurried out of the room, and I was fortunately spared the necessity of evincing that I had but a very indistinct recollection of Master Tom Richards, and felt no gratification whatever at being

made acquainted with the fatness and the sentimentality of the middle-aged gentleman into whom he was now transformed. To my new visitor I laughingly described the scene, and found that he was well acquainted with the actor who had just precipitately quitted the stage. "It is so like Mr. Richards," said he; "he is all heart: when next you meet, receive him kindly, for he feels all that he professes, or fancies that he feels it, which amounts to much the same thing: his feelings are skin deep; they are aroused by anything or nothing; and never last long; but still, poor man, he has the best heart in the world."

I soon had frequent meetings with my quondam schoolfellow, and what I saw of the man very soon recalled vividly to my recollection the boy whom I had so entirely forgotten. His father's wealth had insured him independence without the necessity of choosing a profession; but to increase his income he had very recently taken a step which had nearly reduced him to beggary. He had advanced a very large sum to an individual on usurious and most exorbitant interest; the borrower had absconded, and the illegality of the transaction had left the lender without a chance of redress. His constant topic was the ingratitude of his friend; not one word was said about the pecuniary advantage which he was himself to have derived from the transaction; the tale he told was one of disinterested friendship on the one side, and of calculating cruelty on the other; of money generously advanced, and the repayment fraudulently evaded; and then the disappointed usurer would twinkle his wet eyes, and people, who knew nothing about the real state of the case, pitied the poor Pylades, who had been so ungenerously treated by a runaway Orestes.

He had a wife and several children, of whom he always spoke with conjugal and parental fondness; he would, even on the commonest occasions, and with the most uninterested acquaintance, talk himself into a paroxysm of uxorious tenderness, and cry about nothing. To me it seemed an anomaly that the same man should thoughtlessly at the card table, and elsewhere, lavish the money which might have rendered Mrs. Richards and the little ones comfortable; and often did they experience the most distressing privations, and encounter difficulties brought upon them solely by his want of thought. At the time of his wife's confinement, she has seen him hurried off to a prison, and after her recovery the whole family have for months inhabited a garret, Mrs. Richards perforce enacting the part of maid of all work; and not once only did all this happen; once it might really have been the result of want of thought; but it occurred again and again, and to me the conduct of Mr. Richards appeared utterly unfeeling and heartless.

"Heartless!" said somebody to whom I had ventured to express this opinion; "heartless! oh you wrong him, poor fellow; he is *all heart*."

This appeared to be everybody's opinion, and I began to be persuaded that what everybody said must be true; particularly as Mr. Richards sought me out with persevering assiduity, and was perpetually doing deeds that certainly carried the appearance of extraordinary good nature.

He was in a state of nervous excitement until he had teased me into employing all his own tradespeople; he appeared to be quite as intimate with his baker and his baker's wife as he was, or as he affected to be,

with me; and had his butcher been, like myself, his schoolfellow, he could not have evinced a warmer interest in his welfare. Now all this anxiety to bring custom to the shops of particular tradespeople was called good nature, the emanation of his particularly good heart; I must confess that when I met with bad joints, and tough morsels, and fared infinitely worse than I had done before I changed butchers, I could not but suspect that a desire to render himself of importance, and the fidgetiness of a busybody, were the real sources of his apparently benevolent actions. The man who has nothing to do is ever sure to make much ado about nothing; and thus it was that Tom Richards spent his life in legislating for other people's establishments, calculating the consumption in their kitchens, and maintaining the virtues and vices of their domestics.

For my own part, however, though I could not endure his invariably calling me "*Dicky Jones*" in all societies, and in the loudest key, I began to think more favourably of him; and having lived so long in a distant country where the habits of life are so dissimilar to those of England, an assistant overseer of my weekly bills was not so disadvantageous as it might have been to others; I therefore became Mr. Richards's plaything; and how he could have passed his time before my arrival is more than I can guess.

He one day found me grumbling over a very ill-dressed curry which my cook, who certainly, take her for all in all, was not a bad one, had sent me up for my tiffin. What odd names do people give to their mid-day meal! The English word luncheon is bad enough; the French word *goûte* is infinitely worse; and as for the Indian tiffin, I never could endure it.

"If you are going to part with your cook," said my visitor, "I can recommend you a perfect treasure—such a servant—I would take her myself, only mine is a treasure too; but I know that the one who is going to leave her place is the best creature in the world."

Hearing these words while I was masticating an unpalatable mouthful, I was instigated to the immediate discharge of my really very tolerable cook; and that very evening a respectable looking young girl was installed in her place. Words cannot describe the dinners which were set before me; soup, fish, flesh, and fowl were alike detestable; and at the end of a week, I summoned before me the offender. After briefly enumerating her delinquencies, I paused for a reply, and to my astonishment, the girl answered,—

"Law, Sir, I never professes to be no cook."

"No cook!" said I, "in what capacity did you live with your late master?"

"As nursery maid, if you please, Sir."

"Nursery maid!" said I, "Were you never a cook before?"

"No, Sir, never;" she answered with a curtsy, "except once that I helped in the kitchen when Dorothy scalded her foot."

"Then what on earth made you come to me?"

"Why, Sir," said the girl, "Mr. Richards, you knows, is such a kind gentleman, and has such a good heart, and hearing I was out of place, he came and said I could but try."

"Try!" said I in a fury, "it's well you didn't poison me;" and the poor experimentalist was immediately sent about her business. Mr.

Richards I am sure thought me a brute, when I very unceremoniously upbraided him for the inconvenience which he had caused me.

"My heart," said he, with a moistened eye, "always impels me to do a kind action; those who coldly calculate are more fit for this world."

"A kind action!" I exclaimed, "and to whom was your kindness shown? To the cook who lost her place principally at your instigation? To the nursery maid who is now just where I found her, out of place? or to me,—to me who have lost a very tolerable cook, and who am now without a servant?"

Mr. Richards pressed my hand, and said he would immediately send me a paragon of culinary talent; but I coldly thanked him, and said, that for the present I would dispense with his services, and I am sure he left me congratulating himself that, at all events, his heart was infinitely warmer and better than mine.

Here the exceeding warmth of our intimacy ended; but he by no means learnt wisdom from the failure of his experiment on me. To one neighbour shortly afterwards recommended a footman out of place as a person qualified to take care of horses; and the "groom of the chambers" being utterly unfit to act as "Master of the Horse," the gentleman's stud suffered materially.

To a friend who wanted to purchase a four-wheeled carriage, he strongly recommended one which another friend, for the best of all possible reasons, wished to get rid of, and, at the end of a month, the purchaser lay extended in the mud on the king's highway, the half-rotten phaeton having fallen to pieces.

Though I cannot pretend to possess a heart at all to be compared to Tom Richards's, still I am not of an unforgiving disposition; and after a time we began to renew our former intercourse. There was one circumstance, indeed, which induced me to seek his house much oftener than I should otherwise have done: a young lady was now domesticated with him, a lady of very great beauty, and very fascinating manners. The lady's face was full of expression, and there was at times a sort of something (which I believe a poet would have called *lightning*) in her eyes, which almost startled me: but, at other times a pensive melancholy pervaded her countenance; and, as she condescended to seem particularly partial to my society, no one could feel surprised that a middle-aged bachelor, like myself, should lose his heart. We daily met; and it began to be an understood thing in Cheltenham, that Mr. Richards's friend, Miss Mildew, was shortly to become Mrs. Richard Jones.

Tom Richards was eloquent in his praises of the lady, and I began to think myself an uncommonly happy man.

Fortunately for me, my *happiness*, such as it was, was prematurely nipped in the bud, by the arrival of one of my oldest friends, who happened to have met Miss Mildew before, and who knew her history.

I will briefly state, that the poor young lady had eloped from a boarding-school some years before, and had resided for some months with an unprincipled man, who had subsequently deserted without marrying her. But I must add in her defence, that she had always been the victim of hereditary madness, and was obliged, periodically, to submit



to strict confinement, and the severest discipline. Here was a pretty piece of business! My breaking off my proposed connexion with this unfortunate woman would inevitably bring on a fit of insanity, and very probably an aggravated one! yet, what was I to do? An unpardonable concealment had been practised towards me; and now that the discovery was made, our marriage was not to be thought of. I made immediate preparations for leaving the place, and then sent for Mr. Richards, who I was quite convinced had been aware of every circumstance, while he had permitted me to commit myself with his most unfortunate guest.

The moment the culprit entered the room and saw my corded trunks, the truth flashed upon his mind, and not knowing exactly what to say, he burst into a fit of (to him) ever-ready tears, and hid his face (as well he might) in his pocket-handkerchief.

"Poor girl;" sobbed he, "my feelings would not allow me to betray her; and, besides, you might never have found out—and you might both have been so happy; oh, what a cold-hearted world it is! What gossiping person could have told you?"

"Silence, Sir!" said I, in a voice that made him start; "The friend who told me only did a friend's duty,—I leave you the task of revealing to the lady the disappointment and mortification in which you have involved her."

"Oh," said Tom Richards, "you little know me, I am all heart!"

"A good heart," I replied, "is a good thing, but pray, bear this in mind,—those who act from impulse, may, at the moment, appear to do very good-natured things, yet disagreeable results may afterwards prove that a little cool deliberation would have been better: however good your heart may be, be assured that it requires a good judgment to guide it."

T. H. B.

## SONNET.

### TO SPRING.

ONCE more, delightful and soul-stirring Spring!  
 Thou com'st and carriest with thee smiles and joy:  
 With nought thy pleasing features to destroy,  
 But fraught with all to make a poet sing.  
 Oh! who would not thy lovely form caress?  
 And who would mourn to see thee tinge the plains,  
 Or shut his ear against the moving strains  
 Of mounting lark or heart-sick shepherdess?  
 Thy breath is sweet, oh Spring! and thy fair brow  
 Around is girt with gladness: and thine eye  
 Beams peace about the bosom of that sky  
 Which hangs its airy covering o'er me now;  
 And thou art welcome, Spring! but thy return  
 Gildeth the grave of one whom I must mourn.

## DE BÉRANGER—THE POET OF FRANCE.

AY, the Poet of France—we give him but the title he has fairly won—no man more truly a poet—none more faithfully or more unfortunately the Poet of his own countrymen. His name, like some familiar ballad, an echo of the national voice; his wit everywhere dazzling; his beauty—pure, lofty, and full of love—everywhere felt; his power—yet more powerfully acknowledged; and himself—in prison, in exile, and, we will venture to predict, too, in the grave—a dweller in the national heart!

No Poet of the Gay Land—where freedom, like the heathen Jupiter, is for ever changing her voice and form, and battled for in some new guise; where men, as years whiten their hairs, are fighting one time for a Consul, one time for an Emperor, and another for a King—has ever so well understood the natures, and entered into the sympathies of the French people; neither do we remember a modern author in any land whose muse has been so nobly, so changefully, and yet so correctly lyrical. The songs of Béranger, indeed, are not merely fitted for his nation, but they are, in fact, types of the national character itself—now inspirited with the voice of liberty—now warmed with the earnestness of love—to-day flashing with satire and wit—to-morrow captivating with beauty—here calling for a battle—there only for a bottle—at once as ready for the one as for the other—now tipsy as the bacchant—now sober as the friend; but always and suddenly changing in its shapes and colours like a chameleon—or a dolphin—or the metamorphoses of that still more poetic fish who, in days of Roman license, wrote the “Art of Love.”

It will not certainly be doubted that the most facile way of holding converse with a community by means of poetry is through the medium of the lyric muse. Nothing catches more than a song—nothing familiarizes more than a ballad—and both derive a delightful assistance from the spells with which music thralls the senses and charms the heart. But if there be one land where the song and ballad are more familiar and more felt than in another, it is France. Her people, with the *Allons, enfans de la Patrie!* upon their lips, can sing away a throne or demolish a prison; with a song they rejoice—with a song they mourn—with a song they get in liquor or in love: and that song—honour go to their taste and judgment with the fact—is now, and for the last few years has been, usually a composition by the simple-minded, enthusiastic, talented, but long-suffering De Béranger! And how plentifully has he supplied them with themes for all their moods and meditations! Who is there in France—and we mean *all* France, not the highly-educated alone—that has not laughed, ay, and wept too, with this bright poet? He has, we verily believe, a song for every sympathy of the human heart, which cannot be read, still less heard, without striking the chord by which that sympathy is roused. Shakspeare alone, besides, does this in his own noble poetry; and Béranger might almost be called the Shakspeare of lyric verse, on account of the mighty versatility of his genius, and his power over the emotions of mankind. That he has become popular not in France alone, but even among the lovers of French literature in this country, vouches not less the celebrity of the poet, than that he is an object of interest to all who admire or move in that now wide circle of “*Belles-Lettres*” which daily spreads and enlarges with a celerity not unlike that of the ring which forms itself from the bubble that has burst upon the lake. In the spirit of our own admiration, and with a view to make our readers in some faint measure acquainted with the writings of De Béranger, we shall intersect a brief sketch of his career with a few translations from his ballads—his who, living in honour now, is sure of living in fame and memory after death!

De Béranger has an aristocracy in his name which does not belong

either to his birth or pedigree. His family was altogether of humble origin; his father, a man in very poor circumstances, and whose fortunes, after but one prosperous fluctuation, relapsed into a state of absolute distress little short of destitution. But De Béranger was born to be a patriot and not a peer, and in one of his lively and keenly-satirical songs, he contrives to laugh at his own humility of birth; and yet to laugh through a moral whose whole force he points in favour of the popular doctrine, that he who springs from the people has the noblest ancestry. In 1815 we find him writing:—

“ Eh quoi ! j'apprends que l'on critique  
 Le *de* qui précède mon nom !  
 Etes-vous de noblesse antique ?  
 Moi, noble ? oh ! vraiment, messieurs, non.  
 Non, d'aucune chevalerie  
 Je n'ai le brevet sur vélin.  
 Je ne sais qu'aimer ma patrie... (*bis*)  
 Je suis vilain et très-vilain... (*bis*)  
     Je suis vilain,  
     Vilain, vilain.

“ Eh ! What ! I fear some critic's tongue  
 The *De* before my name may try !  
 Are you from the ancient nobles sprung ?  
 Me noble—no, good faith, not I !  
 Of Chivalry I'm not the man  
 Long vellum pedigree to show,  
*To love my country's all I can !*  
 I'm very low ! I'm very low !  
     Yes, very low !  
     Ay, very low !”

And yet it is curious to see in what school he first learnt to love his country. He was born in Paris in 1780, in time, as events have proved, to grow up—and old too—in the midst of revolutions; but about the time of his emerging into young boyhood, there was founded in Péronne, in Picardy, a sort of preparatory school based upon the principles of Jean Jaques Rousseau, and, by one of the chances by which a child of genius has often fallen in the way of an education which his own parents could not have given him, he had the fortune to be sent to this school by some relative—an aunt, we believe—who in this same town or village of Péronne followed, in a small way, the calling of an innkeeper. It would seem that the conduct of the academy in question was somewhat on the plan of a mimic, demi-military, demi-civil Canton, having a voice in the legislation of the land. The boys were impressed by the philosophy of Rousseau with all the dignity of citizenship; and this sort of free system of education was even carried so far, that they were sometimes allowed to address, in deputation, upon political subjects, some of the Rulers of the First Revolution. Béranger is said to have been always a busy leader upon these occasions; but how different his puerile efforts in such a sphere, to the part which he has since taken by means of his powerful poems, not only in the great republican change which has taken place in the opinions of his countrymen, but in that throne-leveiling revolution which bears the memorable title of the “Three Days !” To show how much, even in his own opinion, his writings have contributed towards disseminating a spirit of liberty and the broad doctrines of independence which now exist in France, we might quote the last song in his last volume published in 1833, in which he renounces the muse, and bids a beautiful farewell to further song-writing.

Every line of this farewell ballad is affecting and beautiful—but in its

beauty vigorous too—and fraught with something like a glorious consciousness on the part of De Béranger of his own influence over his hearer's emotions and his country's heart. How strongly feeling is thus developed in the stanza on the throne—

“For every shot upon its velvet shield . . .  
How much of powder must thy muse have made !”

In another line, however, where he speaks of his age and griefs,

“Deep furrow'd my bald brow.”

he brings back to our memory the struggling career which he has had to follow, and the persecutions and imprisonment to which he has been exposed.

His early life, principally on account of his poverty, was one of hardship and labour, although in that temporary accession to his father's fortunes to which we before alluded, he was placed for a time in a position of comparative ease. Previous to this period, however, and at the age of fourteen, he was—as if Fortune intended to throw him in the way of literary occupation—apprenticed to the printer Laisney; and the quaint reason which he gives us for relishing his trade is, that it had once been the calling of the great American philosopher, whose principles he has ever since so faithfully admired.

His first outset into life, however, partook little of the political character of his times; and when we refer to the strong and earnest tone of his politics, as displayed in his vigorous republican songs, we are almost surprised to find that a literary, much more than a public, life was the object of his ambition; and that had he followed his own taste, his compositions would have been less often lyrical than lofty or comic, he having a decided predilection for the dramatic muse. True, the literature of the times was such as to lead him that way; but then also their politics had still more powerful inducements, and unless his personal disadvantages affected his choice, we are at a loss to account for the turn which his early disposition had taken.

His pursuits, however, such as they were, appear to have been totally unsuccessful, even up to so late a period as the year 1803, when he packed up his youthful effusions in a bundle, and sent them—much against the workings of his republican spirit—in search of a patron. The person upon whom he fixed was Lucien Buonaparte, the brother of Napoleon, then First Consul; and the patronage which his application obtained him turned the tide of his fortunes into a fair channel. In short, he assigned to him his pension as a Member of the Institute; it was giving him an income at once.

De Béranger, still under the impulse of gratitude for this act of generosity on the part of Lucien Buonaparte, dedicates to him the last volume of his songs, and towards the end of his letter to his patron, says, “The memory of my benefactor will follow me even to the tomb; witness the tears which even now I shed, after a lapse of thirty years, when I look back upon the day—a thousand times blessed—in which, assured of such protection, I fancied I had won from Providence itself a promise of happiness and glory.”

To this grateful feeling is probably in some measure to be attributed the high and enduring attachment everywhere visible throughout his verses to the name and memory of Napoleon, bursting forth at intervals like a flash of lightning in his vigorous political ballads, and gleaming with a milder light amid the softer effusions of his muse. An instance of the latter kind of allusion occurs in his very celebrated, but, if we mistake not, never hitherto translated song of “*Le Vieux Caporal*,” where the circumstance of his having served “*Le Grand Homme*” is touchingly put

forward as a fair palliation to some subsequent crime—an unfor-  
gotten glory, which the old soldier fancies should have rescued him from death.  
Of this “Old Corporal” we add a humble imitation:—

THE OLD CORPORAL. (1829.)

“ With shoulder’d arms and charg’d fusil,  
On, gallant comrades, on go you ;  
I’ve still my pipe and your good-will,  
Come, give me now my last adieu !  
To grow so old I have done ill ;  
But you, who fame have yet to reap,—  
I was your father in the drill,—  
Soldiers, pace keep !  
Nay, do not weep,—  
No, do not weep !  
March on—pace keep,—  
Pace keep—pace keep—pace keep—pace keep !

II.

“ For a proud officer’s affront,  
I wound him—he is cured—they try,  
Condemn me, as it is their wont,  
And the Old Corporal must die.  
By taunt and temper hurried on,  
My sword *would* from its scabbard leap ;—  
But, then, I’ve served Napoleon !  
Comrades, pace keep !  
Nay, do not weep—  
No, do not weep !  
March on—pace keep,—  
Pace keep—pace keep—pace keep—pace keep !

III.

“ Soldiers ! an arm or leg you’ll sell  
To win a cross, not often wore :  
Mine, in those wars, I fought for well,  
When *we* drove all the kings before.  
We drank—I told of battle-plain—  
You paid, and deem’d the story cheap ;  
The glory now alone remains !  
Comrades, pace keep !  
Nay, do not weep—  
No, do not weep !  
March on—pace keep,—  
Pace keep—pace keep—pace keep—pace keep

IV.

“ Robert,—from my own village fair,—  
Return thee, child, and tend thy fold.  
Stay, view those shady gardens there,  
More April flowers our Cantons hold !  
Oft in our woods—with dew still wet—  
Unnestling birds, I’d run and leap.  
Good God ! my mother liveth yet !  
Comrades, pace keep !  
Nay, do not weep—  
Oh, do not weep !  
March on—pace keep—  
Pace keep—pace keep—pace keep—pace keep !

v.

“ Who yonder sobs and looks so hard ?  
 Ah ! 'tis the drummer's widow poor—  
 In Russia—in the rearward guard—  
 All day and night her boy I bore,  
 Else father, wife, and child, away  
 Had stay'd beneath the snow to sleep ;  
 She's going for my soul to pray.  
 Comrades, pace keep !  
 Nay, do not weep—  
 No, do not weep !  
 March on—pace keep,—  
 Pace keep—pace keep—pace keep—pace keep !

vi.

“ Zounds ! but my pipe's gone out apace ;  
 Hah, no !—not yet—come on, all's right.  
 We're now within the allotted space ;  
 There ! with no bandage hide my sight !  
 My friends I would not tire with pain ;  
 Above all, do not draw too low ;  
 And may God lead you home again !  
 There, comrades, go !  
 Nay, do not weep—  
 No, do not weep !  
 March on—pace keep !  
 Pace keep—pace keep—pace keep—pace keep !

Without music, it is almost impossible to appreciate the extreme beauty of this lyric, but it is a song to stir the waters in the well of the heart ; and when coupled with scenic illustration, the French people can neither see, nor sing it, and not weep !

De Béranger always put the highest faith in his political efforts ; he held them to be his best and most effective compositions, and although some critics, and some of his own best friends too, have thought otherwise, we are strongly inclined to agree with the poet himself. We are quite free to acknowledge, that, besides political energy, there lie within the depths of his genius a profound and eloquent spirit of pure poetry—that he has the loftiest tone of imagination subdued by an affecting tenderness and touching, speaking beauty—and that his powers are enlivened with the most playful gaiety, and sometimes the wildest joy ; but there is ever a vein of political feeling dwelling in the spirit of liberty, which he almost identifies with his own, that deepens the shadow of his song. Like a theatre equally devoted to Thalia and Melpomene, it exhibits itself in two forms—now laughingly, contemptuously, grimly satirical—now earnest, powerful, energetic, vigorous, and deep. Of both these styles we have before us two successful instances, which we shall at once adduce to our readers in support of our opinion, that De Béranger—capable and great as he is in every style of lyric poetry—is not only more clever, but more in the element of his own mind and heart—when he exerts his powers on a political event. We give as our first example that spirited poem which he first published in the “Times” newspaper in this country, against the reigning Monarch of France, under the title of

THE MUZZLED LION !

i.

“ When late the people's Lion rose, and broke  
 A bloody sceptre, at the Louvre's gate,  
 From earth fair Freedom's voice of thunder spoke,  
 And Heaven open'd at the cry elate !

Ther shörn of hope—amid the din of arms,  
 On tottering thrones I saw kings pale with fear !  
 Be skert, earth ! Kings, still your vain alarms !  
 Poor Lion—now a muzzle thou must wear !

## II.

“ King of the Bastile, say—dost thou not see,  
 Cringing towards thee now, the crown'd deceit ?  
 Bowing to keep his kin enthroned—to thee,  
 Kissing thy mane and crouching at thy feet,  
 Thy humble slave ! the Judas tongue prepares,  
 Ingrate ! deceitful honey for thine ear ;  
 Thus Giles betrays and Philippe's flattering snares,—  
 Poor Lion—now a muzzle thou must wear !

## III.

“ Behind him come (a curse upon our soil\*)  
 Of courtiers all his own familiar band ;  
 THEY of thy victory seize the glorious spoil,  
 And thy green laurel fadeth in their hand.  
 Before our tyrants' swords—(unhappy we)—  
 Quick doth our sun of Freedom disappear ;  
 Alas for France ! the ‘ Doctrinaires’ I see,  
 Poor Lion—now a muzzle thou must wear !

## IV.

“ Within their maze of metaphysic lore,  
 Reason is lost and principle o'erthrown,  
 Revived the black decrees, once known before† ;  
 How is their secret despotism known ?  
 And these they hang—brave Lion, lord, and liege,  
 On thy heroic mane—Ha ! dost thou fear ?  
 Seekest thou this ? canst brook the state of siege ?  
 Poor Lion—now a muzzle thou must wear !

## V.

“ Like a bright dream then art thou ever gone,  
 Oh Liberty—to heart and song so dear ?  
 Perier is governor, and France undone—  
 The yoke of dwarfs a giant people bear !  
 Condemn, strike, insult, and assail thee quick,  
 Guisquet, Lobau, and Séguen, do and dare ;  
 Viennet hurls at thee the ass's kick ;  
 Poor Lion—dost thou not a muzzle wear ?

## VI.

“ Castilian—Tartar—be no more afraid, ‘  
 Small care need you for man on France's soil ;  
 He only acts a miser's cause to aid,  
 Of right a royal orphan to despoil !  
 For this ill-doing have you seen us stoop  
 To shed in Paris blood and burning tear ;  
 Heroic Pole—brave Belgian—die and droop ;  
 Our Lion—doth he not a muzzle wear ?

## VII.

“ I in these crimes have no accomplice been—  
 You, Frenchmen, have my verses ne'er betray'd—  
 Fifteen long years my unchain'd muse have seen  
 Most triumphing where low injustice laid !

---

\* Varied from the original.

† Le Code Noir.

Children, to you I leave my lute and strain !  
 To die, bow'd down by grief I cannot bear  
 Alas ! if ere our sun should rise again,  
 See that your Lion doth no muzzle wear !

## VIII.

" If, as 'tis said, France owns to sovereign power,  
 Near Scotland's lakes there dwells, in boyish prime,  
 A child !—Recall him at some future hour ;  
 Bring him ALONE ! he ONLY knows no crime.  
 Soon may all France bow to his sceptre's sway ;  
 May he long ere the flight of twenty years,  
 On to her frontiers proudly march away,  
 Leading a LION that NO MUZZLE wears !"

In this last verse is contained the only exception we can find in all the songs of Béranger to the hatred which he has ever exhibited towards the family of Charles Dix, only exceeded, as it would now seem, by that which has emulated his Bellona-like muse in the above fierce charge upon Louis Philippe. Upon perusing such verses as these, and taking them as a standard of the splendid serious political songs of Béranger, it is scarcely to be wondered at that he was the victim of state prosecutions. Accordingly, we find him, on the 10th of December, 1828, condemned to nine months' imprisonment, (a period synonymous with that which Messrs. Grant and Bell suffered in this country,) and a fine of 10,000 francs ; and this, he says in one of his songs, was

" *Pour fait d'outrage aux enfans d'Henri Quatre.*"

He was also condemned for an attack upon public morals, and it must be confessed that some of his songs partake of a licentious character, although, considering what is permitted in France as compared with what would be endured in England, we do not find them worse than some of the effusions of Anacreon Moore. His song, entitled the "Coronation of Charles the Simple," was the primary cause of his condemnation ; and it is curious enough, in these days of civilization, to find a sort of soothsayer in one of the principal churches of Paris, foretelling that the punishments inflicted on him here were nothing to those which he was destined to endure in hell ! De Béranger had been previously imprisoned on another count, and had passed in *Saint Pelagie* the carnival of the year 1832.

These confinements, of course, strengthened the natural bias of his mind, and assisted his own fierce republicanism in making him a hater of kings.

De Béranger, in his progress to his present fame, has won and enjoyed the friendship of most of the illustrious men whom France has produced of late years—Lafitte, La Fayette, Manuel, Arnault, Desangiers, Chateaubriand, and a hundred others—who look upon him with sentiments of the highest esteem. It has been one consequence of these intimacies that the poet—in the highest degree capable of a noble and warm friendship—has dedicated a very large portion of his Lyrics to these his numerous admiring companions—so many, indeed, as to have formed in their composition a separate style, as it were, for them alone. It is therefore only right that we should afford a specimen of his manner of writing such verses, and we turn at once to the very beautiful lines which he addressed to M. Arnault, on the occasion of that citizen's departure for exile, when he affectionately cheers him with a prospect of return by a comparison to the birds that winter puts to flight, which will all return in spring.

## BIRDS.

*Couplets addressed to A. M. Arnault departing for Exile.*

## I.

" Now winter with redoubled frost  
 Leaves desolate our roofs and groves,  
 The birds on other shores are lost,  
 And thither bear their songs and loves ;



Bét in a home more calm and bright  
 Not long will they inconstant sing ;  
 The birds that winter puts to flight  
 Will all return in spring.

## II.

“ Condemn’d to hear an exile’s lot,—  
 And more than them such lot we mourn !—  
 Round from the palace and the cot,  
 Would echo once their songs return ;  
 Now happy listeners to delight,  
 To tranquil valleys let them wing ;  
 The birds that winter puts to flight  
 Will all return in spring.

## III.

“ Birds destined to this region crowd,  
 We envy them their wanderings forth ;  
 Already more than one dark cloud  
 Rises and frowns in the far north ;  
 Happy, who—but for moments !—might  
 Now wend away on agile wing ;  
 The birds that winter puts to flight  
 Will all return in spring.

## IV.

“ Dispersed the mighty storm that broke,  
 Remembering then our evil luck,  
 They will return to that old oak  
 Which oftentimes the storm hath struck,  
 To fertile vales of days more bright  
 And constant they’ll foreboding sing ;  
 The birds that winter puts to flight  
 Will all return in spring.”

Béranger’s personal character is highly creditable to his heart. He is said to be mild, humane, modest, and benevolent. His personal appearance is diminutive, and in his countenance there is nothing remarkably prepossessing or strikingly intellectual—but there is something of his quietness of manner indicated in the expression of his face. He had, as he tells us in his song, “ *A mes Amis devenue ministres*,” several appointments offered him when his friends came into power, which he declined : and his opinions, however republican, have all the semblance of being purely and disinterestedly patriotic. He has beat his retreat, too, as a *chansonnier*—but, in that capacity, he can never retire from the estimation and affection of the people of France ! The following beautiful lyric, the last that we have room to quote, will prove that if he have neither faith nor hope, he has at least charity.

## THE POOR WOMAN.

## I.

“ It snows—it snows—and there, the church before,  
 On bended knee a poor old woman prays ;  
 ’Tis bread alone she asketh at our door,  
 As ’mong her rags the north-east Boreas plays.  
 Towards the porch of Nôtre-Dame alone,  
 Winter and summer, see her groping stir—  
 For she, poor thing, alas ! is blind as stone ;  
 Ah ! let our charity be dealt to her !

II.

“ Know you this poor old creature’s former fate ?  
Emaciate in feature—wan in hue—  
The wonder once of little as of great,  
Her songs in ecstasy all Paris threw.  
Then often with the fresh in years and heart,  
Or tears or laughter would her beauty stifle;  
Then in the dreams of all her charms took part ;  
Ah ! let our charity be dealt to her !

III.

“ How many times has she the theatre left  
Pursued by voices earnest, long, and loud !  
When swifter than her hurrying steeds have swept  
The deafening cheers of an adoring crowd,  
To hand her to the happy car that bore  
Her beauty off—all pleasure to confer,  
How many rivals waited at her door !  
Ah ! let our charity be dealt to her !

IV.

“ When all the arts had woven her crowns to wear,  
In what a pompous dwelling did she move !  
How many crystals, bronzes, columns there  
The gather’d tributes given by love to love !  
How many faithful poets at her feasts  
Would to all toasts “ her happiness ” prefer !  
All palaces have got their swallows’ nests !  
Ah ! let our charity be dealt to her !

V.

“ Frightful reverse ! one day with fell disease  
Breaks her sweet voice—her sight is set in tears !  
And soon—alone and poor—upon her knees,  
She begs as I have seen her twenty years !  
No hand could more benevolence have spread,  
None with more kindness could more gold confer,  
Than *that* she hesitates to hold for bread.  
Ah ! let our charity be dealt to her !

VI.

“ Oh grief ! oh misery ! doubled is the cold,  
Benumb’d are her old limbs, and stiff the while ;  
Her fingers scarcely can the rosary hold,  
Which but a moment past had made her smile.  
If ‘neath such ills her heart—still soft—can raise  
Its food from piety, nor once demur  
To put her faith in ih’ heaven to which she prays,  
Ah ! let our charity be dealt to her.”

With this ballad we, for the present, take leave of our readers ; nor have we left ourselves space for any concluding remarks. We have, however, introduced to them an amiable and celebrated man of genius ; and if the examples we have given of his great and varied powers find favour in their sight, we shall for the present feel satisfied.

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## REFLECTIONS ON THE FIRST OF APRIL.

" And fools rush in."—POPE.

" As if they surely knew their sovereign lord was by."—MILTON.

HAIL, April! hail—and reign.

Oh! April I, welcome in frowns or smiles,

Lord of our isles,

And ruler o'er all creatures they contain.

Thou only autocrat,—imperial day,

Whom little things call'd deys and knights obey;

Monarch of all that you survey!

Loyally let your subject bend the knee,

And offer a fool's homage up to thee;—

Conjuring all his fellow-fools throughout

That portion of the globe called civilized,

To leap, and laugh, and shout,

And dance in idiot-rout,—

Be-bedlamized!

To flock, in folly's garb, to folly's court,

And there to thee, their lawful prince, bow down;

Chief of the crack-brain'd, potentate of sport,—

The wearer of a crown

With sunshine burnish'd and with raindrops pearl'd —

The one sole sovereign worthy of renown,

APRIL THE FIRST, *king of the modern world!*

April the First—and last!—there is but one—

Thou hast no brother, thou art like no brother,—

I dare Moore's Almanac to show another

Betwixt the winter's snow and summer sun.

No! Francis Moore, physician, born of mother,

Will not dispute thy singleness of sway,

Thou lone, long day!

With the three-hundred and the sixty-five

Turns of the earth upon its axis, found

Essential to complete the annual round,

What sage will say

Fresh morns emerge—and that the doctrine's sound

And ought to thrive?

No man alive.

Whate'er Decembers or Julys appear,

Or glorious firsts of June, or firsts of May,

They are but firsts of April, that's quite clear;—

Yes; *thou* art the whole year.

I've seen, I'm sure, no day through life but thee;

And thou alone, I rather hope than fear,

I e'er shall see.

*All Fools' Day!* Shall I own it? I was born

On such a morn,—

An April-fool Fate made me in my cradle,

Pretending she'd enrich'd my lucky mouth

With that rare heritage, a silver spoon,

Which soon

Turn'd out, of course, to be a wooden ladle;

And bringing empty cups to cure my drowth,

And leading me, bound north, exactly south;

And swearing a balloon

(That only omnibus) would reach the moon;

And so at least for thirty years I've thought—  
As I was taught.

Ah, April No. 1—

A number I have never taken care of,

You're perfectly aware of

All my affairs—you know how I was nursed,

And how my witless zigzag course has run,

April the First!

How long I went, as boys must do, to school,

And learn'd on system and the surest rule

To be a fool;

How I indited "poems," wild to seek

Fame with the Small Unknowns, among the mists

That veil the bashful tribe, th' Initialists,

And lived immortal for at least a week;

How too I married, and became M.P.

For Noodleby—

Standing within the Speaker's eye so oft

That I was deem'd his pupil—yet they cough'd;

Moreover, how I broke

My solemn pledges five weeks old, but spoke

Of faith with fundholders, and England's oak:

And how I drank and dozed my life away,

And cash'd the best of bills—to serve a friend—

And had the same to pay,

And fool'd it without end—

All on the first of April, the fool's day!

Reader, your ear;

Nay, blush not for its length—do look at mine;

And candidly confess, does my career

Differ from thine?

Tell me, t'his first of April, have you not

Found life an April-day from morn to eve—

A game of never-ending make-believe—

A wild-goose chase from vacant spot to spot,

A fool's fit lot?

And are you wiser, reader, than the rest?

Look at the best.

Count up the millions of this wise world, count—

And of its fools I'll tell you the amount.

Nay, men are growing worse—rub, rub your eyes—

They are, because they think they're growing wise.

White, red, and black—all colours, all degrees,

From our sage selves to our antipodes—

Are living—'tis a truth, nor new, nor nice—

In a Fool's Paradise.

And, Lord! what pranks just now are being play'd;

"A court of cobblers and a mob of kings"

Are no imaginings.

Look on all sides—Whig, Radical, and Tory—

Each on the other leaning, each afraid—

And tell me what you think of those queer things

Term'd "patriots," and what you mean by "glory!"

Ah, me! 'tis nothing but an April story—

A "glorious victory" that means defeat—

A sorry, droll deceit.

So, on my fellow-fools once more I call;

*April the First*, oh mortals! come and greet—

King of us all!

††

## THE NEW EDITION OF TREMAINE.

WITH A FEW WORDS ON ROUSSEAU.

WE are glad to see public attention recalled to this book by the appearance of this new and very elegant edition.\* The noble and dignified lines of Dryden should have been printed on its title page:—

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars  
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,  
Is Reason to the soul:—and as on high  
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,  
Not light as here; so Reason's glimmering ray  
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,  
But guide us upward to a better day.  
And as those mighty tapers disappear,  
When day's bright Lord ascends our hemisphere,  
So pale grows Reason at religion's sight,  
So dies,—and so dissolves,—in supernatural light.

This is music pealed from a glorious organ! How that last line lingers on the ear, before, like the image it presents, it dissolves and fades away!

Tremaine was written to prove to the doubter the truth and excellence of religion—to turn the philosophy of theory into the nobler philosophy of practice—and to convince the languid and indifferent man of the necessity of action. "Whoever expects a novel," said Mr. Ward (in his first edition),—startling somewhat unnecessarily the more lively and story-loving of his readers,—“will be disappointed. Variety and incident are equally wanting—the author had almost said interest, but that his own feelings forbade. Yet what can be expected from mere domestic occurrences and conversations among three or four individuals attached to one another in a remote corner of the kingdom? There is, however, a history of mind as well as of heart, together with a manner of relating it, which those who like it at all will not quit. Some of the subjects, too, are of the very first consequence to the reason and the soul of man; and if it should seem strange that these are mixed up with the history of a very sweet passion, and with one or two episodes approaching to downright romance; if poetry and feeling peep out amid the gravest and, as some may think, the coldest discussions; this only serves to show that reason and love are not such incompatible things as they have been supposed.” This extract describes, to a certain extent, the mode in which what we have stated to be the objects of Tremaine are wrought out in the progress of the work.

Its hero is well sustained. The resources of his sensitive and over-refined temper are finely tracked, till they lodge themselves in utter disgust. Discontent becomes his misery—indifference his misanthropy. And the worst of all haters of humanity is the indifferent man. Let us have a good lover or a good hater. Indifference alone is what we would avoid—the true curse of social intercourse—the destroyer of all sympathy and virtue.

Tremaine teaches us how to avoid this, and shows us what first taught him. With this portion of the book, however, we do not altogether agree. There are many obviously false points in the character of

\* Colburn's Modern Novelists: (No. 4.) "Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement."

Georgina; we would not have had her play so didactic a part; we would not have had her illustrate, with so lofty and religious a comment, Mrs. Peachum's remark in the Beggar's Opera—

“By keeping men off, you keep them on!”

Tremaine might have been “kept on,” and the excellent purpose of his history might have been illustrated with equal force, without certain little active demonstrations on the part of this otherwise charming young lady. The image of her own faith and truth, quiet and self-relying, would have wrought the spell more powerfully. The divine example there, merely owned in the heart and consecrated to the imagination, would have spoken more exquisite logic. There are fine things, nevertheless, in their course of wooing:—when they disagree it is a very sweet and most musical discord, and she speaks now and then for herself very true and delicious words. Women talk and argue best, however, when they follow up the idea of what they love immediately before them: they should not look back or gaze forward; it is only by help of the present they know their own minds exactly. We say this with all respect, and, in argument, would at all times advise them to trust to what they FEEL. That is their best reason, and in that they are sure to play the most successful game. Fortunate gamblers in logic they will then be too, for when their stake is deepest they will be most sure of winning. Look at the lives and loves of what Mr. Hazlitt has called “the prettiest little set of martyrs and confessors on record”—the women of the plays of Shakspeare.

One cannot avoid, in at all pursuing the train of thought into which the love story of Tremaine seduces us, recalling the memory of the lover in the new Eloisa. It is interesting to mark by what various paths genius can travel to its purpose. We have described that of Tremaine. The story of St. Preux works out its object of good, extracts its soul of blessing from things evil, by showing, on the other hand, how the Infidel and the Christian may live in harmony together. Let us not say that this can do the bitter world no good, or freely and unrelentingly condemn the ill-directed genius of Rousseau.

It was not *altogether* ill-directed;—whatever the faults of that remarkable man may have been, whatever his mistakes of evil, we most seriously believe that his mere yearning after good has done the world a never-to-be-forgotten service. Trace back, with thought, to their sources, his pride, his alleged ingratitude, and his madness,—and you feel this with singular impressiveness: deliver yourself up, without thought, to the delicious witchery of his sensibility and genius, and even there it cannot be forgotten.

Let us not be thought going out of our way, in a notice of “The Man of Refinement,” to introduce this mention of Rousseau. Wherever anything is said of the victims of refinement, that name should be remembered. Rousseau sacrificed himself at its altar. Is the reader surprised to hear this said of the sensual Rousseau?—his surprise should cease. Rousseau was not sensual in the ordinary acceptation of the word. He was not voluptuous, except in so far as he longed for the love of all that was good and all that was beautiful. This longing, which may at least do some service to the world, was fatal to himself. It became so sublimated in his breast, that every woman was a cruel

disappointment to him. "From youth to age he went sighing through the world, out-doing the jest of Diogenes and his lantern, seeking some unattainable creature—a Julia, a Clara, or a Sophia—and meeting with none but D'Epina's and D'Houtetots."\* It is a just and necessary restriction of this, however, to add, that Madame D'Houtetot was indeed something, and might have answered the search of the enthusiast, but that she had already found a St. Preux in M. Saint Lambert. This was insurmountable, and again threw Rousseau back upon his misery. For the distinction lived strongly in him between the idol his imagination worshipped, and the rewards his passion longed for. He could not be satisfied with thinking a woman was an angel—she must needs be an angel while he thought her and felt her a woman. In vain did Rousseau appeal to Madame D'Houtetot with the more than natural eloquence of passion. She could only weep over the hopelessness of a love, for which in her own heart, filled with the image of St. Lambert, she felt there would never be the slightest return. And thus was love with him turned into bitter pain, and his refinement became his curse. His fate, however, would scarcely have been improved, by meeting a Georgina instead of a D'Houtetot.

The story of Rousseau's general sufferings throughout his life may be traced back, perhaps, to the characteristics of his childhood. "I was timid and yielding," he said, speaking of himself at that period, "in my general conduct, but fiery, proud, unconquerable in my passions." At a more advanced time of life, he illustrated this further.—"I am constitutionally bold, and of a timid character." Compare his life with these sayings, and carry the light of their joint example into such inquiries as are prosecuted in the book before us—"Tremaine." See how nature and the world are ever playing their game of cross purposes, and how often a character intended by the one to be a hero, may be changed by the other into a coward. The inquiry is a useful one.

With this we are warned to leave the character of the citizen of Geneva. Nothing has been more discussed at various times than he has been, for we are fond of what seems to be a riddle. We love to unravel a knotty point, and to study such subtle differences of feeling as may call forth at once both our talents and our patience. Let us quit him, however, with a story which admits of no discussion, and which we owe to M. de Musset. At the very period of his life, when he was toiling the hardest to earn a subsistence, observing the strictest economy down to the minutest articles, dividing his daily modicum of small wine into equal portions for dinner and supper, and compelled to forego the pleasure of a friend at his table, because it was too scantily supplied, this very Rousseau was supporting an aged and infirm aunt in Switzerland. Year after year passed with varying, but ever pressing fortune, yet her remittances never failed. A gentleman, travelling in her neighbourhood heard of the circumstance and called upon her. "What, sir" (these were the very words she used), "and have you seen my nephew? Is it indeed true that he has no religion? our clergymen tell me that he is an impious man—but how can that be? It is through his kindness that I am now alive. Poor old woman as I am, above eighty years old, without him I should die, alone and not a soul near me, in a garret, of cold

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\* See an excellent article in the "Liberal," No. II.

and hunger." This was mentioned to Rousseau. "It is a debt," he simply remarked; "she took charge of me when an orphan."

We return *a nos moutons*, from our philosopher to our novel of philosophy—for as such "Tremaine" has been with truth classed: the philosophy, we should add, not of theory, but observation. It was written to develop no system of fanciful excellence, but it brought the stores of a richly-cultivated mind, and of an observant experience, to bear upon a story of real life, fictitious only in narrative, and whose purpose was to display in practical colouring, and with an antidote beside them, many of those dangerous evils which lie too thickly all around us in the every day world. This is done in no dictatorial spirit, but with the helps of a light and tender narrative, which, while they enliven and interest the fancy, never derogate in the least from the deeper points brought forward for investigation. The theological learning displayed in "Tremaine" is remarkably extensive, and yet displayed with a modest and unobtrusive effect, which is to the last degree, emphatic and availing. Its graver purposes do not seem to interfere with its lighter and more fanciful characteristics; and while, in its newest gloss of favour, some took to it with all the relish of an interesting fiction, others had been deeply affected with the importance of its truth, and were already impressing its perusal on their friends as the performance of a religious duty. This it is, if one may speak in Burke's phraseology, to mitigate philosophers into companions, and compel wisdom to submit to the soft collar of social esteem. In our love and liking for the one, we can appreciate the benefits, without the restraints, of the other. A better project, with submission be it said, than is in any of my Lord Bolingbroke's moral or philosophical observations. We never regretted the harsh terms in which Mr. Ward condemns this writer. No man has had such over-worthy admirers and such happy admiration as his lordship won by the advantages of his position, and other shallow and imposing means. We will give a specimen of Mr. Ward's mode of handling him.—"Of his boasted learning I have already given a hint, though I mean not to undervalue it: considering his busy life, and the headlong passion, described by Chesterfield, with which he gave himself up to the most licentious pleasures, as well as to the toils of an ambition that was absolutely insane, his acquirements were astonishing; but they were not all that they appeared. I repeat, I believe he had little or no Greek, if only because he does not quote that language;—which he would have been too proud to have done if he could. His opinion of Herodotus, who according to him was a mere story teller, who even professed no object but to amuse, is at variance with the judgment of all real scholars. But his lordship was a great gleaner; a great and adroit retailer of passages which he well knew how to use. His memory (his chief gift) made that his own which belonged to other people. His quotations are as often the quotations of quotations as original. He sometimes confesses the citation of a philosopher, or a text, from the logic of Port Royal. Cudworth, while he was actually criticising him, gave him much, nay most of what he had; and old Montaigne not a little. Thus, his discoveries were borrowed from preceding navigators; and their errors as well as knowledge were alike made his own. Immediate purpose was every thing. What most annoys us is the waste of his acquisitions. Affecting the fine gentleman, and to hold pedantry in contempt, he is himself the most sovereign of pedants." This



view is remarkably strengthened by a curious passage we met with the other day in *Spence's Anecdotes*,—a few words by Pope, meant to be eulogistic of his friend.—“Does Lord Bolingbroke understand Hebrew?” he is asked, “No,” Pope answers,—“but he understands *that sort of learning, and what's writ about it.*”<sup>\*</sup> This amounts precisely to what Mr. Ward says;—and it is very natural that his lordship should have made this “sort of learning” carry him a great way. There are two worlds, as Evelyn drily remarks, the learned and the unlearned; and the last the noble lord and scholar might, perhaps, at all times exceedingly astonish. He would never fail, we are sure, for the want of display: he would never lose a customer for want of exhibiting his goods. It is no reverend comparison to liken him in this respect to the very small capitalist, whose wares are always arranged to the best advantage, in the *show-window of his shop*, for passers by to admire.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, we cannot help clinging with much attachment to the name and fame of my Lord Bolingbroke. One of the finest geniuses of modern times, the author of “*Devereux*,” would have fixed them for ever in our imaginations, had they not already secured an everlasting place there. But this in truth they had already secured. Pope is never to be thought of without his friend; and it is certain, as Mr. Ward intimates, that in the midst of such turbulence as an ambition almost frantic produced in his life, *vacare literis*, (to use his favourite expression,) and to have addressed himself in seclusion to subjects of such high import to the mind and heart of man, was alone a considerable praise. Besides, there is a great deal that is uncommonly engaging in his lordship's mode of retirement. We like his classical christening of Dawley as his “*Farm*.” We think of Cicero. The affectation of the rakes and forks, and other rural emblems painted over it, is not, perhaps so pleasant,—but we recover perfect good humour and happy taste as our eyes fall on the inscription over the hall,—“*Satis beatus ruris honoribus.*” We will not inquire too curiously whether he is indeed sufficiently happy.—Look out beyond now into those fields, and see what is going on there! There are two persons present: one is writing between two hay-cocks,—that is Alexander Pope. The other is running after his cart, and viewing a rainy sky with all a farmer's anxiety,—that is Henry St. John, vulgarly called Lord Bolingbroke. Ah! it is impossible not to surrender oneself to the immediate fascination of such scenes as these—it would be scarcely wise to seek to be dispossessed of the associations which they must lastingly bear.

May the re-perusal of “*Tremain*” conduct the reader into as many pleasant places of thought as it has seduced us. We are very sure that its appearance at the present time, and in its present new and most agreeable shape, may be productive of great good—of good infinitely beyond the temporary gratification of one's interest or humour, in its more ordinary resources as a novel. To those who may not have been before acquainted with it, we have, perhaps, said sufficient to pique a better feeling than mere curiosity. It is unnecessary to add a single word in its behalf to the more numerous class of readers who are already familiar with its high order of merit, and do not need to be told of its exceeding value, as a book of frequent reference,—a table-book, in fact, of observation and thinking.

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<sup>\*</sup> *Spence's Anecdotes* by Malone, p. 165.

## A COCKNEY'S RURAL SPORTS.

Guns, horses, dogs, the river, and the field,  
These like me not.—*Alon.*

I was lately invited by a French gentleman to pass a few weeks with him at his chateau in the Auxerrois, at fifty leagues from Paris. As I am fond of the country, and Monsieur De V——, moreover, being an excellent fellow, I did not long hesitate in accepting his invitation. Ah! when I pronounced the fatal "*Oui*," little did I suspect that, by the uttering of that one word, I had devoted myself to a week of bitter suffering. But that the tortures I endured may be fully appreciated, it is necessary to state what are my notions of the country, and what my occupations and amusements there.

The country, then, is a place where, instead of thousands of houses rising about us at every turn, only one is to be seen within a considerable space;—where the sky is presented in a large, broad, boundless expanse, instead of being retailed out, as it were, in long strips of a yard and a half wide—where the trees grow naturally and in abundance—by dozens in a clump—and are of a fresh, gay, healthy green, instead of being stuck about here and there, sad exiles from their native forests, gasping to refresh their lanky forms with a puff of air caught from above the chimney-tops, smoke-dried, sun-burnt, and covered with urban dust, sackcloth and ashes of the unhappy mourners;—where, for flags and pebbles, one is provided with the soft and beautiful tessellations of nature:—where the air may be respired without danger of suffocation,—and the rivers run clear water instead of mud. This is the country. Its pleasures are to sit still in a quiet room during the early hours of the morning; then to stroll forth and ramble about, always within sight of the house, avoiding long walks, and the society of all such walkers as compute their pedestrian excursions by miles; then to sit down in some shady place with a book in one's hand, to read, ruminate, or do neither; then to take a turn into the farm-yard, and look at the fowls, or throw crumbs into the duck-pond; then to walk leisurely to the bridge, lean over the parapet, and watch for hours together the leaves, twigs and other light objects floated through it by the stream, occasionally spitting into the water—the quintessence of rural ease and idleness!—and so on the livelong day. These are my notions of the country, and of the pleasures it affords; and though my late excursion has instructed me, that other pleasures than those I have enumerated exist, to me they present no charms; they are adapted to tastes and habits far different from mine. I never loved them; and now, for the sufferings they have recently occasioned me, I hate, loathe, and detest them, and cling with increased fondness to my own first ideas of rural enjoyment. Would I had but been allowed the undisturbed indulgence of them!

The evening for our departure arrived. We took the diligence to Auxerre. At intervals, during our nocturnal progress, I was saluted with a friendly tap on the back, accompanied with the exclamation, "*Ah, ça, mon ami, nous nous amuserons, j'espère.*" This brought to my mind pleasant anticipations of my friend's clumps, his meadows and his silver streams. Daylight opened to us the prospect of a delightful country. Every now and then a hare scampered across the road, or a partridge winged its way through the air. On such occasions Monsieur De V—— would exclaim, "*Vois-tu ça, mon cher?*" his eyes sparkling with delight. This I attributed to his fondness for roasted hares and partridges, and promised myself a plentiful regale of them; little did I foresee the tor-

ments these reptiles were to occasion me. On our arrival at Auxerre, owing to some unusual delays on the road, we found we were too late for the regular coach to Vilette, the place of our destination. "*C'est un petit malheur*," said my companion (a Frenchman is so happily constituted that he seldom encounters a *grand malheur*): "It is but fifteen leagues to Vilette, and at nine this evening we'll take the *Patache*."

Now the *Patache*, though a very commodious travelling-machine, is not quite as easy in its movements as a well-built English chariot, nor as a post-chaise, nor as a taxed-cart, nor, indeed, as a common English road-waggon. It is a square box without springs, fastened flat down upon poles, and dragged along upon two heavy, ill-constructed wheels. The night was dark; our route lay along a bye-road, not paved but covered with large stones, thrown loosely and carelessly along it, and our driver was half drunk and half asleep. We were jolted to the right and to the left, backwards, forwards, bumped up to the roof, and, in heavy rebounds, down again upon the hard seat. It was making a toil of a pleasure. For some time we laughed, or affected to laugh, but at length our sufferings grew too real for a jest. We were bruised from head to foot, and our situation was not rendered more agreeable by the reflection that it was without remedy. "*C'est egal*," exclaimed my friend, in the intervals between his groans. I did not find it so. After five hours' pulverising, at two o'clock in the morning, and having made but little progress on our journey, our driver stopped at a miserable village, and resolutely refused to proceed any farther till daybreak. "*N'importe*," said Monsieur De V——, "that will allow us an hour and a half's rest, *et ça sera charmant*." Charming! What is there so perversely tormenting as the short period of *unrest* thrust upon one in the course of a fatiguing journey? It is scarcely sufficient to recover one from the state of feverish agitation excited by long-continued motion, and which it is necessary to subdue before sleep will operate, and the instant it begins to do so one is cruelly dragged forth again. However, anything was better than the *Patache*. I was lifted out, for I was totally deprived of the power of self-exertion. At daybreak I was lifted in again; and at eleven o'clock of the third day after our departure from Paris, we arrived at Vilette. "And now," exclaimed my friend, "*Nous nous amuserons*!"

I passed the whole of that day on a sofa, and at night I slept soundly. The next morning, after arranging my writing materials on a table, I selected a book as my intended companion in my rambles, put pencil and paper into my pocket, that I might secure such bright ideas as I doubted not the country would inspire, and went into the breakfast-room. A party of ladies and gentlemen, visitors at Vilette, were already assembled. The repast ended, this was Monsieur De V——'s address to me: "*Maintenant, mon cher, nous nous amusons*. You are an Englishman, consequently a fine sportsman. You will find here every thing you can desire. Fishing-tackle, dogs, guns, horses—*par exemple*, you shall ride Hector while you stay—no one here can manage him, but *you'll* soon bring him to reason. *Allons*! we'll ride to-day. *Sacristi*! Hector will fly with you twelve leagues an hour! Only remember, that as we shall not be equally well mounted, you must keep him in a little, that we may not lose the pleasure of your conversation by the way." Then turning to some others of the party, he said, "The English are in general better horsemen than we; *il n'y a pas de comparaison, Messieurs; vous allez voir*."

This was an unexpected blow. I wished the earth would open and hide me in its deepest recesses. I, who had never in my life caught a flounder! I, who had never pulled a trigger to the annoyance of beast or bird! I, who had never performed any very extraordinary equestrian feat, suddenly called upon "to witch the world with noble horsemanship," and sustain the sporting credit of England!—I, who am the

exact antipode to Colonel Th——n, and stand at opposite points of pre-eminence with him; he being the very best sportsman in the world, and I the very worst,—a superiority which, in each case, leaves competition so far behind, that I have sometimes been proud of mine. Now it availed me nothing. What would I not have given for my great opposite's dexterity of hand, his precision of eye, his celerity of foot! How did I envy him his power of riding more miles in a minute than any horse could carry him! How did I yearn to be able, like him, to spit with a ramrod a dozen partridges flying, or angle with six hooks upon the same line, and simultaneously catch a pike of twenty pounds weight with each! These were vain longings, and something was necessary to be done. It seemed to me that the equestrian honour of England was confided to my keeping, and depended on my exertions that day; and with the desperate reflection that, at the worst, I should be quits for a broken neck, I went with the rest into the court-yard, where the horses were waiting for us. I must here beg permission to digress; for that my readers may fully appreciate the horrors of my situation, their attention to my equestrian memoirs is indispensable. I will be as brief as possible.

Till somewhat of an advanced period of my life, *learning to ride* had always appeared to me a superfluous part of education. Putting one foot into the stirrup, throwing the other across the saddle, and sitting astride it, as I had seen many persons do, seemed to me to be the mere work of intuition, common matter of course, as easy and as natural to man as walking. Having principally inhabited the capital, horse-riding, as a thing of necessity, had never once occurred to me. I had never considered it as a recreation; and my journeys, whether of business or pleasure, I had always performed in carriages. Thus I had attained the age of manhood—confirmed manhood, reader!—without ever having mounted a horse; and this, not from any suspicion that I was incompetent to the task, nor from any unwillingness to the effort, but simply, as I have said, from never having experienced the absolute necessity of so doing.

It happened that I was chosen one of a numerous party to Weybridge, in Surrey;—alas! though but very few years have elapsed since then, how are its numbers diminished! Death has been fearfully industrious among us; and the few whom he has spared are separated from each other, some by intervening oceans, others by the wider gulph formed by the decay of friendship, the withering of affection.—No matter. On the eve of our departure, it was discovered that all the places in the carriages would be occupied by ladies: each man, except myself, was provided with a horse, and the important question arose—"How is P.\* to get there?" It was soon settled, however, by some one saying. "Oh! I'll lend him a horse;" and my accepting his proposition, and thanking him for his civility, in just the same tone of *nonchalance* as if he had offered me a place in a post-chaise. No doubts, no misgivings, concerning the successful result of the morrow's undertaking came across me: I had nothing to do but get upon a horse, and ride him to Weybridge. That night I slept soundly; the next morning I rose in a placid state of mind, ate my breakfast as usual, and conducted myself with becoming decency and composure till the appointed hour of starting. I was the first at the place of rendezvous. The horse intended for me was led to the door, I walked towards it with a steady and firm step, mounted—gallantly, I may say—and, to the last, exhibited no signs of emotion. The carriage drove off. In consequence of some little derangements, a full quarter of an hour had passed before the whole of the cavalry was assembled; I waited patiently at the street-door; and without pretending to rival Mr. Mackeen or young Saunders, I may boast that, during the whole of that time, I kept my seat with wonderful tenacity: I sat in a way that might have excited the envy of the statue in Don Juan. At length the signal was given for starting. I advanced with the rest, neither ostentatiously taking the front, nor timidly seeking

the rear, but falling in just as chance directed—in short, any experienced rider would have done, who attached no sort of importance to the act of sitting across a horse. Our road lay down St. James's-street (the place of meeting) through the Park, and along the King's-road. Arriving opposite the Palace, my companions turned their horses to the right, while my horse turned into the left. This occasioned a general cry of "This is the way—this is the way;" and already I fancied I perceived among them signs of distrust in my equestrian talents. For my own part, I was all confidence, and just giving my horse's head a twitch to the right, I soon remedied my first error, or rather his, and again became one of the party. We proceeded, at a slow walking pace, from the Palace-gate to the entrance of the Stable-yard; and though I would not be considered as prone to boasting, I will say, that for the whole of that distance, I did not meet with the slightest hinderance or accident. By-the-bye, the police ought to interfere to prevent milk-women with their pails crossing a street when they see a horse advancing. A person of this class came directly under my horse's nose, and but for ———, who rode up and caught hold of the strap which was fastened about his head,\* the careless woman must have been knocked down. She was, however, sufficiently punished by the boys in the street, for I heard them shout after her, "Well done, stupid!" "That's right, Johnny Raw!" On reaching the Stable-yard, my horse, instead of following the others, as I imagined he would have done of his own accord, walked slowly towards the mansion of the Marquis of Stafford; but a tug to the left instantly brought him into the proper direction. I did not regret this accident, for it served to convince me that I possessed a certain degree of power over the animal; moreover, that I performed the manœuvre with some dexterity, for I observed that the centinels looked at each other and smiled. Indeed, I may say that the people on both sides of the way stopped to gaze at me as I passed along: a compliment they did not bestow on any other of the party. In St. James's-park—may I mention it without incurring the charge of vanity?—a cavalry officer actually stopped his horse, and remained for some time looking after me! At Pimlico-gate there was a general whispering among my friends, and all, except poor R——, (now no more!) galloped off. He and I continued our route for some time, very leisurely; and, for my part, I was as much at my ease as if seated in an arm-chair. R——, every now and then, cast a glance at me, and seemed anxious to speak, yet hem'd and ha'd, and appeared confused in a way I could not then account for. At length he said, "P\* my good fellow, we have twenty miles to ride to dinner, and we shall never get there at this rate."—"Well," said I, "put spurs to your horse."—"Aye, but —" (*with great hesitation*)—"but you?"—"Tis all one to me."—"My dear fellow, I'm—in short I—I'm d-d sorry to see you on horseback."—To this I replied nothing; but, applying a hearty lash to my courser's flanks, he set off at full speed, adopting that peculiar one-two-three pace which, I have since been informed, is denominated a *canter*. Why he chose that in preference to what is called a trot, or a gallop, I have never been able satisfactorily to learn; but I was considerably obliged to him for the selection; for though the motion was inconceivably rapid, it was, at the same time, pleasant and easy. I take it that flying must be very like it. He seemed scarcely to touch the ground. The hot-houses that decorate the King's-road, the "Gardeners' grounds," the "Prospect-places," and "Pleasant-rows," and "Paradise-terraces," were no sooner seen than passed—they appeared and vanished! The rapidity of my progress is not to be described: and had I been allowed to proceed, I am persuaded I should have been at Weybridge—at least, somewhere or other twenty miles off—within the hour. But soon I heard R—— shouting after me: "Stop, stop, for the love of heaven, or you'll break your

\* *Bridle* is the proper term. **PRINTED BY THE DEVIL.**

neck!" He overtook me, and entreated me to return, assuring me it was fearful even to behold me. Convinced, as I was, that I should have gone on very well in my own, or rather, my horse's way, he appeared so seriously uneasy on my account, that I consented to return. "Shall I lead you—that is, show you the way back to the stable?" I desired only to know where it was, and, thanking him for his superabundant caution, took the road towards May-fair; or, rather, the horse took it, for, literally, he walked gently back without any effort of mine to guide him; standing still, as if by instinct, when he came to the toll-gate at Hyde-park-corner, then turning up one street, down another, now right, now left, till he reached his stable. There he stood quietly while I dismounted, and when I was fairly off his back, he slowly turned his head, and cast a look at me. It was a look of quiet, good-natured reproach, for having caused him to be dragged from his comfortable warm stable to no purpose. As he walked towards his stall, he looked towards where the grooms were assembled, and, by one glance, acquainted them with the whole of my adventures. Their nods and winks assured me that he did so. I ordered a chaise (a means of locomotion I strongly recommend to all such as are not accustomed to horse exercise) and arrived at Weybridge, in good time for dinner:—a disinclination to much walking, for two or three days afterwards, being the only distinct effect resulting from my little expedition.

My next essay was on Brighton Downs. My late defeat (for in a certain degree it was so) had taught me caution. Instead, therefore, of taking a full-grown horse, I selected a pony for this experiment, determining to choose one an inch higher every day, till I should gradually have acquired the power of managing an animal of the hugest dimensions. But I fear it is not in my destiny to excel in equestrian exercises: this second attempt was even less successful than the first. In order to give fair play to the principle I intended to adopt, I chose a pony so small, than when I was across him my feet nearly touched the ground, and it was a moot point whether I was riding, or walking with a pony between my legs. Scarcely had he tasted the sharp-fresh air of the Downs when he became frisky: he ran, and I ran; but as he was the swifter of the two, he soon (not threw me, but) ran from under me, leaving me for a few seconds standing a-straddle, as if I had been seated on an invisible horse. An attempt to overtake him would have been useless: so I gently walked back to town, calculating what it was likely I should have to pay for the lost pony. But what was my surprise, when, on arriving at his owner's door, I perceived my frisky and unfaithful bearer standing close at my elbow! Now, though we sometimes speak of horse-laughis, yet horses do not laugh; that is to say, they do not express their sense of the ridiculous by that vulgar convulsion peculiar to man: no, they evince it by a subtle and delicate variation of countenance; and I shall never believe otherwise than that at the moment I caught my pony's eye, he was enjoying a sly, Shandean, internal chuckle at the awkward situation his flight had left me in, and my evident confusion at his unexpected return. Since that time, I have never been able to look a horse in the face without blushing, from an inexplicable persuasion that the history of my misadventures in their company has got abroad among them, and serves as a standing jest to the whole race.

The reader may now form some idea of the state of my feelings as I approached the court-yard at Vilette. The ladies were specially invited to see me "turn and wind" this untameable courser, *à la mode Anglaise*. In great extremities slight consolations are eagerly caught at. I had never yet tried to ride in France! This was not much to be sure; yet it was sufficient to inspire me with the assurance that I should come out from the ordeal at something less than the cost of a broken neck. The very appearance of the animal added to my confidence. It was an im-

mense horse, finely proportioned, nearly seven feet tall from the ground to the crown of his head, of a dark snuff-colour, with a long, bushy, waving tail, and a beautiful head of hair floating loosely in the morning breeze. I had just put one foot in the stirrup, and was preparing to swing myself into the saddle, when the intelligent creature slowly turned its head and darted at me a look——! There was in it more than whole hours of human language; it was eloquence refined into an essence which rendered words unnecessary; its single glance spoke plainly of Weybridge and of Brighton Downs! It combined all the forms of oratory, but persuasion and entreaty were its great characteristics. There was besides an appeal from the animal's consciousness of his own strength to my consciousness of my weakness; and his mute oration concluded with an exhortation, that I would spare him the pain of dislodging me from his encumbered loins; an event which, considering my usual and involuntary deference to the will or caprice of my quadruped companion, it would be beyond all horse-een power to avoid. To me, experienced in these matters, all this was distinctly uttered. I found it would be useless to proceed; so, submitting to the necessity of the case, I made a start, bent myself double, complained of a violent spasm, and hastily returned to my chamber. "*C'est pour un autre jour*," said Monsieur de V——, as he motioned for Hector to be led back to the stable; and the equestrian honour of England survived another day.

An hour or two after the departure of the cavalry, I found myself *sufficiently recovered to quit my room*, and sallied forth to enjoy the country after my own fashion. I sat down first under one clump, then another, strolled about the meadow, the farm-yard (taking a long turn to avoid the stable), loitered by the side of a little winding rivulet, betook myself to its rustic bridge, and indulged freely in the *pontial* luxuries I have before alluded to; next I went to the kitchen ground, watched the operations of the gardener, and from him learnt the names of various flowers; also to distinguish roots and plants while growing, such as potatoes, asparagus, turnips, carrots, and others; which I was astonished to find so different from what they appear to be when served up at table. Several fruit-trees, too, he taught me to tell one from another, almost as readily by their forms and leaves, as by the inspection of the fruit they bear,—the latter mode being so easy and obvious as to satisfy none but the veriest cockney. These are the true uses and pleasures of a visit to the country, at least they are all I am, or desire to be, acquainted with; and in the enjoyment of them did I pass the hours till dinner time.

At dinner, many were the expressions of regret at the accident which had prevented my showing the party the English mode of taming the spirit of a high-blooded horse: and impatiently did they look forward to the morrow, when the exhibition might take place. So did not I. In what was called the *cool* of the evening—the thermometer, which for part of the day had been standing at 94, being then about 83—a walk was proposed. I thanked my stars that it was not a ride. After this, the evening was spent in the real French fashion. Everybody, old and young, set to playing at *Colin Maillard* (blind-man's-buff); then Madame Saint V—— went to the piano-forte, and accompanied her daughter, Mademoiselle Alphonsine, in some pretty French romances; then everybody jumped up to play at puss-in-the-corner; then a game at *ecarté* was proposed, and while some were betting and others playing, a duet on the harp and piano-

\* I take the liberty of suggesting, that the terms Mr. P.\* uses to describe the horse are not those current in the stable. There it would be said, that the horse was bay, brown, or chestnut, of so many hands high, and his beautiful head of hair would be simply termed, the mane. "Floating loosely in the morning breeze," is a very pretty phrase, but highly inappropriate in matters of pure jockeyship. —P. D.

forte was performed by Mademoiselle Adèle d' G—and her sister Virginie; then everybody got up and danced (my spasms came on with greater violence than ever); then everybody called for sugar and water; and then everybody retired.

I did not sleep well. I suffered an attack of night-mare. In my dreams I saw Hector—I was on Brighton Down—at Weybridge. Nags' heads passed in rapid succession before me—centaurs—grotesque exaggerations of the horse form—even wooden hobby-horses, as if in mockery of me, joined the terrific procession. As soon as daylight broke I arose, and scarcely was I dressed, when Monsieur de V— came into my room: I expected to see Hector walk in after him; but it happened that Hector was not the subject of his errand. He and the other gentlemen were all going out a shooting, and were only waiting for me. For me! Under different circumstances, this would have been a dreadful visitation upon me; as it was, I considered it as rather a relief. I had never pulled a trigger in my life, except occasionally that of a pistol or an old musket, for the mere pleasure of firing them off. "What then!" thought I, "it is as easy to shoot at an object as to fire in the air; you have but to point your piece at a certain mark and pull the trigger, and, that done, the deuce is in it if the shot can't take care of themselves." A flask of improved double-proof gunpowder and (spite of my most earnest entreaties to the contrary) a double-barrelled Manton, with all his latest patent improvements, were delivered over to me. Ordinary powder, or an indifferent gun, would have furnished me with somewhat of an excuse in the very possible case of my failure; now, no chance was left me of concealing or disguising my want of skill; for, notwithstanding my confidence in the facility of the operation I was about to perform, I still thought that the dexterity acquired by long practice might be of some little advantage. I requested; I entreated; I could not think of appropriating to myself the best gun in the collection. It was all in vain: I was the only Englishman of the party; the gun had never yet had a fair trial: I was to show what *could* be done with it, "and," added Monsieur de V— in a whisper, "I wish to convince some of my incredulous friends here, that the stories I have related to them of what I have seen performed by English sportsmen are not altogether apocryphal." Finding my situation to be without remedy, I loaded my improved, patent, double-barrelled Manton; and, determined to keep certain odds in my favour, took care to put in plenty of shot. "It will be hard," thought I, "if among so many *one* does not tell." We sallied forth, and presently turned up a whole drove of partridges\*. I hastily presented my piece, and fired in among them at random, pulling both triggers at once. I killed nothing, but, to my great surprise and satisfaction, lamed three poor devils. This piece of cruelty, however, was unintentional, for so far from aiming at such delicate marks as their legs or wings, I had no intention of striking, *in particular*, any one of their bodies. The effect of this, my first sporting effort, seemed to excite some astonishment among my brother sportsmen; and well it might, for it astonished me. One person asked me, whether in England it was usual to fire among the birds, as I had done, scarcely allowing them time to rise? and another inquired whether English sportsmen usually fired off both barrels at once? To this I carelessly replied, that "Some did, and some did not;" and proceeded to reload my patent, improved, double-barrelled Manton. Scarcely had I done this, when a hare was perceived sitting at a very short distance: as a matter of politeness it was instantly pointed out to me. I levelled my piece and pulled the triggers: it missed fire.

\* Sportsmen do not talk of turning up droves of partridges: they spring co-veys. When P.\* has occasion to speak of numbers of oxen he may with safety use the word *droves*.—P.D.



This was, as they all said, *la malheur*; for the hare escaped. But even a patent, improved Manton will not go off, unless certain preparations are made to that end—the truth is, I had forgotten to prime it; add to which, another little irregularity, I had thrust my wadding into the barrels before I put in the powder. My sight is weak, and of very limited span: this, as I am informed, is a disadvantage in the field. It is not surprising, therefore, that my third shot was directed against what I mistook for a living creature of some kind or other, but which turned out to be a hat a labourer had suspended on the branch of a tree. Luckily I did it no injury, and Monsieur de V—, supposing I fired at it merely to create a laugh, and fired wide of it to avoid spoiling the poor man's property, laughed most heartily, at the same time applauding me for my consideration. I willingly left him in his error, and was proceeding to reload, when a servant came running up to me with a letter. The letter was from Paris, and *très pressée* being written on the outside, the man thought it might be of sufficient importance to warrant his interruption of my sports. It was of no sort of importance whatever, but, keeping that to myself, I made it my excuse to return to the house in order that I might answer it by that day's post. So delivering my improved, patent, double-barrelled Manton into what I knew to be more competent hands, I left the field amidst expressions of the deep regret of my companions, at finding my specimens of English shooting, like my exhibition of English horsemanship, deferred *till to-morrow*. Happy was I when I found myself once more tranquilly leaning over the railing of my dear little bridge, and consoling was the reflection that, as yet, the sporting honour of my country had suffered no impeachment at my hands; since, for anything my friends knew to the contrary, I might, had I but chosen to do so, have knocked down all the game in the *arrondissement*.

The next day promised to be to me one of pure and unmixed delight. What was my joy when, on waking, I heard the rain pouring down in torrents, with every appearance of its being what is called a thorough set-in-rainy day. "Well," thought I, "I shall see nothing of the cursed horses and guns to-day." We all met at breakfast, and I, by an unusual flow of spirits, revived those of the rest of the party, rather depressed by what they unjustly stigmatized as the unlucky fall of rain. It deranged all their projects. But their regrets were chiefly on my account: "How disappointing, how vexatious it must be to *Monsieur* that he can neither ride nor shoot to-day!" By repeated assurances that I could for once forego those delights, I succeeded in tranquillizing them. No sooner was breakfast ended, than *Madame St. V—* challenged me to a game at billiards. "*Ah ça, prenez garde, Madame,*" said Monsieur de V—, "the English are excellent players." "My torments," said I to myself, "are to know no end! Confound billiards! I never played a game in my life. Well—one is not obliged to be an admirable Crichton: up to this time they take me for an able horseman and an expert shot—surely that is enough, and I may venture to confess that I know nothing of billiards."—I did so: I was praised for my modesty. I protested my ignorance: *Madame* assured me that she was not *de la première force*, and consented to take six points at the onset. I persisted that I knew nothing of the game; *Madame* perceived that my objection to play against her arose from my conscious superiority, and said that to make it agreeable to me, she would take eight points—nay ten. We proceeded to the billiard-room. "Did I prefer the Russian or the French game?" Not knowing one from the other, I left it entirely to the choice of *Madame*, who chose—I really can't say which. In the course of about ten minutes' play, *Madame* counted seven, and I—as may be supposed—had not made a hit. My *complaisance* was the theme of general approbation. Presently, striking my ball with force, it happened to strike another, and by its rebound, happened to strike a third, and one of the three happened to roll

into a sack at the corner of the table. Here I was overwhelmed with applause; and half-stunned with shouts of "*C'est admirable! Oh! que c'est bien joué!*" My fair adversary remarked, that hitherto I had been *complaisant*, but that now I was growing *méchant*. My *complaisance*, however, soon returned, and in a few minutes she won the game, without my having again made one ball strike another. Nothing now was heard of but my *complaisance*. Madame Saint V— was charmed at my *politesse*: I had allowed her to win the game, playing only one *coup*, just to prove what I was capable of doing; but she begged that next time I would not treat her so much like a child, but put forth my strength against her, as she was anxious to improve. The result of this was the proposal of a match for the next day between me and Monsieur L— (a celebrated player,) but with a particular stipulation, that I should give him two points at starting. The day now went very rainily and pleasantly on, and I was tolerably at my ease, except when, every now and then, I was appealed to to decide some sporting question, or settle some dispute concerning the breed and management of horses. However, I contrived to get through tolerably well *considering*, by saying little and shaking my head significantly—a method I have seen adopted with success in much graver matters.

For three or four days after this, it rained charmingly. Those showers were to me more than figuratively the "pitying dews of heaven;" for though each morning I was threatened with the infliction of some new party of pleasure on me, either *à cheval* or *à la chasse*, the state of the weather prevented the execution of the sentence. Night and morning did I consult the barometer—(a Dollond suspended in the *salle à manger*)—which for two whole days pointed steadfastly to "much rain." My sleep was tranquil,—my spirits were buoyant. On the third day, to my great consternation, the faithless index wavered towards "changeable." My visits to the instrument now became more frequent; and had I had "Argosies at sea," I could not have watched its variations with a more feverish anxiety. On one of these occasions I was foused from my musings by a tap on the back. It was from the hand of Monsieur de V—. "*Ah! mon cher*," said he, "I don't wonder at your impatience; but fine weather is returning, and then we'll make up for lost time—*nous nous amuserons bien, allez*." The fine weather did, indeed, return! The barometer had now reached "fair," and was rapidly approaching towards "set fair." Something was necessary to be done, and that speedily. But what? I could not always affect a sudden attack of spasms, nor dared I repeat my unintended joke of mistaking a hat for a partridge; I could not reasonably hope for the arrival of a letter from Paris always at the critical moment; and should I continue to treat Madame Saint V— like a child, by allowing her to win every game at billiards, my *complaisance* would become an offence.

On the first morning of fair weather, I arose with a heavy heart. All night had I tossed about in my bed, unable to imagine a decent excuse for withdrawing myself from my sporting friends. To confess my utter incompetency (apparently the most rational way of putting an end to my torments,) I felt to be impossible; I was ashamed—laugh, reader, if you please,—but I was ashamed to do so. Besides, the character of a keen and expert sportsman had been thrust upon me; and, as matters stood, my most solemn protestations, that I was unentitled to any sort of claim to it, would have been disbelieved, and, most likely, attributed to an overstrained and affected modesty. Yet something must be done, and, humiliating as such an avowal would be, should I boldly venture it? In the event of its being discredited, should I shoot a favourite dog, or maim my friend, or one of my friend's friends, to prove its veracity? So desperate a case would warrant the application of a violent remedy. I left my room without having brought my mind to a decision, unless the gloomy

resolution of running the hazards of the day is worthy the term. On my way to where the party was assembled, I passed the *garde-de-chasse*: he was occupied in cleaning my Manton: I beheld it with such feelings as I should have entertained had I been condemned to be shot with it. The *garde* bowed to me with marked respect: *Monsieur l'Anglais* had been mentioned to him as a marvellous fine shot; and he accorded me a fitting share of his estimation.

"*Le voila—allons—vite—partons,*" was the cry the instant I was perceived by *Monsieur de V—*. There was no mention of Hector; that was something; shooting was to be the amusement of the day. The patent, improved, double-barrelled Manton was given to me, and I received it almost unconscious of what I was about. We had just reached the *Perron*, the double flight of steps leading into the court-yard, when a thought flashed across my mind, as it were by inspiration. I pounced upon it with a sort of desperate avidity, and, as if delay would have diminished its force, I as hastily gave it utterance, "I am not disposed to shoot to-day; I've just a whim to go a fishing." "*Parbleu!*" said *Monsieur de V—*, "just as you will, my dear; in the country *liberté entière*: I'll give you my own tackle." Accordingly he re-entered the house, and presently returned with two or three rods, and different kinds of lines, hooks, floats, &c. "There," said he, "you may now angle for what fish you choose, and you'll find abundance of all sorts, great and small, in the canal." My delight at this relief is not to be described. I knew as little about angling as about shooting, but (thought I) by fishing, or seeming to fish, I am in no danger of compromising my reputation; I have seen many an angler, and expert ones too, sit, from morning till night, bobbing into a pond, and after all return with an empty basket, their skill suffering no stain from their want of success. I have merely to say, as I have heard them say, "Curse 'em, they won't bite." But my delight was of short duration. Conceive my horror and consternation, when I heard *Monsieur de V—* call out to the cook, "*Monsieur Goulard, you need not fricassée the hare to-day, Monsieur P.\* is going to fish; so you'll dress a pike or two, à la maître d'hôtel, make a matelote of some of his carp, and fry the rest.*" Here was dinner for a party made to depend upon the rather uncertain result of my first attempt at angling! The misfortune was of my own seeking, and there was no escape. *Monsieur de V—* recommended me to take Etienne, the gardener's son, with me, to help me in unhooking the large fish, else, said he, "As they are in such quantities, and bite so fast, you'll very soon be fatigued." We separated: he and the rest to shoot hares and partridges, I to catch pike and carp.

Now was I once again left without any of those excuses for failure, which, like an different workman, I might have derived from the badness of my tools. Hector was the best horse in France; my gun was a patent, improved, doubled-barrelled Manton; and my fishing tackle, plague on it! perfect and complete. To add to my distress, the fish abounded; they had the reputation of biting well, and be hanged to them! and the only thing an angler could complain of was, that they bit so fast as to destroy the pleasure of the sport. On my way to the canal I endeavoured to reason myself into composure. "Surely there can be no great difficulty in what I am now about to perform: I have but to bait my hook, throw it into the water, and the instant a fish bites at it, pull him out." From a sort of misgiving, however, which my best arguments failed to conquer, I thought it prudent to dismiss Etienne, desiring him to leave the basket (and they had furnished me with one sufficiently capacious to contain Falstaff,) telling him I would call him in the event of my hooking any fish beyond my strength to manage. *Monsieur de V—* had not deceived me. Scarcely had I thrown my bait into the water ere it was caught at; I drew in my line, and found my hook void. A second, and

a third, and a twentieth, and a fiftieth experiment succeeded in precisely the same manner. I no sooner renewed my bait than it was snatched with perfect impunity. Had the cursed fry passed by it without deigning to notice it, I might have consoled myself with examples of similar occurrences; but to catch it, and give me fair notice of their intention to abscond with it by a gentle tug at my line, was provoking beyond bearing; it would have exhausted the patience of Izaak Walton himself. Notwithstanding my regard for Monsieur de V——, I began to tire of feeding his fishes; and suspected that I must be cutting a ridiculous figure in the eyes of the finny tribe; in short, that they were making what is vulgarly termed a dead set against me. I varied my manner; I increased, I diminished, the quantity of my bait; I tried different sorts; now and then I tempted them with the bare hook, but all was to no purpose. After four hours of unrewarded efforts (in the course of which time I was once on the point of calling Etienne to assist me in pulling in what proved to be a tuft of weeds), I had the mortification to find dangling at the end of my line a wretched miserable little gudgeon, two inches long, which had caught itself—I have not the vanity to suppose I caught it—upon my hook. Though in itself worse than nothing, I received it as a promise of better fortune, and threw the tiny fish into my huge basket, whence, to say the truth, it looked an epigram at me. But this was the beginning and the ending of my prosperity. At the expiration of another four hours I was joined by Monsieur de V——. On looking into the basket, he said that I had done right in sending the others up to the house. I assured him that the fish he detected at the bottom was the only one I had caught. He burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, saying, he saw through the jest at once; that I was a *farceur*, and had thrown all the large fish back again into the canal as fast as I had drawn them out, for the sake of the caricature of so small a fish in so large a basket. I insisted that that one fish was the sole result of my day's labour. No, no. The English were expert anglers; the canal was abundantly stocked, I had exhausted all my bait, and he was certain of the trick. Goulard was ordered to cook the hare. The *plaisanterie* of my one little gudgeon in the huge basket was frequently repeated in the course of dinner, and applauded as a most humorous jest. One of the party, however, observed, that though he admired the joke, he thought a *matelote de carpe* would have been a better; and proposed that, as I had deprived them of a service of fish, I should be punished by the deduction of half an hour from my next day's *ride*, which time I should occupy in providing fish for the dinner.

Already was I suffering by anticipation the morrow's torments, when a servant entered with a bundle of newspapers and letters just arrived from Paris. Among them was a letter for me. I read it, and affecting considerable surprise and concern, declared that I must leave Vilette early the next morning on business which would admit of no delay. Entreaties that I would stay but to enjoy one day's shooting—one day's trial of Hector—were unavailing,—I was resolved. But it was not without great difficulty that I succeeded in resisting Monsieur de V——'s pressing offer to lend me Hector, to carry me back to Paris, which mode of conveyance, he assured me, would save me much time, though I should even sleep one night on the road, as Hector would fly with me like an eagle.

The next morning I took my departure, after having passed a week in unspeakable torments, where I had expected to spend a month in tranquillity and repose: and by one of those whimsical chains of circumstances, to which many persons, with a certain prejudice in their favour, have been indebted for the reputation of possessing great talents, without ever having given any distinct manifestation of them, I left behind me the reputation of being the most expert horseman, the surest shot, the best and politest billiard player, and the most dexterous angler, that had ever visited Vilette.

P.

# OH, TAKE ME A BOX AT THE OPERA.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I.

Oh take me a box at the Opera,  
In the tier above the pit;  
I must premise I'd not consent  
Three stories high to sit:  
I like the box at the bend of the house—  
You well know the box I mean;  
'Tis not so much to *hear* and *see*,  
'As to be *heard* and seen.

II.

Yet I'm so fond of an Opera!  
Sweet sounds are my heart's delight!  
But recollect I don't *object*  
To chatter all the night:  
I have such a musical soul, no noise  
Can the sweet illusion baulk;  
I like the songs the more I think,  
The more the people talk!

III.

And whenever we go to the Opera,  
I really must engage  
To have the seat I most prefer,  
The seat that's next the stage:  
I know some think the other is best,  
But *that's* a place divine,  
If you have a graceful turn of the head,  
And a hand and arm—*like mine*.

IV.

When you've taken the box at the Opera,  
Go—do as you like, my dear,—  
At Croc' Ford's dine, play all night long,  
I'll never interfere.  
I shall always fill my box, of course,  
With a few *distinguishé* men;  
But if you *knock*, *perhaps* we may  
Admit you *now and then*.

V.

We *must* have a box at the Opera,  
And one that is large enough;  
For it will help to get dear Jane  
And sweet Maria off.  
And when I *seem* to be flirting in front,  
Of course you will bear in mind,  
'Tis *only*, my dear, that I turn a deaf ear  
To those who are flirting *behind*.

# CHARLES LAMB

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

WE have been favoured, by the kindness of Mr. Upcott, with the following sketch, written in one of his manuscript collections, by Charles Lamb. It will be read with deep interest by all, but with the deepest interest by those who had the honour and the happiness of knowing the writer. It is so singularly characteristic, that we can scarcely persuade ourselves we do not hear it, as we read, spoken from his living lips. Slight as it is, it conveys the most exquisite and perfect notion of the personal manner and habits of our friend. For the intellectual rest, we lift the veil of its noble modesty, and can even here discern them. Mark its humour, crammed into a few thinking words; its pathetic sensibility in the midst of contrast; its wit, truth, and feeling; and, above all, its fanciful retreat at the close under a phantom cloud of death. Of the last we shall remark hereafter.—

“ Charles Lamb, born in the Inner Temple, 10th February, 1775, educated in Christ’s Hospital; afterwards a clerk in the Accountants’ Office, East India House; pensioned off from that service, 1825, after thirty-three years’ service; is now a gentleman at large;—can remember few specialties in his life worth noting, except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste sud manû*); below the middle stature; cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism or a poor quibble, than in set and edifying speeches; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit; which, as he told a dull fellow that charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dullness. A small eater but not drinker; confesses a partiality for the production of the juniper berry; was a fierce smoker of tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff. Has been guilty of obtruding upon the public a tale in prose, called *Rosamund Gray*; a dramatic sketch, named *John Woodvil*; a *Farewell Ode to Tobacco*; with sundry other poems, and light prose matter, collected in two slight crown octavos, and pompously christened his works, though in fact they were his recreations, and his true works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall-street, filling some hundred folios. He is also the true *Elia*, whose essays are extant in a little volume, published a year or two since, and rather better known from that name without a meaning, than from any thing he has done, or can hope to do, in his own. He also was the first to draw the public attention to the old English Dramatists, in a work called “*Specimens of English Dramatic Writers*,” who lived about the time of Shakspeare, published about fifteen years since. In short, all his merits and demerits to set forth, would take to the end of Mr. Upcott’s book, and then not be told truly.

“ He died 18 much lamented.”

“ Witness his hand, CHARLES LAMB.

“ 18th April, 1827.”

“ \* To anybody—please to fill up these blanks.”

Reader! there is more in those blanks, which C. L. desires you to "fill up," and in that phrase of "much lamented," than you may be disposed to feel. It seems a merry jest with death; but it was here, as in most matters, wherein he raised mirth from all around him, the result of a train of very pensive and melancholy imagery in his own fancy. As he wrote those words, we can conceive him at his old task of counting the probabilities of his duration, and clinging to them one by one. He wrote them only that he might seem to face the worst, as it were, and meet death in the spirit of life. "Much lamented!"—no immodest anticipation of grief in others, but the melancholy betrayal of his own! Let us listen to him on another occasion, speaking on this subject:—"In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away 'like a weaver's shuttle.' Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends. To be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave! \*\*\* I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have wooed death—but out upon thee, I say, thou foul ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Father John) give thee to six-score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned, as a universal viper;—to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy *Privation*, or more frightful and confounding *Positive*."

We linger with the reader over this personal talk of our friend. It brings us face to face with him once more. It almost assures us, in its living strength of feeling, that its writer is, perhaps, not as we imagine him—dead; that his immortal part spoke truly, and now vindicates its word, living in enjoyment and to enjoy; that he himself, it may be, is as strong again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. But no—this we would rather not have. We wish to see him again just as he used to be—in his very habit as he lived—and to enjoy his friendship elsewhere with the same smiling indications which conveyed it to us here—the recognizable face—the "sweet assurance of a look."

In the interesting sketch we have been allowed to quote, the reader finds we trust, in so far as it is possible, a corroboration of the feeble tribute we have already endeavoured to pay to the personal and intellectual character of Charles Lamb. The infirmities we then touched on were here confessed in a manly and most touching spirit. For he never cared to keep what human follies he might have, buried selfishly with himself—he never palliated, or shuffled, or equivocated with them—he never entrenched them strongly, as he might have done, in concealment—nor cared to "present no mark to the foe-man." A scanty mark after all do they present, and very slight occasion for any puling apology,

or ill-placed defending! All that need be said with reference to them we have said already.

The allusion to tobacco and his fond mention of the "Farewell Ode," intimate how much at one time he was a slave of the GREAT PLANT. We are able to complete the autobiographical confession on this point, by a very remarkable extract from one of his uncollected writings. We never read anything more striking or powerful. Alluding to the decline of his taste in one particular, he describes the sudden affection with which it started up towards another:—"The devil could not have devised a more subtle trap to re-take a backsliding penitent. The transition from gulping down draughts of liquid fire, to puffing out innocuous blasts of dry smoke, was so like cheating him. But he is too hard for us when we hope to commute. He beats us at a barter; and when we think to set off a new failing against an old infirmity, 'tis odds but he puts the trick upon us of two for one. That comparatively white devil of tobacco brought with him in the end seven worse than himself." Again, in a strain if possible more impressive, Charles Lamb speaks—"I should repel my readers, from a mere incapacity of believing me, were I to tell them what tobacco has been to me, the drudging service which I have paid, the slavery which I have bowed to it. How, when I have resolved to quit it, a feeling as of ingratitude has started up; how it has put on personal claims, and made the demands of a friend on me. How the reading of it casually in a book, as, where Adams takes his whiff in the chimney-corner of some inn, in "Joseph Andrews," or Piscator, in the "Complete Angler," breaks his fasts upon a morning pipe in that delicate room *Piscatoribus Sacrum*, has in a moment broken down the resistance of weeks. How a pipe was ever in my midnight path before me, till the vision forced me to realise it;—how then its ascending vapours curled, its fragrance lulled, and the thousand delicious ministrings conversant about it, employing every faculty, extracted the sense of pain. How from illuminating it came to darken, from a quick solace it turned to a negative relief, thence to a restlessness and dissatisfaction, thence to a positive misery. How, even now, when the whole secret stands confessed in all its dreadful truth before me, I feel myself linked to it beyond the power of revocation. Bone of my bone!"

This picture exceeds every thing we have read or seen, every thing that could be described or painted. It is indeed a voice crying out of the black depths to those who have set foot in the perilous flood.

We have been betrayed into setting before the reader a few autobiographical hints from the personal history of Charles Lamb,—we hope and believe not unprofitably.

We have a remark to make in conclusion. It will be seen that in the sketch with which we commenced, there is a confession of the true authorship of "Elia." We trust that this will not induce the proprietor of a celebrated "Annual" to withdraw his next year's volume from the hands of a very fair and most accomplished writer, although it was only intrusted to them in the hope of thereby securing the invaluable services of a noble viscount, whose essays, "~~written~~ while Mr. Lamb" attracted such general approbation.



## CANNING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

He rose—a veteran, proud of honest scars ;  
 He stood—a bard, with lightning in his look ;  
 He spoke—Apollo had the voice of Mars :  
 His frown all hope from phalanx'd faction took,  
 While flash'd his satire, like a falchion bared,  
 On all who meanly thought, or basely dared.  
 He spoke and died. And therefore must the sky  
 Return to sunless, moonless, starless night ?  
 And therefore must the hopes of Commerce fly  
 To climes unsatrap'd ? Oh, departing light,  
 Linger awhile ! thy loveliness is might,  
 And youth, and glory. Earth, from east to west,  
 Uplift thy multitudinous hands in pray'r !  
 Laugh, stormy Russ ! to thee the worst is best,  
 Shout, foes of mah ! the scourge and rack prepare !  
 But Erin, there is hope in *thy* despair.  
 And Freedom ! faint not thou, though Canning dies.  
 Weak is the state, and tottering to its fall,  
 That on *one* mind for strength and life relies ;  
 That state shall be an omen unto all  
 Who stand not self-supported, and appal  
 Ev'n tyrants, blindly digging their own graves,  
 But Freedom's hope, when other hope is none,  
 Calm, or perturb'd, remains ; like winds and waves,  
 Alike surviving battles lost or won ;  
 More deathless than the dust of Marathon.

## TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS.

BY THE SAME.

Ye living gems of cold and fragrant fire !  
 Die ye for ever, when ye die, ye flowers ?  
 Take ye, when in your beauty ye expire,  
 An everlasting farewell of your bowers ?  
 Have I not seen thee, wild rose, in my dreams,  
 Like a pure spirit—beauteous as the skies—  
 When the deep blue is brightest, and the streams  
 Dance down the hills, reflecting the rich dyes  
 Of morning clouds, and cistus woodbine—twined—  
 Didst thou not wake me from a dream of death ?  
 Yea, and thy voice was sweeter than the wind  
 When it inhales the love-sick violet's breath,  
 Bending it down with kisses, where the bee  
 Hums over golden gorse and sunny broom.  
 Soul of the rose ! what said'st thou then to me ?  
 "We meet," thou said'st, "though sever'd by the tomb :  
 Lo, brother, this is Heav'n ! and thus the just shall bloom !"

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## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Continental Chances and Changes—The Dissenters—Correction and Corruption—  
Imprisonment for Debt—Brutalizing Effects of War—Frequency of Oaths—  
Lawyers and their Clients—Civic Sagacity—The Profession of Literature—  
Notice to Phrenologists.

CONTINENTAL CHANCES AND CHANGES.—Austria has lost its Emperor: the sovereign death, and not the sovereign people, however, removed him from his throne. Prince Metternich continues to be the real ruler of the empire, having made peace with the new monarch, to the great comfort of all persons who hold offices in his realm. Ferdinand has declared there shall be "no changes," and that he will govern as did his father before him; that is to say, with as much freedom on the one side and as little on the other as shall consist with the safety and welfare of both. In Portugal, "the happiest couple upon earth" think more about love than politics, and give little heed to Don Miguel and the apostolics. The Queen Regent of Spain, although busied also with love—*par amours*—has weightier concerns upon her hands. M. Mina, the liberal, is playing the cards so as to lose the honours even if he wins the trick—a matter by no means certain until the game is finished. Russia is acting the part of the cat, that never pounces on her prey until she has a sure spring at a fitting distance. Switzerland is going to loggerheads with herself, thinking it hard that she cannot have a quarrel of some kind or other with something or somebody. Jonathan is considering about a genuine war; preparing advertisements for the sale of French vessels, and ruminating over the notion of profitable "reprisals." In France there has been another ministerial "kick up;" but of the chances and changes in this kingdom of Louis Philippe we are heartily sick. It is clear, however, that France may teach a useful lesson to England, on the principle of the good old English couplet—

"Learn to be wise by others' harm,  
And you will do full well."

King Stork has turned out less agreeable than King Log—but then he is more powerful; and the heroes of "the three days"—the frogs of the French metropolis—find it a difficult matter to get rid of him, now that Jupiter Lafayette is an absentee. Louis Philippe is, beyond question, the most absolute of European monarchs, not excepting the despots of the North and of the East. It is true he cannot procure an appetite by enjoying the goodly prospect of a sack full of ears, or listening to the welcome music of a thousand Poles clanking their chains,—but he can fetter the press, and put a gag in the mouths of free speakers;—they can do no more in Russia or in Turkey. Willingly would the French take back Charles Dix, and sign indentures of apprenticeship, for other seven years, to Polignac and Company, who lost their freedom and perilled their heads for attempting a tithe of what the citizen king has done. They asked for King Stork—and they have him.

**THE DISSENTERS.**—The Dissenters' Marriage Bill, in progress through the House of Commons, has given almost universal satisfaction. The evil of which they complained was certainly less real than imaginary; and we venture to assert, that when a "happy couple" is enabled by law to dispense with the assistance of a clergyman of the Established Church, in nine cases out of ten his help will, notwithstanding, be required to "tie with the tongue a knot which the teeth cannot unloose." Still the fancied disadvantage was perhaps of as much moment as if it had been an actual grievance, and the legislature will do well to remove it. It is important that all classes should be made aware of the change proposed, and we therefore give an outline of the ministerial plan:—

"The details lie in a very small compass. They *compel* all persons dissenting from the Established Church to enter into the contract of marriage before a magistrate, making marriage, therefore, in their case, *legally* a civil contract; but the parties are of course permitted to go afterwards to the parish church, or to their own places of worship and fulfil the religious ceremonies ordained by the spiritual authorities who preside in them. Thus the form of marriage with regard to the members of the Church of England remains unaltered. With regard to Dissenters, the State merely requires the security of a civil contract for the protection of the community (not less of that part of it which dissents than of that which conforms)—and for the rest, that is to say, with regard to religious forms of whatever kind, or the absence of religious forms of all kinds, the Dissenters are left to take what course they please.—The Right Hon. Baronet justified this mode of cutting the knot which preceding statesmen have broken their fingers in trying to untie, by showing that previous to Lord Hardwick's Bill, in 1754, the law of this country had ever sanctioned marriage as a *civil* contract. The measure will enact, that in the case of parties being Dissenters and objecting to be married according to the forms of the Church of England, it shall be competent for them to go before a magistrate of the hundred in which one of them has resided for more than seven days past, and declare their intention of entering into the married state. An oath, similar to that taken in applying for a marriage license now, will be required on the first visit to the magistrate. The oath will set forth the name and place of residence of the party—will declare that he is not a member of the Church of England, and that he objects to be married according to the rites of that church:—that he has dwelt in such and such a place for seven days past; that the parties are of age, or that they have the consent of their parents or guardians, &c., and that there is no lawful impediment to the marriage. Within any period after such application to the magistrate, not less than fourteen days, nor more than three months, the parties may again present themselves before the magistrates, and go through a simple form of civil contract, signing a declaration that they consider themselves to be man and wife. This will constitute a legal marriage under the measures of Sir R. Peel. It remains only to add to this summary of the bill, that the magistrate before whom the marriage takes place will be required to transmit the declaration of marriage to the parson of the parish, who will be required to register it in the same manner as he registers marriages solemnized by himself. The fees in the whole will amount to 7*s.*, of which 2*s.* are to be paid to the magistrate, and 5*s.* to the parson."

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**CORRECTION AND CORRUPTION.**—To whatever extent, and in whatever direction, crime may be on the increase, it is certain that the atro-

cious and abominable practice of sleeping at the steps of doors for want of shelter and beds, is in no degree diminishing under the benign influences of the Poor-Law Amendment Act; nor is it likely to be lessened, so long as magistrates persevere in their present course of commitment. We select from at least fifty distressing examples which the records of destitution have this month presented, the case of a boy of fourteen, who was found sleeping under the Piazza in Covent Garden. To the questions put to him, the boy replied—that his parents were dead; that he was totally friendless, and that he had several times made application at the different workhouses, where he was refused admittance or even relief; he had no other place to take shelter, but where the policeman found him. Mr. Halls determined upon sending the poor lad to the House of Correction for a week; at the expiration of his imprisonment, an order was to be granted to convey him to whatever parish he came from! Now, in the name of common sense and common humanity, why did not Mr. Halls grant this order for the removal of the boy to his parish at once? Why send a youth, who is described as being “intelligent” and of “interesting appearance,” to prison for seven days—simply for being destitute? The House of Correction in such a case is a house of corruption. However sound when he entered, this forlorn and friendless boy will scarcely escape the infection of such a place. At the expiration of his sentence, he will carry the moral pestilence with him to his parish workhouse, or, what is more likely, join one of the numerous London gangs of juvenile depredators. What else is to be looked for? Yet Mr. Halls only did what most of his brother-philanthropists are daily in the habit of doing under similar circumstances.

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IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.—The exertions of Sir John Campbell to procure the abolition of this monstrous law, have entitled him to the gratitude of men of all parties. Sir John now stands, with reference to the question, in a far stronger position than was occupied by Sir Samuel Romilly, just as Sir Samuel was enabled to strengthen his case beyond the position taken up by Edmund Burke. So do the labours of such statesmen strengthen and assist each other. No exertion made for humanity, no matter how unfavourable the season, was ever entirely lost. He who makes it may be baffled in a thousand ways—but he has, at all events, awakened inquiry, and sown seeds which are indestructible. He has his reward. He feels that his successors in the great work will continue to animate and encourage the spirit which he has raised and created; he knows that where a cause is good, its progress may be slow, but it must be certain; and he dies contented, although the generation present may not witness its final triumph, because he is certain that its great purpose is to all intents attained for the benefit of a generation to follow. It is this which enables us to contemplate the struggles of the generous and laborious life of Romilly with the consolation that they were not made in vain.

The most savage and unnecessary of all the bad laws which have disgraced the English statute-book, we have always felt to be this law of imprisonment for simple debt, unaccompanied with circumstances of fraud. It is frightful to think of the huge amount of misery it has

entailed on the world. "The moral elements of evil combined by it," as was well remarked the other day, "defy calculation." The acquirement of debasing habits, the compulsory desertion of families, the whole train of distresses and immoralities, springing from helpless poverty, are daily caused by that arbitrary power over the debtor's person, which, as Sir John Campbell truly observed, "being lodged in the hands of all men indiscriminately, was in an especial degree liable to be abused." And what are the advantages purchased at such a price? The security of property? Most assuredly, were that so, we should pause before we touched the state of things under which it was secured. It is the main prop of society and civilization. But we deny the assertion altogether. We will admit, for the sake of an extreme view of the argument on the other side, that an immense number of persons escape imprisonment as it is, through the hesitation or benevolence of their creditors, and we feel very strongly how unjust it would be if there were no adequate restraint upon men who would take worse advantages;—but state the case even thus, and our claims, the claims of those who seek the repeal of this law, remain as forcible as ever. We do not think that there should be no adequate punishment in the cases alluded to, but we do think that the present mode is inadequate in point of effect, because it is too severe and cruel in its means against the honest debtor, and too weak and unavailing against the dishonest. We would strengthen the law against the one, and relax it in favour of the other. Take away half the power of creditors, and you double their caution—and in proportion as you double their caution you double the credit of honest men by diminishing the success of the dishonest. Raise up a new system which shall step in between the poor man and the knave—which shall equalize the law, where occasion requires it, between the offence (where it is so) and the punishment, and between the punishment and the effect. For those whose only crime is debt, surely when we have stripped them of all they have, we should do no more. We should leave them their sorrows, which are sacred, and not be their's in vain: we should allow them to go forth and try to begin anew, and not keep them like brute beasts to their cages, bereft of all opportunity, and beaten down by those very faculties which might regenerate themselves, and give retribution to others.

We could quote a long list of illustrious men whose opinions have been recorded strongly against the continuance of the present system. The most charitable bitterness with which Sir Walter Scott invariably treated it, will be fresh in the memory of all. There is a very remarkable passage referring to it even in the "*Fortunes of Nigel*."

We trust that the details of the new bill, in so far as they affect the more simple recovery of debts, will be very carefully considered. Creditors have been obliged too long to put up with the miseries which Voltaire has so exquisitely illustrated in his "*Zadig*." We must no longer, on the recovery of some debt of "four hundred ounces" have only three hundred and ninety-eight retained to defray the expenses of justice; and then be called on by the servants for their fees out of the remaining two. It is surely time to change all that; and this is a portion of the reform to which there will be, we apprehend, the least objection.

**BRUTALIZING EFFECTS OF WAR.**—We have had no proof of this in modern times so striking, as that which Mina is at this moment offering, by his conduct in the disturbed provinces of Spain. We advert to it in no disrespect towards that General; it is only the more emphatic evidence of the frightful and enormous evils attending in the train of war, that they could have betrayed a man, esteemed as Mina has been for all the more amiable characteristics of life, into a system of such ferocious and unrelenting cruelty. We are not of those who would hastily complain of evil, when perhaps it may be only working itself out into some shape of good; but these are horrors which we confess we cannot reconcile by any such hope. We know Mina's purpose to be good—we wish it to be successfully attained—but we cannot bring ourselves to think that the “working out a pure intent” can ever be wisely accomplished by such “most dreaded instrument,” nor that the Deity has ever owned in any cause, the virtuouslest or holiest, Carnage as his daughter. Can any one read the following passage from Mina's last proclamation to the people of Navarre, in which he tells the story of his own atrocious cruelty, without shuddering and disgust? It bears the date of the 14th of March.

“From this day the real war of Navarre commences. The village of Lacaroz, which, betraying her Majesty and the country, and avowedly protecting the foes that torture it, had, until this day, in contempt for existing laws, concealed the arms and ammunition of the factious, its inhabitants flying on the approach of our troops, and refusing to communicate, in compliance with my injunctions, the enemy's movement. *Lacaroz has this day been given up a prey to the flames. Its inhabitants have been shot, one out of every five, as a punishment for their crime. The same fate awaits the whole population, and every individual that shall follow the example of Lacaroz, and by dint of arms I shall extirpate a criminal, obstinate, and shameful rebellion, unless you join me that am still inclined to pardon you. Navarrese, remember that I know how to fulfil my promise!*”

This is indeed a fearful way of showing it. The only crime of these poor creatures, it will be remembered, is that of fidelity to an adverse cause—misplaced devotion it may be—but still devotion, warm, disinterested, and true. Surely it is high time to find out some better way of administering justice in such cases. It is a hard thing that we cannot free the poor from their mistakes without at the same moment freeing them also from their lives. The effect of these proceedings of Mina will prove, however, we have no doubt, directly hostile to his cause; already, indeed, we see it noticed in the “Memorial Bordelais,” that the extreme terror spread throughout the country has had the effect of swelling rather than diminishing the ranks of the insurgents.

Since our attention was directed to this subject, we have received a small volume on the eve of publication, “Captain Sword and Captain Pen,” written by Mr. Leigh Hunt for the purpose of unveiling these horrors of war, and of showing the inutility of its sufferings. The contents of the book are made up of equal portions of poetry and prose, set forth with remarkable power and effect—the poetry dashed with some of the deepest touches we have ever felt, and the prose earnest and nobly reasoned. This is only another advance from Mr. Hunt in that great field

of humane endeavour where he has passed his life, and in whose happy results, hereafter, his name will be gratefully remembered.

"Did war appear to me," says Mr. Hunt, "an inevitable evil, I should be one of the last men to show it in any other than its holiday clothes. I can appeal to writings before the public to testify whether I am in the habit of making the worst of anything, or of not making it yield its utmost amount of good. My inclinations, as well as my reason, lie all that way. I am a passionate and grateful lover of all the beauties of the universe, moral and material; and the chief business of my life is to endeavour to give others the like fortunate affection. But, on the same principle, I feel it my duty to look evil in the face, in order to discover if it be capable of amendment; and I do not see why the miseries of war are to be spared this interrogation, simply because they are frightful and enormous. Men get rid of smaller evils which lie in their way—nay, of great ones; and there appears to be no reason why they should not get rid of the greatest, if they will but have the courage."

**FREQUENCY OF OATHS.**—We wish some member would bring this subject before the House of Commons. We are convinced that it has had the worst and most brutalizing effect on the morals of the common people. The old neighbourhood of contempt and familiarity is here, as elsewhere. The odious and disgusting practice of resorting to oaths on all common and mean occasions has rendered them comparatively unavailing in matters of higher concern. A man is obliged to swear at a police-office that he had had breakfast that morning. So when John Bull, in Dr. Arbuthnot's admirable and most classical satire, goes down to take possession of Ecclesdown Castle, he forces the servants into an oath of their "regard" for him. We recommend the instance to Mr. Laing. "Are you all glad to see me?" "Yes, Sir." "Very glad?" "Very glad indeed, Sir." "Swear to me that you are so." We dare not go on with the dialogue; but the servants most cordially began to plunge themselves into the most dreadful horrors if they were not glad to see their master at Ecclesdown Castle! It is unnecessary to recommend the application.

**LAWYERS AND THEIR CLIENTS.**—Indignation which is paid for, may be as effective, and we suppose it is, as the most virtuous and disinterested indignation; but, it must be confessed, it requires extreme caution in the administering. We recollect an old poet on the point:—

- \* "False dice will run as smooth as truest bones;  
Fine-fil'd tongues deceive plain people oft;  
Fondlings may take pure glass for precious stones.

It will be observed, however, that all this intimates great caution. The pure glass must be preserved from falling, or everything is betrayed. A most unfortunate case of this sort, yet ludicrous withal, occurred the other day in the Chancery Court of Dublin. Mr. Woulfe, the King's Counsel, had been engaged by an "unfortunate creditor," to waste all his eloquence and indignation on a more unfortunate debtor. In the hurry of business, however, he made a slight mistake, and fell with unrelenting ferocity on his own most miserable client:—

"Mr. Woulfe was, with his usual abilities, commenting on the suspicious conduct of the creditor, and characterizing the issuing of a commission of bankrupt under the circumstances as founded on trick and fraud, when on a sudden the learned gentleman stopped, and was observed as if consulting with Mr. Hatchell, K.C. The Chancellor, whose quick manner of doing business is so remarkable, appeared surprised at the delay; when Mr. Woulfe stated that he was placed in the most embarrassing situation—he had, in fact, been advocating a case against the interest of his own client. The bar and all in court here became apparently convulsed with laughter."

No wonder! We should like to have seen the countenance of the creditor while the mistake was going on, or that of Mr. Woulfe when it was discovered—

"With wig on end  
At his own blunder!"

It is the opinion of that eminent company of watchmen, the illustrious followers of Dogberry, that "it belongs to a watch to sleep." We have no doubt it may have been laid down, with equal subtlety and clearness, in some of the ruder treatises, that "it belongs to an accomplished counsel not to read his brief." But the client is thereby placed in a scarcely pleasant predicament, nor is the position of the counsel the most delightful in the world. In this instance, the Lord Chancellor Sugden, who, we rejoice to find, continues Lord Chancellor, hastened to Mr. Woulfe's succour. Nobody sympathized with the creditor.

"The Chancellor, who, during the laughter of the auditory, had appeared most anxious to address Mr. Woulfe, in the kindest and most handsome manner said—'I myself was placed in a similar situation as Mr. Woulfe. I stated a case in England against my own client, and, it appeared, so effectually that the Court decided with me. The matter afterwards came before two other tribunals, and my client was unfortunate. A story is also told, I think, of Lord Mansfield having stated a case very strongly for a party, and, on about concluding, discovering that he was speaking on the wrong side, continued, 'This, my lord, is the case that will, no doubt, be stated on the other side; but now let me state my client's case,' &c. Lord Chancellor Sugden's kind observations were very remarkable, and well-timed."

So they were; and the morality of the last anecdote is "very remarkable" indeed. It reminds one of the hard straits to which another class of unfortunates—editors of newspapers—are liable to be reduced. We recollect an anecdote at this moment which will, at least, illustrate a piece of morality as unexceptionable as that of my Lord Mansfield. The printer of the newspaper bawls up the speaking-trumpet to the editor, "Sir, we want just three lines to fill the paper." "Kill a child at Waterford, then," replied the editor. A few minutes more, and the printer is again at the trumpet, "Sir, we have killed the child at Waterford, but still want a line to fill the paper." "Contradict the same, then," promptly rejoined the editor, with a presence of mind, and a moral elevation above immorality, which would have done honour to Mansfield or the Lord Chancellor Sugden himself.

CIVIC SAGACITY.—There is an old saying, that we should not take people by their looks. With all deference to Lavater, we hold it to be



good. Your physiognomists are not always true philosophers. Many a bad matter has a good face upon it, and "sweetest nut has sourest rind." We are in the habit of saying, "that's very handsome, and like yourself," to the ugliest man of our acquaintance—decidedly the ugliest. If a face is a fortune in some cases, it is a misfortune just as frequently—especially if it happen to come under the critical inspection of a police-magistrate. It is astonishing how completely a wry mouth will make crooked a straight case, and how suddenly a flat nose will reduce an elevated character. Of all men, police-magistrates seem most influenced by looks and appearances—and a deal of trouble is thus undoubtedly saved. To look at a face is to comprehend a case. The present Lord Mayor is manifestly a magistrate of this class. We have observed in the newspapers several instances of the suddenness with which he can make up his mind, and of his calling out with *Partridge*, "I don't like your looks, I promise you." We are far from supposing that his Lordship is anything less than a master of the science of physiognomy, and the art of seeing clearly into a transaction by the aid of an obliquity of vision exhibited by one of the parties to it. We would speak with becoming reverence of Lavater, and of awe of a Lord Mayor; yet should we like to know what experience of military culprits the Citizen-in-Chief can have acquired, that enables him at once to detect a deserter by his looks!

Upon a recent occasion two unlucky wights were, in addition to the offence that procured them an introduction to his magisterial notice at the Mansion-House, charged with having deserted. "I thought so," said the Mayor. They denied the imputation. "I have no doubt of its truth," persisted the Mayor, "*you look like deserters!*" Now, as it is rather hard to condemn a man for his looks merely, our respect for the Lord Mayor induces us to conclude that he has reached to some high and abstract ground of knowledge, wherefrom he can clearly read the characters of men in their countenances, and judge by their appearance not only whether they ever were in the army, but whether they quitted it at a quick or a slow march. This is a species of useful knowledge that was never taught by the Society. We tremble for the reputation of Lord Brougham, who has already (so he declared to the Duke of Richmond the other night) discovered that he is "an example of the most ill-used man in Parliament." Let us hope, for his sake, that the "Penny Magazine" will be the chosen instrument for conveying to mankind the Mayor's divinations, and that it will be speedily illustrated besides with wood-cut portraits of the two individuals who "looked like deserters." It will be curious to see whether they look both alike—or like other people; and, above all things, it will be interesting to ascertain whether the Mayor's power of detection could be brought to bear, not only upon military, but upon moral and political deserters. What a field for the display of his sagacity is open in the House of Commons! What regiments of deserters could he draw up! How might debates be shortened and divisions spared, if we could only get a glimpse before-hand of those who "looked like deserters." Yet, after all, we apprehend that there is something worth trusting to in the maxim with which we commenced, that we should not take people by their looks; for it is an unquestionable fact that many of their metropolitan worships have

all the appearance of being enlightened, dispassionate, and amiable men. Again, then we say, let us not take people by their looks.

We have been induced to advert to this little affair by repeated instances of the amazing power of discrimination, and unequalled subtlety of vision, evinced by the present Chief Magistrate. Having to adjudicate a week or two since, concerning an objectionable transfer of certain oranges, he startled the defendant, or his witness, by asking, "Do you know an apple from an orange?" The affirmative response to this query was displeasing, and to be doubted. "I don't think you do; for if so, how comes it that you don't know one orange from another?" The logic here is not of the first order, unless we suppose the distinguished interrogator to be possessed of an accuracy of perception, a niceness of discernment, that enables him to detect the same difference between one orange and another, that exists to vulgar eyes between an orange and an apple. For our own parts, we can at once perceive a distinction between a steam-engine and an Act of Parliament, without being able at a glance to point out the difference between two Acts of Parliament; and we doubt not that there is at least one Alderman in existence, who, though he may trace a distinction between a famished pauper and a plate of turtle-soup, would be unable to tell one plate of the said soup from another—after swallowing the sixth!

**THE PROFESSION OF LITERATURE.**—The unfortunate death of a gentleman well known in the scientific world, Mr. Edward Pidgeon, has given rise to sundry reflections and letters, in one of the daily prints, on the subject of literary men and their remuneration—on their scanty chances of success, and their general certainty of failure. We speak, of course, with reference to their circumstances in the world. Now much error, we think, prevails on this point. Authorship, heaven knows, is abundant enough just now, and might be, perhaps with advantage, somewhat diminished; but this must not be accomplished by unfair means. It ought not to be set up as a bugbear. If every one is to be deterred from the calling of letters because some men of genius have worn a coat out at elbows, or been obliged to seek for a bed at night in a doorway (grave extremities, it must be confessed), how fatal would the consequences be! Great care should certainly be used to prevent the possibility of conceit mistaking itself for talent; but supposing an accomplished man of letters to have fallen into trouble by reason of his profession, by virtue (or rather vice) of literature, we should say that the lot of that man is justified, if greater good has been produced to the world by his troubles than would have been without them. He is only one; his readers, those whom he has enriched and delighted, are thousands. But how seldom have such distinctive troubles been known! How seldom have the calamities of authors proceeded from authorship! In the case in question, for instance, it is evident they did not. The calamities of Mr. Pidgeon would seem to have proceeded from those qualities (we will not say whether bad or good) which produce calamity in all walks of life. And so it is, be sure, in the majority of such cases. Let not "authorship" be blamed.

In connexion with this subject we may conclude, indeed, with an ex-

ample the other way ; but the case (we are about to quote comes under that class which we have already specially excepted from what we say above. In the Sheriff's Court two or three weeks ago, a Mr. Zillah Barnett, "a gentleman well known to the literary world," in fact, "a dramatic author of great celebrity," of whose existence we had really no earthly conception, recovered the sum of fifteen pounds from the manager of the Victoria Theatre, in remuneration for one of his "dramatic works." In the course of the case a witness was examined, affording the example we have referred to. "Richard John Raymond, the author of the play of the 'Irish Gentleman,' stated that he had the misfortune to be an author, for he found it very difficult to exist by means of his productions." We dare say he does, and we should advise him, if possible, to give up the attempt. Here is a case in which advice is really useful. A little further on in his evidence, his experience suggests a curious distinction, with which we shall conclude. He is speaking of his friend's work : "It is an original piece from the beginning to end. It was fully worth thirty pounds. Was sure that sum was not too much for an author to exist, and not live, by his talents. He meant by existence, having bread and cheese—and by living, port wine and other luxuries."

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NOTICE TO PHRENOLOGISTS.—On a trial at Salisbury last month, to set aside a will, it was stated in evidence that Anne Smith, the testatrix, was born with a head out of shape, and that the surgeon wrapped it in a napkin, and squeezed it so that the blood was forced out of her ears, nose, and mouth, and this he did in order to reduce it to a proper form, and develope the intellectual organs ; for he affirmed that otherwise the child would grow up an idiot. The result of this phrenological experiment, however, was not quite satisfactory for the science ; for notwithstanding the skill of the operator, thirty persons, called as witnesses, proved that she was a confirmed idiot, and twenty-five that she was not. The jury, however, who were, we presume, disciples of Gall and Spurzheim, believed the minority rather than the majority, for they found her of sane mind, and established the will.

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## CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Natural Son; a German Tale, descriptive of the Age of the Emperor Rudolph the Second. Translated from Spindler, by Lord Albert Conyngham. 3 vols.

It is a good deal the fashion of the present age, which is certainly an anti-romantic one, to be enraptured with the productions of the German school, whether in fiction, philosophy, or poetry. This is strange; for we do not hesitate to affirm that, though in practice our German neighbours are about the most rational in the world, their *theories* are the most absurd; they would climb the heavens with ladders of straw, and bewilder themselves in the mazes of unattainable knowledge; while they neglect the more easily attained, and consequently more valuable, information of ordinary life. With all their skill, they dream away the half of their existence, and though great lights have been, and still are, among them, they have a wide territory to illuminate.

The first volume of this novel is splendid, both in design and execution. The first chapter is inimitable;—the death of the merchant—the playful, over-indulged temper of the bastard Archibald—the keen, mysterious Simon—are unsurpassed in the annals of romance. The introductory scene is glorious; and though we are somewhat startled at a spirit signing his will that it may be complete, still we are fairly in the book, and cannot leave it. The other volumes do not keep up the character of the commencement. There is no unity of purpose—too many actors are introduced—the stage is crowded—the scene confused—the ladies are of too doubtful a character to interest us (English people) much—and the hero, according to our moral code, is a scamping, clever scaramouch, who deserved a whipping, if not worse, more frequently than he received it. 'Tis true the youth was cruelly treated; and harshness ossifies the human heart. His maudlin forgiveness of his unnatural brother in the end is a sad mixture of the pathetic and the absurd; and when this said unnatural brother is relieved from his fainting fit by bleeding, and we behold the hero, Archibald, quaffing the blood that flows from his arm, that so he may fulfil his oath of "drinking his brother's blood," we could only call him a "dirty fellow," and shut the book upon their forced reconciliation.

Much praise is due to Lord Albert Conyngham for the grace and freedom of his translation. No one would imagine the work had been written in another language; and though we hold Spindler infinitely inferior to Victor Hugo as a *raconteur*, we are not the less grateful to his Lordship for enabling so many of our fellow-citizens to compare him with our own English novelists, and to bring us acquainted with another of the marvelous "lights" of our neighbours.

The work will be universally read. It is one of those powerfully-conceived and beautifully-penned productions of fiction which excites at times almost to terror, and then again subdues us by deep pathos; we defy those who take it up, be they practised or but occasional readers of romance, to lay it aside without perusing it from the first page to the last. We must again express our marked opinion of the exceeding elegance and ease with which the translator has performed his task, and again rejoice to welcome an aristocrat into the republic of letters, where he is certainly destined to hold as high a rank as he does in the records of Debreff and Burke. The libraries will welcome it as a kind of "God send" during the present dearth of "reading books," for perhaps there has not been a "season" for years past so barren of sterling publications. There are, however, several announcements that promise a fruitful harvest.

Physiology applied to Health and Education. By Andrew Combe, M.D.

This is one of several works lying on our library table connected with the principles of Hygiene written in a popular style by eminent medical professors. Dr. Combe's treatise has been, in a marked manner, stamped with public approbation, having, within the short space of eleven months, arrived at a third edition, and well indeed does it deserve the distinction. The author states his object to be to lay before the public a plain and intelligible description of the structure and use of some of the more important organs of the human body, and to show how such information may be usefully applied, both to the preservation of health and to the improvement of physical and mental education.

We think the learned Doctor has fully perfected his intention. We do not recollect rising from the perusal of any work of a similar nature with more gratification or instruction—a compliment of no mean order, considering that the Bridgewater and other similar treatises have been so recently introduced to the public.

The author carefully avoids the consideration of *disease*; he applies himself solely to man's physical and mental condition in a state of nature; tells him of those agents immediately around him essential to his comfort—those inimical to health and destructive to life. He does it, believing that if the public are aware of the simple, yet beautiful, machinery of which our bodies are composed, they will be better able to avert its aggression by those simple rules dictated by nature, and much more capable of discriminating when medical assistance is required, and forming a correct judgment of its worth when administered. Thus he repudiates the *notion* of making "every man his own doctor," by an attempt to explain the nature of *disease* or the *mode of cure*.

He examples a patient subject to palpitation reading a medical treatise, who finds it a prominent symptom of organic change in the heart. He hurries to the conclusion that his own heart is diseased—that he will speedily die. He becomes anxious, frightened at every sensation, denies himself exercise from the fear of over-exertion, and food from the apprehension of a ruptured vessel. He soon falls into a state of weakness and disease confirmatory of his suspicions; whereas, if the physician having a *perfect* knowledge of the subject had been consulted, he would have relieved all the anxiety and suffering, by explaining it to be a simple fit of indigestion, and requiring treatment totally opposite. This, we can affirm, is not an isolated or imaginary case: we could instance many such.

The work is arranged in eleven chapters; and we can scarcely determine which deserves our first notice and commendation. In the first, the evils attending the ignorance of physiology are well depicted, and illustrated by fatal examples. The anatomy of the skin, and its bearings on health, the osseous system, the muscular structure, the respiratory functions in connexion with the lungs, and the brain, with its functions and peculiarities, occupy the succeeding ten.

We were most pleased with the eighth and ninth, which treat of the nervous system, the mental faculties, and rules and hints for their regulation. Possibly we are, like our author's *palpitating* patient, clinging to this question, as most applicable to our own case.

The connexion between the mind and the brain, with the reciprocal influence exerted upon each other, both in health and disorder, is beautifully illustrated. The author points out the evils attending mental inactivity, instancing the deaf and dumb, retired merchants and officers, and adverts to the mischievous consequences of excessive mental exertion, exemplifying it by a reference to precocious children, industrious students, and individualizing many of our most celebrated scientific and literary stars. We cannot refrain from extracting the following passage from page 300, as we have *felt* its force, and observed many living monuments of its truth.

After referring to the frequency of never accompanying an over-excited and consequently exhausted brain, he says—

“Nervous disease from excessive mental labour and exaltation of feeling sometimes shows itself in another form. From neglecting proper intervals of rest, the vascular excitement of the brain, which always accompanies activity of mind, has never time to subside, and a restless irritability of temper, and disposition comes on, attended with sleeplessness and anxiety, for which no external cause can be assigned. The symptoms gradually become aggravated, the digestive functions give way, nutrition is impaired, and a sense of wretchedness is constantly present, which often leads to attempts at suicide. While all this is going on, however, the patient will talk or transact business with perfect propriety and accuracy, and no stranger can discover anything amiss. But, in his intercourse with his intimate friends and physician, the havoc made upon the mind becomes apparent; and, if not speedily arrested, terminates in derangement, palsy, apoplexy, fever, suicide, or permanent weakness.”

Our author especially insists on the necessity of moderation in mental exertion in advanced years, he says—“We must learn to wait for what the brain is willing to give, and allow it to work at its own time: *to attempt to force it, is to weaken it to no purpose.*” As a practical illustration of its truth, the fate of Sir Walter Scott is thus described:—

“In the vigour of manhood,” says Dr. Combe, “few ever wrote so much or with greater ease. But when, on the verge of old age, adversity forced him to unparalleled exertion, the organic waste could no longer be repaired; morbid irritability became the substitute of healthy power, and he perished by that brain which had served him so faithfully and efficiently.”

Weber, Romilly, Gretry, Newton, and Davy are named in corroboration. To this list we will add the names of Canning, Castlereagh, Whitbread, Byron and Shelley: other examples are daily occurring in less distinguished characters; and we can call to our mind many within our own observation where life has been shortened, health ruined, prospects blighted, and the mind lost by premature and excessive intellectual exertion.

Among the many rules for mental exercise, the Doctor, in questioning the best time for mental exertion, says—

“Nature has allotted the darkness of night for repose and the restoration by sleep of the exhausted energies of the body and mind. If study or composition be ardently engaged in towards that period of the day, the increased action in the brain which always accompanies activity of mind requires a long time to subside; and if the individual be of an irritable habit, he will be sleepless for hours, or perhaps tormented by unpleasant dreams. If, nevertheless, the practice be continued, the want of refreshing repose will ultimately induce a state of irritability of the nervous system approaching to insanity. It is, therefore, of great advantage to engage in severer studies early in the day, and devote the two or three hours preceding bed-time to light reading, music, or amusing conversation.”

This rule we conceive to be of great importance to those who are obliged to undergo much mental labour. How seldom is it acted on by literary men! The quiet of night is generally chosen; and, with but few exceptions, midnight oil is expended, and morning relaxation is confined to the mattress and pillow.

The chapters on respiration and the functions of the skin deserve equal notice, but our limits will not permit it; we nevertheless cannot avoid, for the benefit of our *general readers*, as we have occupied much of our space with matter for our literary friends, giving them Dr. Combe's rules for dress, and his opinion on the advantage of flannel in preventing disease. He says, “the rule is not to dress in an invariable way in all cases, but to put on clothing in kind and quantity *sufficient in the individual case to protect the body effectually from an abiding sensation of cold, however slight.*” He says flannel is admirably calculated for salutary purposes. “Being a bad conductor of heat, flannel prevents that of the animal economy from being quickly dissipated, and protects the body in a considerable degree from the injurious influence of sudden external changes.”

In addition, he thinks it produces a sanitary influence by its stimulating effects on the cutaneous nerves and vessels, and its absorption of cutaneous exhalation. He recommends its use in the autumnal as well as winter months. The dangers attending the use of tight stays by the delicate young female, as well as the evils attending early tuition and long school-hours, are vividly portrayed, and wound up with the assertion, "That thus the health and form of humanity is constantly sacrificed for mental cultivation and fashionable accomplishments."

Here we must conclude our notice of a work which we must once more recommend our medical, as well as our general, readers to peruse carefully. It breathes a pure spirit of philosophy and philanthropy, and is, we are glad to observe, to be followed up by a treatise on a similar plan, embracing the physiology of digestion and the principles of dietetics.

### The Mardens and the Daventrys. By Miss Pardoe.

It is well for the lovers of song and story that the fair portion of the community have taken up the pen for their amusement; for, in good sooth, either the talent has deserted our gentlemen authors, or they have abandoned it. Miss Pardoe is already advantageously known to the world of letters, and her present production is calculated to increase her reputation a hundred-fold. When first we observed her poetry and tales in the *Annals* we augured highly of her abilities: there was a feeling, a purity, an ease and gracefulness of expression about her productions which led us to single her out from the horde; and we have not been disappointed, either in our hopes or expectations. There is a vigour in these last volumes, however, for which (Miss Pardoe will, we hope, forgive us) even we were unprepared. Her wings have acquired strength: she has lost none of her delicacy; but has gained—what she much wanted—self confidence. A very slight but powerful sketch of her first story appeared in the pages of the "*New Monthly*," from the "*Note-Book of a Deceased Lawyer*:" but she has worked out the subject with so much skill, that we read it as though it were quite new.

The tale of the "olden time" is constructed with skill, and replete with interest. Miss Pardoe is particularly happy in her fable—her grouping is perfect—she brings it before you—the characters stand out from the canvas full of life, tenderness, and spirit.

We believe the young lady is about to leave England for the shores of the Mediterranean, there to gather materials for future story. In return for the pleasure she has afforded us, we wish her health and prosperity; and, congratulating her on her success, bid her "go on and prosper."

### The Life of Dr. Thomas Linacre, by J. N. Johnson, M.D. Edited by Robert Graves.

We have read this book with considerable interest, and with much pleasure recommend it to the notice of our readers, connected as it is with an important epoch in the literary history of our country.

Linacre was born somewhere about the year 1460, thus running his career at the close of the fifteenth, and the commencement of the sixteenth century. At the period of his elementary education classical knowledge was very limited, being chiefly confined to the monasteries, and more especially the houses of the Dominicans, the Franciscans and Augustines; and even in the best of these, grammar, the foundation of all higher attainments, was generally neglected, and the works of the Roman writers were sealed books to the pupil, thus producing a barbarism of expression only to be avoided by a close acquaintance with the eloquence and poetry of antiquity.

It was Linacre's good fortune to be educated in one of the best of these

monasteries, and under the superintendence of a monk named William Tilly, a man possessing taste for a more sound system of education. On his removal to Oxford, Linacre soon formed a close friendship with Grocyn and Latimer, and associated himself with them in the cultivation of ancient literature, and applied his whole mental energies to the acquirement of a pure and correct knowledge of the Grecian language. He subsequently visited Italy, remained there two years, and on his return to England, fortunately for the science of medicine, chose it as his profession.

Linacre found the science and practice of medicine in the hands of professors remarkable only for their ignorance and cupidity connected with the mechanical arts, associated with the follies of judicial astrology, and blended with the delusions of alchemy. Soon did he labour to elevate its character, and fix it on sure and infallible principles. In the execution of this task he had an opportunity of gratifying his earliest desires,—exciting a taste for classic lore, and a thirst for a more pure knowledge of Grecian literature. At this period, the obstacles to the introduction of the Greek language were of a most serious nature. The monks in their monasteries and their pulpits, as well as in their private capacities, exerted all their influence in opposition to it; they denounced the cultivation of Greek or Hebraic literature as heretical. The Schoolmen also of that day were equally jealous of improvement, and applied the opprobrious term of infidel to the cultivators of the “new” tongue. The University of Oxford, also, was not wanting on the opposing side; Cambridge only showing a more favourable feeling, by something like neutrality.

Linacre soon had the means of accomplishing his object; as physician to the King he naturally possessed influence at Court, and secured its patronage. Cardinal Wolsey, between the years 1518 and 1522, instituted Greek lectures at his own cost, and Linacre, in conjunction with Grocyn and Latimer, commenced a translation of the entire works of Aristotle; subsequently he completed a translation of Galen’s Treatises, pre-facing them by courtly dedications to the King and Wolsey, some copies of these, (for instance, that on the Preservation of Health, on vellum), are now in the British Museum; also one on the Method of Healing, dedicated to the King.

Thus was Linacre among the earliest of his countrymen to whom learning owed its revival and propagation in the fifteenth century; he also fairly deserves the credit of restoring, or rather establishing Greek literature in this country, in addition to his invaluable services to the profession he belonged to; among the most prominent of which was the foundation of the present College of Physicians. “The design and execution of this foundation,” says his biographer, “was the last and most magnificent of his labours, inasmuch as it exists as a monument of his enlightened views and generosity.”

Medicine was at that period scarcely elevated above the mechanical arts, the majority of its practitioners were no better instructed than the mechanics, neither were there any establishments solely for the advance of science unconnected with the hierarchy, in existence.

To Linacre alone is this honour due. The title of founder of this institute is applied solely to him; the expenses and provisions of the College were to be borne by him, and those whom he associated with as members. The munificence of the Crown extended only to the granting of letters patent.

In the year 1518 was this College incorporated; Linacre, Chambre, and de Victoria, with others of the Faculty, being named in the King’s Commission. Some ten pages only are occupied in the history of this establishment; and we regret that the author, at a moment when material alterations are contemplated by the present constituted authorities, and complete reconstruction desired by some of our professional friends, did not



enlarge more fully on the subject. We wish that a good history of medicine was in existence, as well as an enlarged account of the progress of medical literature in this kingdom. One chapter of the work is occupied with a very brief and cursory, but, nevertheless interesting, account of its rise and progress from the ninth to the sixteenth century, and it has given us a strong desire for further information.

Since the above was written, we observe Messrs. Sherwood and Co. have just published a History of Medicine, by Dr. Bostock; we may refer to it in a future Number.

Miscellanies. By the Author of "The Sketch-Book."—No. I. A Tour to the Prairies.

Under this title a volume has been given to the public by the author of a work which is endeared to all who appreciate the rare union of pure taste, a benevolent mind, and a fresh, if not an extensive, imagination. "The Sketch-Book" was the first of a class which has multiplied exceedingly, though few of its flowers have arrived at the perfection of the original. Can we ever forget the "Dream of the Broken Heart?" Can we—but it is with a "Tour to the Prairies" we have to do; it is before us, the leaves all cut, and the book honestly read through from the first to the last page. Would that we could always peruse with as much profit and praise—with as much sincerity. Washington Irving has so kindly a mind that its influence diffuses itself over everything he writes. He is on good terms with human nature. By a species of moral alchemy he turns moderate pleasures into positive happiness, and softens down adversity by resignation and the gentleness of a holy spirit.

In our little trim island, where every inch of land is worth its inch of gold, we have, we can have, no conception of the everlasting "prairies" of the New World. Cooper scanned their immensity and their magnificence; but Irving has entered into their extraordinary *minutiae*,—their dells, and rivers, and trees, and bushes, and buffaloes, and wild horses, and overgrown turkeys, hopping amid the trees like English sparrows; and their prairie-dogs, whose wild yet sagacious community would otherwise have remained unknown to us. Nor are his individual sketches less interesting than his views of the material world. The graceful, gay, and thoughtless Count, scampering after adventures, and encountering buffaloes as Don Quixote encountered windmills, and with as little chance of coming off victorious; then the merry little Frenchman, at once the cook and scaramouch of the hunting party, so well contrasted with the grave and sober Indian, wandering over the hunting ground of his fathers, like the dark spirit of mystery with—but not of—the mortal world!

We hope to see many such volumes from the same elegant pen. The delicate and refined touches of our author cannot be improved: in his own peculiar style he is unrivalled; but his crayon is not one of power. His description of a thunder-storm on the prairies is feeble. Cooper, or our own "Slingsby," would have made the thunder thunder in our ears, and the lightning lighten in our eyes, until the noise of the one and the brightness of the other had bewildered our senses. But there are "diversities of gifts;" and the purity of the pearl must not be despised because of the brightness of the diamond.

The Unfortunate Man. By Captain Chamier. 3 vols.

There is a terseness—a fidelity—and a vigour both of intellect and expression in these volumes, which must increase the popularity of an author already advantageously known to all novel-lovers, and in high repute with a particular class of readers. For ourselves, the more highly we estimate Captain Chamier's quick perception and graphic powers—the more we laugh at his ready adventures and shudder at his descriptions of slaves

and pirates, the more we deplore the coarseness which so frequently disfigures his page, as a foul blot stains the beauty of some exquisite drawing; the more perfect the design—the more charming the execution, the more we lament the carelessness or bad taste “that blurs so fair a work.” Despite our censure, we have never read anything which excited us more than the conclusion of the first volume; Cooper himself, the very king of sea and sea-storms, never penned a finer or a more terrific scene than that which concludes the volume. The treatment bestowed by the crew of the *Rapid* upon the slaves—the conduct of the foreign pirates borders upon the disgusting from its extreme horror, and yet, such is the author’s skill, that although your blood runs cold and your lips parch, you go on, and on, and on, and perhaps read the last hundred pages of the first volume twice over, before you can make up your mind to enter upon the second. You are comforted also by the death of the arch-fiend Waters, whom it would have been quite impossible to carry through three volumes, though the comfort is almost in the proportion of a drop of water to the ocean. Poor Robert Gamjam! he certainly *was* very unfortunate, but we think the palm of misfortune should be bestowed upon the eccentric kind-hearted “Uncle Banana;” the account of his Parisian marriage is most amusingly overstrained, and the worthy old gentleman’s death is wrought out with a simplicity and pathos which the gallant author would do well to exercise more frequently. We have quarrelled with Captain Chamier’s coarseness; we have also to find fault with his offensive nationality—he is for ever playing “John Bull”—he will permit no sort of merit to any nation in the world but his own—he has a quick eye for the failings of every country and people in the world except “England and the English.”

Scenes and Stories, by a Clergyman in Debt; written during his confinement in the Debtors’ Prisons. 3 vols.

These are melancholy records of crime, misery, and depravity, arising principally, if not entirely, from the system of “imprisonment for debt.” In three cases out of five, a rogue would rather be immured within the stone walls of a gaol than be obliged to pay a per-centage upon everything he possessed from the time being to the day of his death: and the honest debtor is so fettered, so degraded by his incarceration, that his spirit becomes either broken or depraved, and in either case rendered unfit for subsequent exertion. It is sad, also, that a “clergyman” should stand before us, the herald of such evil. We would not have our pastors so acquainted with sin; the sanctity of the character is destroyed by mixing with the off-scum of a gaol; and the sentence is sadly reversed—for often

“Those who come to pray remain to scoff.”

We must not, however, be unjust; such is not the case with the reverend but unfortunate gentleman who has been the medium of conveying to us such melancholy information. He thinks justly, and expresses his opinion with fearless and honest manliness; his deductions are generally correct, and his style much better than we anticipated. The most interesting portion of the book is the narrative of a few of the notorious Captain Johnstone’s adventures. Three of the episodes of this wild and daring seaman’s exploits are recorded with spirit and fidelity; and we hope that the brave buccaneer of modern days may be induced to publish his own life, and so put to shame all the novelists who deal in fictitious adventures either by sea or land. We hear that the gallant captain has a daughter of considerable literary talent; and while we would encourage the young lady to lend her aid in throwing her father’s materials together, we would warn her not to paint the lily or gild the gold. The enterprise and adventures of this sea-king need nothing but the telling to turn all our youths

into buccaneers. \* We would match Captain Johnstone against Robinson Crusoe any day, and that is saying a great deal.

The volumes also contain a sketch of Lord Cochrane's history; and many a be-whiskered gallant will recognize the associates who worked his early ruin, in the Jews and Jew-Christians who lure to destruction. We would that every young man should peruse these volumes on his entrance into London life.

### Queen Anne Boleyn; an Historical Drama.

Mr. George Lewis Smyth, the author of this drama, informs us in his preface that his idea was, before he began, and also while writing it, that the subject more than any other with which he was acquainted, admitted of the construction of a play, which should be at once historically correct and theatrically effective. In carrying this plan into execution, the author has necessarily cramped himself; and we doubt whether the historical accuracy which is gained at such a price is a fair compensation for the restraint; the full indulgence of the imagination being, in our opinion, more desirable in a drama than the rigid adherence to particular details. With this drawback, however, Mr. Smyth has done well; there are passages in the drama of high poetic merit, and such, mixed also with quaintness and dramatic effect, is the scene where Patch, the court fool, soliloquizing as he blows his bubbles, predicts the fortunes of Lord Rochford and Sir Thos. Wyatt. The following is a fair instance:—

“ Now, place! we'll give the king—look there!  
A royal bubble by the saints of Rome,  
Express'd with state and richness! Swelling it mounts,  
Buffets the sunbeams to its sovran pleasure,  
Constrains the air to steep its greatness nobly,  
And, as it sails amain, draws gnats and midges  
To crowd its course and make sport as it journeys.”

The piece was intended for representation, but was refused by the management of the royal theatres—a circumstance which we trust will not, as it ought not, prevent the author from attempting other subjects.

### A Popular View of Chemistry. By John Murray, M.D., and George Murray.

This work professes to give a view of the general principles of Chemistry, so far as they are applicable to the ordinary circumstances of human life, and explain the laws by which the forces are regulated that carry on the ordinary system of nature, and account for many of those natural phenomena which, though so familiar to our sight, are but little understood, and by a variety of examples point out their practical application.

The first chapter is occupied with the history of Chemistry, Attraction, and Gravitation, with their laws. Heat, its effects, Expansion, Fluidity, and Radiation, occupy the two succeeding chapters, with some instructive remarks on Temperature.

The consideration of Light, with its reflection, refraction, polarization, and decomposition, form a very prominent and interesting feature in the volume, which concludes with the fifth department, on Electricity, Galvanism, and Magnetism.

The Appendix, containing some condensed dissertations on the Atomic Theory and Trade-Winds, winds up the volume, which we think well calculated for the purpose designed.

The authors promise to pursue the subject in connexion with Organic and Inorganic Substances. We heartily wish them success in their undertaking.

## LITERARY REPORT.

The Number for April 1, of the illustrated edition of Colburn's *Novelists*, consists of the first volume (to be completed in two) of Mr. Ward's "*Tremaine*," a work which, for the cheerful serenity of its views, and the high moral character of its sentiments, seems admirably calculated for extensive and beneficial admission into family circles.

The 9th Part of Mr. Burke's important and serviceable work, the "*History of the Commonwealths*," appears with the *Magazine* this month, and the subsequent Parts will be published quarterly, until the completion of the undertaking.

The 4th Part of the cheaper re-issue of Sir Jonah Barrington's national work, the "*History of the Irish Union*," likewise appears this month. Two more Parts will finish the work. The whole of the 40 Portraits, and other Illustrations of the original and more expensive edition are distributed through the Parts.

A new and revised Edition of Mr. Grattan's *History of the Netherlands* is forthcoming in Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, with additional matter, bringing it down to the breaking out of the Revolution in 1830.

The author of "*Makanna*" announces a novel founded on the fearful realities in which Miss Blande and the Hon. Captain Cranston were so deeply involved.

Speedily will be published, *Observations on the Natural History and Productions of British Guiana*; with Suggestions on Colonization and Emigration to the Interior of that Country. By John Hancock, M.D.

The *Memoirs and Correspondence* of Robert Lord Clive, collected from the Family Papers at Wolcott and other sources, by Sir John Malcolm, is in the press.

An edition of such of the late Mr. Charles Lamb's Writings as can be recovered by his executors, with a large Selection from his Correspondence, is announced, under the superintendence of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, accompanied by a Biographical Notice from his pen.

Turkey.—Mr. Auldjo, F.G.S., announces the *Journal of a Visit to Constantinople during the Summer of 1833*, with Illustrations by George Cruikshank.

The Book of Family Prayer, by the Editor of the "*Book of Private Prayer*," is in the press.

The following works are likewise announced as in the press:—

*Vols. II. and III. of State Papers of the time of Henry VIII.* published by the Royal Commission.—*The Wasps of Aristophanes*, by T. Mitchell, Esq.—*Featherstonhaugh's Excursion to the extreme Southern and Western States of North America*.—*Hase's Popular Antiquities of Greece*.—*Annals of Lacock Abbey*, in the county of Wilts; with memorials of the Foundress Ela Countess of Salisbury, and the Earls of the Houses of Salisbury and Longespe. by the Rev. W. L. Bowles.—*A Poet's Portfolio*, or Minor Poems, in three Books, by James Montgomery.—*Travels of Ethiopia*, by G. A. Hoskin, Esq.; with plates.—*Old Maids*, their

Varieties, Characters, and Conditions.—*The Self Condemned*, a Novel, by the author of "*The Lollards*."

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

*Sermons*, by the late Rev. Thomas Marshall, A.M., with Memoir, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Vol. I., fcp. 8vo. 5s. cloth.

*Oriental Illustrations to the Sacred Scriptures*, by Joshua Roberts, 8vo. 12s.

*Practical Compendium of the Diseases of the Skin*, by J. Green, M.D., 8vo., 12s.

*The British Wine-Maker and Domestic Brewer*, by W. H. Roberts, 12mo. 5s.

*The System of Painting in Dry Colours*, after the ancient Grecian Method, by W. Kingston, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

*Thucydides*, with Notes, by Dr. T. Arnold, Vol. III. 8vo., 16s.

*Memoir of the late Rev. Joseph Hughes*, A.M., by John Leifchild, 8vo. 12s.

*Tour on the Prairies*, by the Author of the "*Sketch Book*," post 8vo. 9s. 6d.

*Sacred Classics*, Vol. XV., "*Sermons for Lent*," 3s. 6d.

Colburn's *Modern Novelists*, No. III.; "*O'Donnell*, by Lady Morgan," 12mo. 5s. cloth.

*The Practice of Courts Martial, &c.* by Captain Wm. Hough, 8vo. 14s.

*Tombleson's Views on the Rhine*, Second Series, royal 8vo. 1l. cloth; India proofs, 2l. cloth.

*Durham's (Lord) Speeches on Reform*, 8vo. 4s.

*Helen of Coquetdale, &c. Tales in Verse*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

*Provincial Sketches*, by the Author of "*The Usurer's Daughter*," 10s. 6d.

*Reid's Political Career of the Earl of Durham*, 12mo. 4s. 6d.

*Sketch-Book of the South*, 10s. 6d.

*Sketches of Life and Character*, by E. P., 12mo, 6s.

*Spiritual Despotism*, by the Author of "*Natural History of Enthusiasm*," 10s. 6d.

*New and Complete Man of Business*, by R. Percival, 12mo. 9s.

*Consumption, Why so Fatal?* by J. Tyrrell, 8vo. 5s.

*A Winter in the Far West*, by C. F. Hoffman, of New York, 2 vols. post 8vo.

*History of the Germanic Empire*, Vol. II., by S. A. Dunham, LL.D., &c., forming Vol. LXIV. of Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*.

*The British Pulpit*, Vol. II., 4vo. 8s. 6d.

*The Marsdens and the Davenrys*, Tales by the Author of "*Traits and Traditions of Portugal*," 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.

*Switzerland*, Illustrated description, by Beutle, Vol. I. 4to. 20s.

*History of the Boroughs and Municipal Corporations in the United Kingdom*, by H. A. Merewether and A. J. Stevens, 3 vols. royal 8vo. 4l. 14s. 6d.

*New Arabian Nights*, 3 vols. reduced to 12s. cloth.

*The French Language Its own Teacher*, by R. Aliva, 12mo. 5s.

## FINE ARTS.

## SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Twelfth annual exhibition of the Society of British Artists has been opened to the public. It is, as usual, of exceeding interest, and presents a gratifying prospect of the progress of British art during the past year. The department in which the most decided improvement is manifest is that of landscape painting. Mr. Creswick, Mr. Priest, Mr. Pyne, and Mr. Chambers, who are comparatively new exhibitors, have produced works of the very highest merit; and it is pleasant to observe that their exertions have been appreciated, and that the whole of their pictures, we believe, are marked sold. Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Lee, Mr. Linton, Mr. John Wilson, Mr. Stark, Mr. O'Connor, and one or two others of established reputation, have maintained their high character—and this is saying much. To the landscape painters, therefore, the public will be mainly indebted for the enjoyment they will receive from a visit to Suffolk-street.

But there are a few pictures of the higher class—the historical; the most remarkable of which is that by Mr. Haydon, “Cassandra predicting the murder of Agamemnon, on his arrival after ten years’ absence at Mycenæ,” from *Æschylus*. This is a production of great merit, such as few British painters could either conceive or execute. It may have, and doubtless has, large faults; the Cassandra, for example, is about two feet taller than the original, Mrs. Norton; but, on the whole, the work is honourable to the English school, and a rare acquisition to the gallery of the Duke of Sutherland, for whom it was painted. Another picture of the “ambitious kind,” is Martin’s “Judith attiring,”—“decking herself bravely;” but, to our mind, there is more attraction in his other large work, “David spareth Saul at Hachilah.” Here Martin is more at home; although his Judith is a production of unquestionable merit. We prefer him, however, where he is left more free to revel among the creations of his glorious imagination.

Linton exhibits the “Landing of St. Paul in the Bay of Baïæ,” the ancient Puteoli—an historical landscape, calling up associations of the highest interest in reference to history, either sacred or profane.

Mr. Hurlstone has a variety of portraits; and in this department the other painters of merit are Mr. Parris, Mr. John Hayter, Mr. Middleton, Mrs. Carpenter, Mr. Lonsdale, and Mr. Faulkner; but the artists of Suffolk-street rarely exhibit a large collection of works of this character.

Mr. R. B. Davis has several pictures of surpassing merit, in which he has happily blended the beauties of nature—rock, wood and water, hill and dale, the fragrant heath of the mountain, and the luxuriant under-wood of the valley—with the dogs, and deer, and merry huntsmen that “wake the morn” with their shrill halloo.

Mr. Inskipp exhibits but one picture, and that is both slight and unfinished;—still it affords proof of that exceeding talent which has obtained for him so high a station among the painters who love and imitate nature.

Kidd, Clater, and Buss exhibit several examples of coarser life. Those of Buss are exceedingly humorous—one, in especial, old Commodore Truncheon and Tom Pipes, displays considerable talent.

Mr. Prentice has one picture from Fielding’s “Amelia,” of higher merit than any of his former works: it is more warm and less stiff; the portrait of Amelia is beautiful; and the story is told with deep pathos. The picture is, indeed, one of the most striking in the exhibition.

As we have said, however, the chief attractions of the Exhibition are the contributions of the landscape-painters. If we except these, we cannot consider the “show” of the present year equal to those of former years.

PUBLICATIONS.

Portrait of Sir Walter Scott in his Study. Painted by W. Allan, R.A.  
Engraved by John Burnet.

This is an exceedingly interesting print. The likeness of the great author does not altogether please us; neither reminding us of the man, nor recalling to us his works. The chief value of the picture is to be found in the accessories. The following list of the many remarkable objects which the painter has introduced will at once explain the interest which must attach to his production:—

Sir Walter Scott is represented seated in his study at Abbotsford, reading the proclamation of Mary Queen of Scots, previous to her marriage with Henry Lord Darnley, a copy of which is appended. The still life is painted from the original at Abbotsford. The vase on the table was the gift of Lord Byron; the keys, hanging by the window, are those of the Heart of Mid Lothian, or the Old Tolbooth of Edinburgh; the sword, suspended from the bookcase, was that of the Marquis of Montrose; and the rifle, surmounting the various articles hanging over the mantel-piece, belonged to Speckbacher, the Tyrolese patriot. Near the bookcase hang an ancient border bugle, James the Sixth's travelling flask, and the sporran, or purse, of Rob Roy McGregor. Behind the bust of Shakspeare is Rob Roy's long gun; above which is Claverhouse's pistol, and below a brace of pistols formerly the property of Napoleon; the stag hound lying at Sir Walter's feet is Maida, his old favourite; the hour-glass on the mantel-piece belonged to Kirkton, author of the History of the Church of Scotland; the great Highland broadsword, hanging below the shield, was presented to Sir Walter by the Celtic Society; and the walking-stick of Sir Walter, resting against the chimney-piece, was presented to, and is now in the possession of the painter, William Allan, R.A.

The work is admirably engraved by Mr. Burnet,—one of the few English engravers who can use the pencil as well as the burin.

The Crucifixion, painted and engraved by John Martin.

This is another of Mr. Martin's magnificent prints, on a large scale, illustrative of Scripture History. It is a splendid and powerful effort of art,—such as no other British painter could produce. While the effect of the whole is amazingly grand and imposing, all the lesser points of interest have been carefully attended to. The authorities have been ransacked for the purpose of obtaining accurate descriptions of the scene—Jerusalem, at the moment when “a pail of darkness veils the land of Palestine,” and the Saviour dies. The work, therefore, not only represents the Crucifixion, but describes the Holy City, with its Temple, towers, gates, and streets; and with as much care to truth as was possible, considering the paucity of the descriptions that have been preserved of the once splendid city.

The Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds.—No. 16.

This work is a very valuable acquisition to the lovers of art. Sir Joshua painted an amazing number of works, and to collect them all—we believe, they will be *all* contained in this publication—is an essential service to the art in which he so greatly excelled.

## THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

THE "Patrician and Parvenu," a new comedy in five acts, was produced here, the other evening with great success. It was written, the author says, only to provoke laughter. With submission, we think this is too decidedly evident. The thing altogether is too broad and caricaturish. Mr. Poole, of whom we desire at all times to speak with deference and grateful respect, has no doubt felt that farce is the present taste of the time, and that it would be his safest course to indulge it. Wit, character, and sentiment, seem certainly to have lost their chances. Well, if this be so, who shall blame him? Assuredly, not we. We are of those who think that it is the least necessary vocation of an author to die in defence of the past. We shall never find in our hearts to blame them, because they throw themselves, heart and soul, into the present, and, bad as it may be, take the public taste as they find it. Mr. Poole has served the public long, and is in the secret of their likings. He prefers to indulge them, and to leave their bettering to the future. When the day which shall see a new and higher impulse given to them arrives, we have no doubt that this gentleman will be found in his old pleasant and humorous places, but working in them for a truer and more lasting reward than laughter only.

The "Patrician and Parvenu" is, on the whole, indifferently well played. Mr. Farren is the Parvenu, and Mr. Warde the Patrician. Once or twice we thought they might have changed places, so vulgar was the parvenu in the depth of his ignorance, and so vulgar the patrician in the height of his fashionable knowledge. A well-bred person never shrinks from the touch of his inferior—he vindicates the superior title of his manners merely by setting every one within their reach or influence at ease. It may be said, to be sure, and the answer is a good one, that Mr. Warde is not asked to impersonate universal manners so much as the mannerism of manners—to remind us, not of perfect grace and polished ease, but of those good old times when every one belonged to a marked class in society, and maintained himself in his characteristic absurdities, by a *cheveux-de-fris*, of prejudices, forms, and ceremonies. If this is so, however, there is a sad want of keeping in placing such a character in immediate contrast with a vulgar citizen picked up from our own present Bishopsgate Without, and set down without disguise in Drury-lane. Mr. Harley has an amusing part, which he makes the most of, by a style of acting we should find it difficult to describe. It is certainly like nothing on the earth, and we should think as little like anything in the waters underneath it. But it provokes excessive laughter, and it would not be wise, perhaps, to inquire farther. Mr. Bartley plays an innkeeper, and looks as cordial and fat-ale-loving as he always does in these interesting characters. Mrs. Glover has a part of vulgar humour, which loses nothing in her breadth either of person or style.

The dialogue of the "Patrician and Parvenu" is subdued, or rather overcharged, to the farcical purpose of the incidents. This is proper enough, for farce farcifies everything within its reach. When Mr. Warde disturbs his pigtail by a pathetic inclination of his head, on the words "Ah, my Annabella!" we feel nothing but the matter of the pigtail; the sentiment has escaped.

COVENT-GARDEN.

"Lestocq" is very gorgeously presented at this theatre, but that is unfortunately its chief merit. The music is not worthy of Auber, and the dramatic pretensions of the piece must be returned *nil*. The delusion attending such pieces has pretty nearly wasted itself now. This is the last season, we should think, in which any management would dream of staking such a preposterous expense on such an uncertain return. We wonder what folly, or worse, is likely to follow this! What next, Mr. Merryman?

## OLYMPIC.

"The Court Beauties" is a very charming little piece, rich and complete in its appointments, with an interesting and appropriate dialogue, and a *dénouement* as happy as it is striking. All that are concerned in it do their best. The scene-shifters work with more than their ordinary tact, and every dress in the piece is a picture.

## FRENCH PLAY.

M. Frederic Lemaitre, after a temporary absence, has again returned to this country. We recommend all who may not yet have seen him to take an early opportunity of doing so. He is, in some respects, the most masterly actor we have ever seen. He can in the finest way, by employment of the subtler practices of his art, embody a sentiment, and every shade of a sentiment, with no other guide than the situation of the piece, and without a single help of poetry or passionate writing. He breathes into a naked skeleton of melodrama, feeling, thought, emotion, LIFE. He pursues humanity to her last recesses, and yet shows her to us human still. His treatment of a horror is to the last degree impressive and thrilling. He knows exactly where to press and where to relax it, and he manages, therefore, to lay upon nature just as much as she will bear. In the most difficult situations the highest perfection and elaboration of his art take the appearance, and show themselves in the result, of perfect and unconscious simplicity. We should add, too, that his humour is exquisite and unerring, and attended invariably by a most remarkable accompaniment of action. His legs and arms speak, and his very fingers have a voice. All of them move in happy and most willing accordance. He is a Mazurier in this respect, with the addition of speech, thought, imagination, passion. When the reader sees M. Frederic Lemaitre this praise of ours will seem poor, and may sink into silence.

Mademoiselle Jenny Vertpré is still all that is charming, piquante, and delightful. How graceful her petulance is—how relishing that mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, of archness and unconsciousness!

## PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

## ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting a communication was read, addressed to the secretary, by Dr. Coulter, who had resided two years in Upper California, regarding the geography of that country. This first described the general aspect of the province, and then entered into some details regarding its white and Indian population, stock, capabilities, &c.

Upper California extends north to the parallel of 42° 30' N., and is separated from the rocky mountains to the east by an extensive sandy plain. It consists of two ranges of hills, chiefly composed of sandstone conglomerate, which extend along its whole length in lines parallel to the coast; and some islands which front this, may be considered as the summits of a similar submarine range. The summits are uniformly bleak and bare; but the intermediate valleys are fertile. A great deal of fine wood clothes the sides of the hills, and along their base the pastures are rich and extensive. Yet, generally, there is not a very regular supply of water; two extensive lakes, called the Tuli Lakes, situate between the ranges, apparently draining the cultivable ground too rapidly. The best soil, and most promising district, is accordingly to the north and east of them,—that is to say, north and east of the bay of San Francisco,—a district, moreover, deeply intersected by the river San Francisco, falling into the bay, and said to be navigable



sixty or seventy miles up but Dr. Coulter did not himself visit this quarter.

The only portions of Upper California as yet settled, are along the coast, with the exception of a transverse valley, running up nearly thirty leagues behind the port of San Pedro, at the head of which is situate the mission of San Gabriel. The chief settlers have also hitherto been the Catholic missionaries, who sought to collect around their stations an Indian population, whom they taught, in a very rude way, to till the ground, and rear domestic cattle, at the same time that they compelled them to conform to their religious observances. Since the revolution in Mexico, however, these stations have been discouraged; and, at the same time that the entrance of other settlers has been promoted, efforts have been made to induce the Indians to hold land themselves. These have not as yet been very successful, owing chiefly to the constitutional indolence of this race; and perhaps in some degree, also, to the change of system having been too sudden.

Wheat, the vine, and all fruit trees that have been tried, thrive well in Upper California, though the fruit is somewhat subject to mildew; and south of San Francisco, and more especially south of Santa Barbara, a species of locust is excessively troublesome. The great article of produce, however, is black cattle, the rapid increase of which has been prodigious. It is not yet seventy years since they were first introduced, and then only twenty-three head. In 1827 the missions possessed 210,000 branded cattle, and it was supposed not less than 300,000 unbranded. It is at present thought necessary to slaughter 60,000 head annually, to keep down their numbers till more land shall be settled to the eastward. Sheep have increased nearly in the same proportion, though they are, as yet, of little value, neither their flesh being eaten, nor their wool exported. The necessities of life are so easily procured in the province, that there is little stimulus to enterprise out of the beaten track.

The number of white inhabitants in Upper California, Dr. Coulter estimates at 6000, and they are rapidly increasing. Not so the Indian population; they have diminished considerably, though they have neither been driven from their homes, as in the United States, nor been much exposed to the poison of ardent spirits. On the contrary, the rule of the Padres at the *Pesqueros*, has been perfectly well intentioned, and in its general character, paternal. But the restraint of their religious observances, and even the little labour they imposed, were uncongenial with Indian habits. It is remarkable that their decrease is almost universally hastened by the failure of female offspring — whether caused by a disproportion in the births, or by a greater number of deaths among the female children, Dr. Coulter is unable to state. To such an extent does this operate, that in all the missions there is the utmost difficulty in obtaining a wife. Infanticide, properly so called, is not common, though there is reason to believe that means, generally mechanical, are often taken to produce abortion; yet this does not account for the above fact, for males and females would be thus indifferently sacrificed.

The Mexican government is, at present, very anxious to encourage settlement in Upper California, chiefly from jealousy of the increasing American population on the Columbia; and, under judicious management, Dr. Coulter thinks the prospect here fair for settlers, especially in the northern district. This is highly fertile, well wooded and watered, perfectly healthy, and the Sacramento, another river falling into the Bay of San Francisco, is navigable for a considerable distance, as well as the river of that name. The Tulh Lakes, though shallow in the dry season, also furnish great facilities for the transport of wood, hides, and other produce from considerable distances. In a stream falling into the southern Tuli, gold has also been found; and a silver mine was wrought with some success near Santa Ines, till interrupted by the Indians.

KING'S COLLEGE.

Professor Wheatstone delivered an introductory lecture on Musical Sound. He commenced by showing that in every case, when elastic bodies render sounds, oscillatory motions may be either observed by the eye, or shown by other means to exist. In the case of the strings of musical instruments, these are visible; in bells, musical glasses, &c., they may be rendered evident, by the mechanical impulses they communicate to light balls placed in contact with them; and even in wind instruments, the column of air may be shown to be agitated, by placing in different parts of it a stretched membrane of small dimensions, on which sand is strewn, the movements of the sand indicating the state of motion of that portion of the air, within the pipe where the membrane is placed. Having established this point, he entered on the consideration of that modification of sound which constitutes its pitch, and showed that it depended on the frequency of the vibrations—that is, their number in a given time; and he explained several modes by which this frequency might be estimated.

The Professor then proceeded to show that other agitations of the air, than those arising from the vibrations of elastic bodies were capable of producing sounds; and he gave, as instances—first, the sounds obtained by pressing a card or a quill against the teeth of a wheel in rapid revolution; and secondly, Dr. Robison's experiments, in which sounds were produced by periodically interrupting a current of air through a pipe, by means of the rapid motion of a stop-cock. The different forms of Baron Cagnard de la Tour's ingenious acoustical instrument, the Syren, were shown; and its mode of action, which is very analogous to that of Dr. Robison's stop-cock, was explained. The advantages were then stated of the standard of pitch, proposed by Chladni, who assumes the number of vibrations in a second of every C of the musical scale to be some power of 2: the lowest C of the violoncello, according to him, consists of 128 vibrations in a second, and its ascending octaves respectively of 256, 512, 1024, &c., which numbers differ very little from those of the tuning forks in actual use. The various experiments made with the view to determine the limits of audibility, with respect to the human ear, were next referred to, particularly those of Dr. Wollaston and Savart; the range is usually stated to be between 30 and 8,000 or 12,000 vibrations in a second; but Savart has found, by particular modes of producing both low and high sounds, experimental illustrations of some of which were given in the lecture, that sounds so low as 30 in a second, and so high as 48,000, were audible.

The lecture concluded with the exhibition of Mr. Trevelyan's experiments on the vibrations of heated metals, and a mode of producing sounds by means of an electro-magnetic apparatus. These were brought forward as additional proofs, that rapidly recurring impulses, however produced, may give rise to sounds having an appreciable pitch.

VARIETIES.

The statement of the Public Revenue and Expenditure, for the year ending the 5th of January last, has just appeared. The total income to that period amounted to 46,569,856*l.* 10*s.* 2*d.*, and the expenditure to 44,901,700*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.*, leaving, we are happy to say, a surplus of 1,668,155*l.* 12*s.* 4½*d.* “This,” say the *Sun*, “is the best possible proof of the sound state of our national resources, and of the correctness of the principle, that increased consumption almost entirely supplies the deficit in the revenue occasioned by the reduction of taxation. It also affords good evidence of the salutary system of government and judicious arrangements adopted by the late Ministry, to which must in fairness be attributed so satisfactory a state of our public finances. The surplus of revenue over the expenditure, on the 5th of January, 1834, was 1,513,000*l.*, and on the 5th

of January last, it was 1,608,155*l.*, notwithstanding the progressive reduction which has taken place in taxation."

The returns of imports, exports, and tonnage of shipping, recently printed by order of the House of Commons, show the considerable increase that has taken place in the employment of shipping, and afford equal satisfactory evidence of the activity in our foreign trade, especially in some of the most important branches of our manufactures, the declared value of which exported from the ports of the United Kingdom during last year having exceeded the exports of the preceding year upwards of 2,000,000*l.*, viz. :—

Declared value exported in 1833	.	.	.	£34,489,384
Ditto ditto in 1834	.	.	.	36,541,926
Increase in 1834				£2,052,542

It is also gratifying to observe a corresponding augmentation in the imports of the raw material, as exhibited in the returns made of the quantities of the following articles landed :—

	1833	1834	Increase.
Raw silk imports	2,785,109lb.	3,663,956lb.	878,847lb.
Ditto ditto, waste, &c.	649,451lb.	1,012,933lb.	363,485lb.
Sheep's wool	38,046 087lb.	46,455,422lb.	8,409,335lb.
Olive oil	1,891,918gls.	2,320,638gls.	421,920gls.

which articles are chiefly used by the manufacturers, whilst the receipts of the Customs on the latter article, notwithstanding the great reduction in the duty, exceeded those of the previous year, thus adding another to the many instances in the history of fiscal regulation that a reduction in duty is frequently followed by an augmentation of the revenue.

*The Crown Lands.*—By the report of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the management of the Woods and Forests, it appears that the Crown rents are as follows :—

	Per annum.
In London and Middlesex	£103,695
Norfolk and Suffolk	2,600
Eighteen other counties (not named)	16,000
Surrey	2,800
Cambridge, Northampton, and Lincoln	12,000
Yorkshire and Nottingham	14,000
Lancashire, &c.	2,600
Derbyshire (sold except)	26
Somersetshire, &c.	3,009
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In England	156,721
Wales	5,000
Ireland	52,000
Scotland, not specified, except the Crown rents in Orkney, which amount to	1,500
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Total	£215,221

The arrears in Wales amount to 60,000*l.*, owing to the negligence of previous receivers.

Of late years there has been a considerable sum expended in enclosing and planting forest lands; the plantations were begun in 1809, and there are now upwards of 40,000 acres enclosed and planted.

The charge for collection in England and Wales is from four to five per cent, but the charge for managing the Crown lands in Orkney is between 500*l.* and 600*l.* on a rental of 1500*l.* per annum, while the public duties amount to 195*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.* Under these circumstances, the sheriff-depute, whose evidence has been taken, advises that the Crown land, the feu and teind duties in Orkney should be sold; and from our knowledge of the

country, we are inclined to think the present a favourable opportunity of carrying an object so desirable into effect. There are two ways of disposing of the Crown lands, either of which appears to be more advantageous to the public than the retention of the estate upon the present footing—the one by absolute sale, the other by lease in perpetuity for an annual rent in money, the present plan of receiving the Crown rents in kind being one of the chief causes of the present weighty expense of management. The most advantageous plan would be to expose the Crown lands in the different parishes in separate lots, so as to suit the means of purchase on the part of the several proprietors with whose lands they are intermixed. We have always understood that the payment in this country of rents and feu duties in kind, has operated against the improvement of land in the same manner as the taking of tithe in kind has done in England and Ireland.

*Thames Water.*—The number of common sewers which empty themselves into the Thames between Chelsea Bridge and the Tower is 88, exclusive of innumerable drains from streets, manufactories, and houses.

The Benchers of Lincoln's Inn have, by a majority of 15 to 13, declined acceding to the proposition of concurring with the Attorney-General's Bench, in the Inner Temple, in rejecting the advantages hitherto afforded to academic proficiency. An amendment was carried, merely acceding to the original overture to discuss, without waiting for an answer, to which the other society proceeded to settle the matter.

The Ordnance Estimates are printed, and amount to 1,297,059*l.*, being 4640*l.* less than last year.

There are in England 12,503 maltsters, 1139 in Scotland, and only 383 in Ireland. The total number of prosecutions under the malt law, in 1831, was 610; in 1832 it was 688; in 1833 the number was 690; and in 1834 it was 614. Supposing that the survey on brewers (which is continued as a protection to the malt duty) were at the same time wholly abandoned, the repeal of the malt duty might possibly admit of the discontinuance of 107 supervisors at 200*l.*, and 1250 officers at 100*l.*—a total of 146,400*l.*—*Parliamentary Paper.*—[From this, however, would have to be deducted half the sum, as half-pay to the officers dropped, until absorbed into the other branches of the service as vacancies occurred.]

There is a clause in the New Beer Act to the effect, that no license for a beer-shop will be granted after the 5th of April, 1836, for any house not rated at 10*l.* per annum. This will be the means of closing many of the road-side concerns.

*Bankers' Notes.*—The following shows the amount of notes circulated in England and Wales by private and joint-stock banks, between June 28 and September 27, 1834:—Private banks, 8,370,423*l.*; joint-stock banks, 1,783,689*l.*; total, 10,154,112*l.* And between September 27 and December 28—private, 8,537,655*l.*; joint-stock, 2,122,173*l.*; total, 10,659,828*l.*

A Commission has passed the Great Seal appointing a Commission to inquire into the present mode of maintaining discipline by means of the infliction of corporeal punishment in the army, and to consider whether some other mode of punishment cannot be substituted with advantage to that portion of our national force. The Commissioners appointed are, Lord Wharncliffe, Sir James Kempt, Lord Viscount Sandon, the Right Hon. Sir E. H. East, Bart., the Right Hon. C. Fergusson, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edward Barnes, and Major-Gen. Sir Thomas Reynell.

## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Accounts from Kliahtas (on the frontiers of China), of the 6th of December, state that a most extraordinary phenomenon was observed on the 12th and 13th of November last, in the neighbourhood of fort Tsourou-Khaïtou. On the 12th, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the sky became darkened above the mountains, and in a short time this darkness enveloped the whole visible extent of the horizon. It increased to such a degree that before night the whole country was plunged in the profoundest gloom, which did not permit anything to be perceptible, and totally intercepted the view of the stars. On the following day the atmosphere assumed the same appearance, the sun was hid, and the light of day could only be compared to a dim twilight. The only difference observable was that the air appeared filled with smoke without any smell, which, about midnight, was entirely dispersed by a north-east wind, that set in at four o'clock in the afternoon, and increased in force in the course of the evening. When this atmospheric phenomenon had ceased, on the shores and the ice of the river Argonpa was found a brown dust, without smell, but of a sharp salt taste. The grass was covered with a similar kind of dust, but the colour of which was of a reddish hue. In moving on horseback amongst loftier shrubs a great quantity of this dust was disturbed, which caused a species of irritation in the nose and throat. The fort of Tsourou-Khaïtou, mentioned here, is situated in the government of Irkoutsk, in the district of Nertchinsk, on the left bank of the Agonna, which forms, up to its point of junction with the Schilla, the extreme frontier of the Daourie, where these two rivers take the name of the Amour. The Asiatic department of the Imperial Ministry of Foreign Affairs has received a specimen of the dust we have described, which, as far as is known, has never before been seen in these countries.

The *Journal de Cherbourg* states the following to be the amount of the naval forces of France, England, and America:—France has 53 ships of the line, 116 frigates, and 41 sloops; England 109 ships of the line, 61 frigates, and 24 sloops; the United States 12 ships of the line, 19 frigates, and 13 sloops. In each of the above numbers are included the ships that are now building.

A countryman of the commune of Wierde, in Belgium, while making drains upon his land, at a place called Truquoi, turned up 560 pieces of Roman coin of dates anterior to the reign of Constantine; showing that at that early period there were buildings upon this spot, which is on the site of a lake that appears to have been of considerable extent.

In Russia, according to the official reports received by the Synod, the number of births in the year 1833, in the 43 eparchies of the empire was, males 942,836; females 902,209; total 1,845,045. Deaths:—males 779,140; females 706,151; total 1,485,291. Excess of births 299,754. Marriages 361,225. The above includes only the members of the Greek church.

*Interesting Discovery.*—A number of bulls of different Popes, addressed to the Prelates who successively occupied the episcopal seat at Cambrai, and of great importance to archaeological science, have recently been discovered at that place, in a good state of preservation.

*Antique Urn.*—A beautiful antique glass urn has been discovered at Yebleron, in France. It has one handle, and is of a square form. The urn contained a bronze medal bearing the head of Antoninus, with the date of the period of his third Consulship, from which it would appear that the medal is of the year 140 of the Christian era, so that it must have been placed in the urn nearly 1700 years ago.—*French Paper.*

*Geneva.*—The statue of Jean Jacques Rousseau has been opened to the public with great ceremony. It is placed on the Ile des Barques, near the

spot where the Rhone issues from Lake Lemán, whence it is visible from a great distance. It is by Pradier, in bronze, and seven feet in height.

*The Clergy of Spain.*—The following is a summary of the establishments belonging to religious orders in Spain:—The Order of St. Benedict numbers 83 convents of monks and six of nuns; these establishments are rich. That of the Carthusians possesses 16 very rich houses. The Order of St. Jerome comprises 48 monasteries and 19 convents; that of St. Basil, 17 monasteries. The Order of St. Dominic, 351 convents of monks and nuns in Castile, Aragon, and Andalusia; that of St. Francis (called *of the Observance*), 850 convents of monks and nuns, who live by alms; that of St. Francis (called *Terceros Regulares*), 15 convents in Andalusia and seven in the province of St. Leon. The order of the Reform of Bare-footed Friars, 171 convents:—Total, 1715. Only the four first among these Orders are really rich, and their wealth has been considerably diminished by the sales which took place in 1821, by order of the Cortes, but which were afterwards annulled by Ferdinand. At present it is talked of paying the ecclesiastical proprietors in kind, and the commission has already recommended it.

*European Statistics.*—The following statistical statements (taken from a French work by M. J. Schoen on the Statistics of European Civilization), which we find in a recent number of a Paris paper, the "Moniteur du Commerce," will not be uninteresting to many of our readers:—"In Denmark, the number of elementary public schools is 4100, of which 2646 are on the system of mutual instruction. In France, the number of *communes*, or parishes, is 38,135, and that of elementary schools 35,796; they are attended by 1,372,200 children in winter, and by 687,000 in summer. About one-tenth of the whole population above twenty years of age can read, and one-twentieth can read and write. In Austria the number of pupils in elementary schools is one-thirteenth of the total population; in Prussia, one-seventh; in Holland, one-ninth; in Belgium, one-twelfth; and in Bavaria, one-eighth. The institutions for the superior departments of education are those which are, in every part of Europe, the most largely endowed. In Russia, which can only boast of 69,000 pupils in the whole of her public schools, 12,000 of those attend the Universities, or the Institutions for the superior branches of instruction. In Spain, the number of scholars in those Institutions was 1 in 685 in the whole population; in the Netherlands, 1 in 859; in Austria, 1 in 741; and in Prussia, 1 in 633. There are 104 Universities attended by 70,500 students in the whole of Europe. The public libraries in Europe contain upwards of 20 millions of books, of which there are 6,400,000 in France, 5,700,000 in Germany, and 2,000,000 in Italy. In 1805, the number of new works published annually in Europe was about 7,000; but the number has since more than doubled. Germany has always been pre-eminent in this respect, and next in order is France. The number of authors in Germany is 1 in 5000 of the population; France, 1 in 6000; Denmark, 1 in 7000; the Netherlands, 1 in 8000; Great Britain, 1 in 10,000; and in Russia, 1 in 60,000. At Rome, the circulation of newspapers is 1 to 51,000 of the inhabitants; at Madrid, 1 to 50,000; in Vienna, 1 to 11,338; in London, 1 to 10,600; in Berlin, 1 to 4074; in Paris, 1 to 3700; in Stockholm, 1 to 2600; at Leipzig, 1 to 1100. Taking whole kingdoms, it is 1 to 860,000 in Spain; 1 to 674,000 in Russia; 1 to 376,000 in Austria; 1 to 66,000 in Switzerland; 1 to 52,000 in France; 1 to 46,000 in England; 1 to 43,000 in Prussia; and 1 to 40,450 in the Netherlands. Three-fifths of the extent, and more than one-half of the inhabitants of Europe, are subject to absolute governments. One person in 462 is employed by the State of Spain; 1 in 630 in Prussia; and about 1 in 1000 in England. One individual in 27 is engaged in a law-suit in France, and 1 in 80 in Prussia. Austria is the kingdom in which justice is administered at the least expense."

The Frankfort Post Amt Gazette of the 13th has the following:—"It is known that some Hebrew tribes, more or less independent, have for a long time maintained themselves in Arabia; but we now learn from Capt. Owen, who was employed to explore the southern coasts, that an Israelite has founded a new sovereignty there, and has raised himself to the rank of Sultan of Morbut and Dschoffar. His name is Mohamet Bin-Akel. He has collected 1000 Nubiens, whom he has trained to arms, and, by their assistance, has taken possession of the coasts of Fortac as far as Ganew and Hadramond."

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE hopes of the landed interest, if not absolutely extinguished by the debate upon the subject of the malt-tax, must be at least so greatly abated, that all expectation beyond a very slight reduction of the impost must be, for the present, at an end. Tories and Whigs have alike concurred to annihilate the fond aspirations of landlord, tenant, and labourer, and for the very same single reason. They who are in power declare the impossibility of giving up so vast a portion of the revenue. They cling to their large establishments,—to the old corruptions and the patronage they confer; while those who are out of place foresee that could they have ousted their political antagonists upon this question, their political antagonists would have turned the tables upon them the moment they came into office, and demanded the abolition of the tax. To avoid the embarrassment, they therefore concurred in repressing the repeal. If there were any large constituencies credulous enough to elect representatives in the hope of the relief of agriculture from this source they are bamboozled, and little pity will they obtain from the country. But it is not on party grounds we would argue the question. SIR ROBERT PEEL'S was the large and comprehensive mode of treating it, and although his arguments were put with singular plausibility, displaying the abilities of a masterly rhetorician, there is yet a palpable and general weakness in the whole of his statements and inferences, quite inconsistent with the profound view of the subject to be expected from so practised a statesman. But, as we have said above, his object was to preclude a large abstraction from the revenue, and to this he directed his powers. And lest it be imputed to us that we bring a vague charge, we shall go into the principal parts of the Premier's speech, for surely nothing can be more important either to the agricultural interest, or to the country at large.

The first argument was the time, against which Sir Robert objected that the financial statement for the year not being completed, it was impossible to anticipate what may be the real condition of our fiscal resources. It is not a little curious, however, that he immediately knocked this on the head by spontaneously adopting the view exhibited last year by Lord Althorp as quite near enough for the purpose; and from this he drew the inference, that the surplus would be wholly inadequate to meet the deficit of 5,150,000*l.*, at which he estimated it. This calculation, be it observed, however, exceeded the actual receipt of 1834 by 388,000*l.*; but we will take it at 5,000,000*l.*, the nearly intermediate point. The fallacy of all Sir Robert Peel's financial computations stands then upon this: he contends there can be no reduction of expenditure, and that an equivalent tax on property, and on other articles, must be substituted. The whole of his argument is swept away, if it be shown that it is possible to obviate such a necessity, and this was done as we shall show hereafter.

The next ground upon which the Minister insisted, was, that because barley had reached the price of wheat, there could be no necessity for any provision, having for its object, by increasing the demand for barley, to

raise its price. Here the fallacy is double: for first, what causes the rise of the price of barley? A failure of the crop. The farmer then loses at least as much, and probably more by the deficiency in the quantity, than he gains by the elevation of the price; and secondly, the comparison only holds because wheat *has fallen excessively*—a circumstance also creating to him loss, and a far heavier uncompensated loss. The fact, therefore, upon which Sir Robert relies, fails him on both sides of his argument.

His next ground was the increased quantity of malt, and consequently the increased quantity of duty. Here, again, was a complete begging of the question, for the first has been occasioned by the mixture of wheat in malting; and during the last few years the greatest efforts have been used to increase the consumption of malt-liquors. The whole tax on beer has been reduced—in itself a great stimulus. The beer-shops have been opened—the dire effects of gin-drinking have been actively, widely, and loudly proclaimed—Temperance Societies have been established (which bear much on the consumption of spirits, and which, therefore, tend in a like degree to augment the consumption of malt liquor); and lastly, population has increased. We believe that the last fact alone would go near to account for the slight yearly augmentation of revenue, which amounts scarcely (in 1834) to one-hundredth part; in 1833, to not more than a fiftieth part of the whole quantity consumed. Even the increase between the comparative periods of October, 1833, and April, 1834, and October, 1834, and April, 1835, is probably owing to the maltster's accumulating the provision, in the apprehension of the scarcity augmenting the price of barley as the season advances, aided by the admixture of wheat.

There appears to our minds little less inaccuracy in the next comparison into which the Minister entered, and the conclusion he drew, namely, that the decrease in the consumption of malt liquors during the early part of the last century, taken against that of the present times, was occasioned by a change in the taste of the people. That more gin, coffee, and tea have been drank, is true. But why? We say, because gin, coffee, and tea *decreased*, while malt liquor has *increased* in price. The necessity of the labouring man also went hand in hand with these phenomena, and it was not taste but want which drove him from his national, his accustomed beverage. We put the question broadly to any man conversant with the habits and desires of the working classes, beyond the reach of the odour of Thompson and Fearon's vaults in Holborn. Is not the first luxury, nay, the first support and sustenance of their power to labour, in the mind of the artisan and the husbandman, a tankard of porter or a little good beer? We contend that he has been driven to gin, coffee, and tea, and we are sure experience will bear us out in the averment. Here again, then, Sir Robert Peel fails in his inference. Some, and a large proportion of the increase in the consumption of tea and coffee, may indeed be accounted for by the increase of women and children amidst the general increase of population, assisted by the difficulty of procuring milk since the inclosure of commons. Their tastes would probably lead to such a consequence, but when the male population adopts these articles we are convinced that, in the multiplicity of instances, it is poverty and not the will which consents.

Whatever the show of reason, and there was much we are ready to admit, in Sir Robert's arguments against the notion that home brewing would be encouraged by the repeal of the malt-tax, there will yet be a positive and absolute conviction in the mind of every practical man, that such would be the result. This is that species of conviction which defies argumentation. It is a presumption so authorized and so legitimate, that the answer of every such individual would be extempore as it were, "say what you will, it must be so." But if the beer-shop be (as according to Sir Robert Peel it is) the irresistible temptation, it only adds another



strong incentive to the many already existing, for the abolition of those nests of pauperism and crime. Do away the beer-shops, we say, at once: there is an end of the competition and the argument. There is much more solidity in the reasoning that the price of beer would not be greatly lowered, and that if it were, the landed interest would not derive the benefit anticipated. This is, indeed, a difficult dilemma; but twenty shillings and eightpence a quarter (more than 50 per cent. even upon the present high price of barley), affords some latitude to the profits of the grower. While, to whatever extent beer can be substituted for spirits, and home for the beer or gin-shops, the moral effects must be incalculably beneficial.

The deduction that a better price for barley would tend to encourage the appropriation of clay lands to the growth of that grain is fallacious. It would augment the production of barley in the light soils, and thus operate as a protection to the heavier, because less wheat would be grown on the former, and a better price for wheat obtained by the proprietors of the latter.

The force of the Minister's argument concerning the capital of the maltsters would be much weakened by the fact, that, were the tax repealed, there would be much more dealing direct between the consumer and the grower, or with the simple intervention of the corn-chandler, than there is at present. The farmer would let his labourer have barley, and the man himself must after make his own malt. We consider this, therefore, of no weight in the matter. With respect to the immediate result of the repeal on the malt trade (especially if carried into effect prospectively and by divisions) it would resolve itself into a very trifling hesitation at first, for the stocks of beer are not at any season large\*. The public brewers might be at once compensated by a drawback, and for the short future interval every one must buy from hand to mouth, as the saying is.

The financial calculation and assertions which made up the conclusion of the Premier's speech were all taken off by Mr. Hume. He first refuted, in a good degree, Sir Robert's deprecation of the possibility of reducing establishments, by the fact that such depreciations had always been resorted to in order to frighten the House from reductions. In 1822, he (Mr. Hume) proposed to take off eight millions. He was told it was impossible, and he was scouted as a visionary. What had been done since that proved, however, that what he proposed was not only feasible, but easy. Mr. Hume then, grappling with the real question, how is the loss of 4,600,000*l.* to the revenue to be compensated? demonstrated the possibility at once; first, by a reduction of half a million upon the excise expenses, which, the officers employed in collecting the beer duties being still on the establishment, now amounted to 1,200,000*l.* He then showed, by an incontrovertible analogy, that, if a given sum of taxation were taken off, half that amount always found its way back to the revenue through a larger consumption of other taxable articles. Such during the last century had been the uniform result. This would reduce the sum actually to be provided to 2,100,000*l.* He then went into various other details which make it palpable that were Ministers in earnest as to their desire of reduction, there could be no insuperable difficulty. The advantage the agriculturist would actually derive from the repeal is a wider question, however, and one which admits of more ample discussion

\* There is a current anecdote, which is certainly true, that a publican in Cambridge, where the beer is celebrated for a peculiar sweetness, called upon the brewer, some years ago, on the Monday morning, to complain that the beer sent in that day was so stale his customers would not drink it. "My honest friend," said the brewer, "I should be glad to accommodate you to the utmost, but really I don't see how I can, if this beer be too old; for, upon my honour, it was brewed on Friday night."

than we have space now to enter upon. We believe it would resolve itself finally (so far as agriculture is concerned) into a benefit to the landlord, with the moral advantage to the labourer. At present the whole may be reduced to this simple formula :—"The agricultural interest wants relief; there is no relief for it on an adequate scale, except by the abolition of the malt-tax." This is the way that the landed interest puts it. Their view has been negatived by Government and by the House of Commons,—for this question has not been met upon party grounds. The rejection is common to all parties. But still, if our arguments, or rather our answer to Sir Robert Peel's argumentation be valid, the subject has neither been widely, comprehensively, nor luminously considered; for it forms also a part of that larger review which ought to be given to the whole financial system of the country, (clearly a most erroneous system,) and in relation to other imposts in their several bearings upon the general industry and propriety.

Respecting the trade in corn, the same unfavourable aspect prevails. Wheat and flour are both drugs; heavy in sale and declining in price,—the one from 1s. to 2s. per quarter, the other even more per sack on the ship qualities during the progress of the month. The best samples of the latter have been sold at 28s. to 32s., a lower price, perhaps, than has been known for the last forty years. Even barley and malt have hung on hand, owing to the uncertainty of the decision of Parliament touching the duty. Since that question has been set to rest, if price be not better, the trade is firmer. All other articles remain much the same, but a glut is anticipated when the ships detained by the late heavy gales shall arrive in the river.

The season has not been so propitious for the lambing as was to be anticipated. The cold winds and the quantity of rain have been worse than the frost and snow, the shepherds say; yet the fall has been good, and the loss confined to a few of the ewes. The same causes have acted to prevent barley-sowing: the heavy lands cannot at this moment be worked, and the light lands are wet. Little or none was in the ground at the conclusion of the third week of March. This must, it is pronounced, operate against this year's crop, for early sowing is admitted to be most advantageous. Mr. Coke of Holkham, the greatest probably, and certainly the best, barley-grower in England, prefers the American to the Chevallier, upon sufficient trials.

## RURAL ECONOMY.

WE have been much interested by an intelligent communication from a correspondent in one of the French commercial papers, who, after cursorily mentioning the different counties in which agriculture is more or less attended to, and pointing out the consequent benefits resulting to the peasantry, as the means of improving their comforts, and diminishing their poverty, strenuously recommends the formation of agricultural societies in France, praising, at the same time, in the strongest terms, the system of agriculture adopted in Great Britain, and the high and deserving patronage with which it is favoured. He then arrives at the point of argument, which, we acknowledge, struck us as well deserving deep attention, the benefits likely to accrue to France from the establishment of agricultural colleges for the practical education of young men destined to become agriculturists, on the same principle as that founded by the Empress Catherine at St. Petersburg, where the students are both practically and theoretically made acquainted with the art of agriculture, having a portion of ground allotted for the experimental part of their study, provided with ploughs and other agricultural implements. They also receive lectures on geology and chemistry, and are instructed in the manures most beneficial for particular soils,

to which it might be suggested, that a branch of the tuition should consist of the management of cattle, and improvement in their breed. At Moscow, a college has been also established by the Emperor Alexander, for instruction in the same science. In Prussia agriculture meets the direct patronage of royalty; and the Royal Academy of Agriculture, near Frankfort-on-Oder, superintended by one of the most practical, as well as scientific men in Europe, Mr. Thücker, proprietor of the well-known estate called Moglin, is too celebrated to need any eulogy. From parity of reasoning we would infer that the institution of such colleges in the United Kingdom might be highly beneficial to the rising generation of British farmers; rendering the sons of the larger landed proprietors, from their practical knowledge, competent to undertake the management of their own estates, or, at all events, would qualify them to ascertain that their bailiffs adopted the best mode of cultivation, to insure improvement of the soil, and, consequently, an increase of produce. Thus all the drudgery and labour of following the plough in the field, or going through the detail at a more advanced age, would be avoided, and the young agriculturist would leave his college practically, as well as theoretically, informed as to the treatment and tillage of the land.

*Important to Sheep-breeders.*—The dipping of sheep in the autumn seems to answer fully the expectation that was formed; and wherever it was done properly, the ticks and lice, and their eggs, seem all to have been destroyed; and the wool has made a more rapid growth, the sheep are quiet and contented, and feed well, and their coats are light, with scarcely a lock of wool displaced; while the flocks in the adjoining fields, that were not dipped, are tormented with swarms of these vermin, and are continually nabbings, rubbing, or kicking, to the injury of the wool, as well as its loss, and the cause also of considerable trouble to the shepherd; neither will they feed or sleep so well, or obtain so much flesh, or so great a weight of wool, and of course are rendered of less value. This dipping will doubtless be almost universally adopted: but we would beg to state that it is a strong and powerful remedy, and requires great experience, with a careful and judicious management, or in unskilful or negligent hands a deal of mischief may be done in a very short time.—*County Chronicle*.

## USEFUL ARTS.

*Important Discovery.*—Professor Doebereiner, at Jena, has discovered another most remarkable property in platina and iridium. He found that either of these metals in its extreme state of fine division (such as may be obtained by its solution in sulphuric acid being mixed with certain organic matters, and excluded from the influence of light) on drying in the air, absorbed from 200 to 250 times its volume of oxygen gas, without combining with it chemically, and compresses it with a power which is equal to the pressure of from 800 to 1,000 atmospheres. Such a great mechanical attraction in a metal for oxygen gas is hitherto without any example, and at once explains all the previous discoveries made by Doebereiner, of the extraordinary chemical effect of those two metals in connexion with various oxidated substances and atmospheric air. Doebereiner supposes that this attractive power, properly used, will lead to greater discoveries than have yet been made. Another interesting discovery made by Doebereiner is that ether, at the temperature of 90 of Réaumur, burns gradually and with a pale blue flame, which is only perceptible in the dark, and which will not set anything on fire, but which is itself so inflammable, that, on being approached by a lighted taper, instantly changes into a high-spreading brilliant flame.

## BANKRUPTS,

FROM FEBRUARY 23, 1834, TO MARCH 20, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

Feb. 23.—J. GOULDEN, Hope-street, Hackney-road, carpenter. G. BRYCE, Manchester, pawnbroker. T. DAWES, East Stonehouse, Devonshire, painter. W. MITCHELL, Strand, lodging-house-keeper. W. ARCHER, Messing, Essex, grocer. G. NIPPON, Northampton, upholsterer. J. BETTS, Spital, near Windsor, victualler. R. DEAN, Milner-place, Lambeth, builder. J. PINSON, Norwich, linen-draper. E. CRICK, Leamington Priors, printer. L. CAMBRIDGE, Bristol, ship-owner. S. HUDDLESTON, Manchester, saddler. J. JORIS, Bagillt, Holywell, Flintshire, ale-brewer. M. REDEMMEYER, Liverpool, salt-dealer. J. WILLIAMS, Salford, Lancashire, innkeeper. P. COX, Fairford, Gloucestershire, builder. J. MACHELEN, Clifton, Gloucestershire, publisher. J. LUTTON, Bishop Thornton, Yorkshire, oil-merchant.

Feb. 27.—J. W. POPE, Wood-street, Cheap-side, carpet-warehouseman. J. COLLINSON, Thomas-street, Stamford-street, Blackfriars, hat manufacturer. W. ADAMS, jun., Brown's-jane, Spitalfields, brewer. L. ALLEN, Pinner-green, Middlesex, innkeeper. J. GOODBURN, Brighton-place, New Kent-road, Surrey, silversmith. N. SLEE, Princes-street, Stamford-street, Blackfriars, leather dresser. J. and T. BURROW, Hanley, Stoke-upon-Trent, grocers. D. T. MCCARTHY, Bristol, stationer. P. BIRD, Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, grocer. E. BARNARD, Little Baldov, Essex, cattle and sheep-salesman. T. BAYNTON, Cheltenham, horse-dealer. J. COATES, Manchester, merchant. J. TURNBULL, Tyne-mouth, Northumberland, cabinet-maker. B. WRIGHT, Liverpool, ship-broker. J. FOX, Liverpool, wine-merchant. T. and R. FOSTER, Trygal, Northumberland, flour-dealers. J. WILLIAMS, Chester-le-street, Durham, linen-draper.

March 3.—J. WEST, Keate-street, Middlesex, victualler. J. BUSWELL and R. WOOD, Derby, joiners and cabinet-makers. W. TAYLOR, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, surgeon. J. HOYLE, Manchester, victualler. J. WRIGHT, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, jeweller. M. FLOOE, Kingswood Hill, Gloucestershire, carrier. S. R. WILMOT, Bristol, brewer. B. HOGG, jun., Leeds, cloth-manufacturer. J. HOLDEN, Bacup, Lancaster, cotton-spinner. W. V. WILKES, Birmingham, factor. I. SWIFT and G. SWIFT, Lane-end, Stoke-upon-Trent, tailors. E. KNAPE, Walsoken, Norfolk, cattle-salesman. G. BROWN, Marlborough, ironmonger. G. A. RAY, Ramsgate, lodging-house-keeper. P. HATTON, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, innkeeper. J. DEACON, Reeth, Yorkshire, corn-factor. W. JAMES, Brighton, grocer. S. CROSSBY, Coventry, dyer.

March 6.—B. PARNHAM, High-street, Shad-

well, sail-maker. J. DATES, Bellevue-place, Clapham, linen-draper. W. ASKHAM, sen., Mckington, Derbyshire, surgeon.

March 10.—R. COLE, Basinghall-street, scrivener. S. TIPPER, Whitebrook Mills, Monmouthshire, paper manufacturer. W. HOLLOWAY, Dorset-street, Clapham-road, brewer. A. HIDER, Otford, Kent, cheesemonger. R. BARNARD, Hollingbourne, Kent, paper-maker. J. SHIELDS, Bridge-road, Lambeth, wire-worker. J. CARTER, Coleman-street, woollen-warehouseman. W. P. WILLIAMS and W. WILLIAMS, Berley, Kent, grocers. J. BULMAN, Great Tower-street, ale merchant. J. TURNER, Honiton, Devonshire, tea-dealer. N. THOMAS, Manchester, cabinet-maker. P. ABRAHAM, Briggate, Leeds, jeweller. W. H. CROSS, Leeds, victualler. J. COOPER, Liverpool, joiner. T. CROWTHER, Openshaw, Lancashire, joiner. J. ALLPORT, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, upholsterer.

March 13.—H. ROWED and J. W. GREENSHIELDS, New Bond-street, tailors. J. P. HICKS, and C. E. HICKS, Eastington, Gloucester, clothiers. F. SANDON, Newgate-street, druggist. J. SMITH, Wheatley, Oxfordshire, surgeon. W. PLEASER, Bristol, victualler. J. PENN, Leamington, Warwickshire, bookseller. T. ROTWELL, Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. D. ROBERTS, Pwllheli, Carnarvonshire, draper. A. HICKSON, Doncaster, grocer. T. BUMPUS, jun., Northampton, grocer. J. ROBINSON and W. ROBINSON, Burslem, Staffordshire, common brewers. J. NORMAN, Burslem, Staffordshire, innkeeper.

March 17.—J. S. FVELSIGH and W. EVERLEIGH, Union-street, Southwark, hatters. B. SHIRLEY, Blackfriars-road, dealer in earthenware. W. E. BROWNE, Brompion-grove, merchant. R. B. MOORE, Worcester, stonemason. J. BURNELL, jun., Wortley, Yorkshire, clothier. R. TROTTER, Tynemouth, Northumberland, ship owner. S. MITCHELL, Sheffield, merchant. T. HERBERT, Brynmawr, Llanelli, Brecon, grocer. W. TAYLOR, Gateshead, Durham, builder.

March 20.—H. PATTIFER, Little Pulteney-street, Soho, cheesemonger. G. MANWARING, sen., W. MANWARING, and G. MANWARING, jun., York-place, York-road, Lambeth, engineers. W. A. NOBLE and J. EDINGTON, Globe-stairs, Rotherhithe, engineers. C. TELFORD, Phoenix-wharf, City-basin, coal-merchant. B. MUSSON, Manchester, grocer. R. BOWERMAN, sen., and G. BOWERMAN, Ensham, Oxfordshire, carriers. J. BOWERMAN, Oxford, chemist. R. FARR, Doncaster, hardwareman. C. PUGH, Newtown, Montgomeryshire, ironmonger. J. WHITWORTH, Birmingham, plumber. J. C. HUGHES, Leamington Priors, hotel proprietor.

## COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE doubtful and unsatisfactory position of public affairs continues to produce a depressing effect in several branches of trade. The great staple manufactures, those of Cotton and Wool, are, however, in full activity; but complaints are made that, in the latter, the high price of the raw material, as compared with that of the wrought commodity, scarcely leaves the smallest percentage of profit to the manufacturer.

The Colonial Markets have been of late tolerably firm; and West India Muscovades have been in extensive and continued demand, at increasing quotations.

Mauritius Sugars have been generally steady, with some tendency to improvement in the good coloury qualities. The prices lately realized have been for brown, 50s. to 52s.; ordinary yellow, 53s.; grey, 52s. to 55s.; fine white, 60s. to 61s. 6d.

East India Sugars present no subject for observation beyond the statement of the prices at which sales have been made, and which are as follows:—Bengal, white low to good middling, 29s. to 31s.; Java, brown and low yellow, 22s. 6d. to 25s.; Siam, good brown, 25s. 6d.; fine yellow, 27s. to 27½. 6d.; middling to good white, 27s. 6d. to 28s. 6d.

In Foreign Sugars the only recent transactions have been in Havannah, of which a cargo of the new crop, consisting of 1600 boxes of yellow, daily expected in the Channel, has been sold for Antwerp at 29s.

The Refined Market is firm, and prices well supported, the supply not being equal to the demand; fine crashed cannot be obtained under 33s. 6d.

The Stock of West India Sugars now on hand is 18,400 hlds. and trs., exceeding that of the corresponding date of last year by about 5000; the stock of Mauritius is about 89,000 bags, falling short of that of last year by about 6500 bags. The last average price of Sugar is 1½. 10s. 4½. d. per cwt.

British Plantation Coffee offers little matter for comment; good ordinary Jamaica is worth 86s. to 88s.; clean descriptions are scarce, and therefore in demand. For the rest, it is only necessary to quote the prices at which purchases have of late been made; good ordinary St. Domingo, 55s.; good ordinary Ceylon, 57s. to 58s.; fine ordinary Brazil, 54s. 6d. to 56s. 6d.; good ordinary green Mocha, 71s. to 76s.

In Cocoa no business has been doing except for exportation; the Government contract for 50 tons of Brazil is understood to have been taken at about 29½.

The fall in the price of Rum towards the close of the month has been so rapid as to cause an absolute panic; the Government contract has been taken at 12½ to 15 per cent. below the prices which were nominally quoted a short time previous. The 50,000 gallons, 4 per cent. under-proof have been taken at 1s. 11¼. d.; the 25,000 gallons, 6 per cent. over, to be put into the stores at Deptford, free of all charges, are taken at 2s. 1d.

Cotton is still upon the advance with a steady demand; the late purchases have, however, been chiefly on speculation. The sales of the last week consisted of—

	d.	d.
6000 bales Surat, very ord. to good	6½	to 8
900 „ Madras, mid. to fair	7½	to 7½
800 „ Bowed, mid. to fair	9½	to 10½
750 „ Surat, very ord. to fine	7	to 8½

Indigo, Silk, and Wool, present no feature for observation.

The Tea Trade is in a state of utter stagnation; the vast quantities imported, in addition to the remaining stock of the Company, the extensive sales already made and about to come on, and the great depression in prices at Liverpool, have completely paralyzed all business; and so shy are purchasers, that it is apprehended that sales of the Tea purchased lately at the India House could not now be effected without a reduction of 2d. to 4d. per lb. on the lower descriptions.

The Corn Market has lately been dull, with a decline of 1s. per quarter on Wheat, with the exception of some choice samples. Barley is also 1s. cheaper, there being a good supply from the country, as well as some cargoes of Foreign arrived, and some taken out of Bond. Oats, Peas, and Beans are all brought to Market in such abundance as to keep the quotations heavy, and render purchasers indifferent.

There has been some considerable fluctuation in the Market for English Securities during the month; as soon as it became apparent that no immediate attempt would be made to urge the House of Commons to a vote declaratory of want of confidence in the Ministry, Consols recovered from the depression into which they had fallen, and rose to

the price of 92½ for the Account; their recent defeats, and the prospect of a more serious one on the question of the appropriation of the surplus revenues of the Irish Church, have again had an unfavourable influence upon them, and they have again fallen to 91½. Bank Stock has suffered a much more severe depreciation, partly from the causes which have affected the Money Market generally, but chiefly as the result of the late meeting of Proprietors, where it was ascertained that in order to provide for the usual dividend, it was necessary to abstract a sum of 10,000*l.* from the "rest," or accumulated surplus; a sum trifling in itself, but indicative of danger that the recurrence of the same necessity might lead to a diminution of the dividend itself. The fall has consequently been rapid, from 225½, the price shortly before the meeting, to that of 216.

In spite of the influence of the depressing causes above stated, the Foreign Market has largely improved, particularly in Portuguese Bonds and Spanish Securities; there is also a considerable advance in most of the South American Stocks.

The closing prices of the principal Securities, domestic and foreign, on the 27th, are subjoined:—

#### ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, shut—Three per Cent.

Reduced, shut—Three per Cent. Consols, 91½—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, shut—Three and a Half per Cent. New, 99½—Long Annuities, expire Jan., 1860, shut—Annuities, expiring Oct., 1850, shut—India Stock, shut—Ditto Bonds, 20 2—Exchequer Bills, 100*l.*, and Small, 37 9—Bank for Account, 216 17—India ditto, 259 60—Consols ditto, 91½.

#### SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 8, 9—Bolanos, 125 30—British Iron, 31½ 2½—Brazilian, Imperial, 41½ 2½—Ditto Del Rey, 8½—Canada, 39½ 40½—Colombian, 13 14—Real Del Monte, 33½ 4½—United Mexican, 6½ 7½—London and Greenwich Railway, 13 14 ¼.

#### FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 102½ ¾—Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 87½—Chilian, 6 per cent. 45 6—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 39½ ¾—Danish, 3 per cent. 78½ 9—Dutch, 2½ per cent. 55½ ¾—Ditto, 5 per cent. 102½ ¾—Mexican, 6 per cent. 42½ ¾—Peruvian, 6 per cent. 29½ ¾—Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent. 94½ ¾—Ditto 1834, 6 per cent. 101½ ¾—Russian 0*l.* sterling, 5 per cent. 108½ ¾—Spanish, 1821, 5 per cent. 64½—Ditto, 1835, Scrip, 5 per cent. 7½ ¾—Ditto, passive, 5 per cent. 16½ 17—Ditto, deferred, 5 per cent. 28½ 29.

## MONTHLY DIGEST.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

#### IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

Feb. 26.—The Lord Chancellor read the following answer of his Majesty to the Address of their Lordships:—"I thank you for your loyal and dutiful Address. I receive with great satisfaction your assurances of willing co-operation in all such measures as are calculated to remove just causes of complaint, and to promote the happiness and concord of my subjects."—Lord Ellenborough gave notice of the introduction of a Bill of Indemnity for certain acts of official persons in the East Indies, and expressed his hope of being able in the next Session to bring forward a measure for the elucidation and consolidation of all the laws in India.—Lord Brougham moved for a return of all Commissions of Inquiry issued under the Great Seal during the years 1828, 1829, and 1830.—Lord Ellenborough observed, that the motion would be attended with considerable expense to the country. It was ultimately agreed to, after an animated discussion, in which the Lord Chancellor, the Marquess of Lansdowne, Lord Plunkett, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Radnor, and Lord Wharncliffe, took part.

Feb. 27.—The Earl of Aberdeen declared, in answer to a question from

the Earl of Mulgrave, that Government had no intention of interfering with the instructions sent out to the Governor-General of Jamaica, and entered into some details to show the spirit of good faith in which his Majesty's present Government was prepared to carry the measure of the late Government into effect.—The Earl of Mulgrave expressed himself satisfied with the explanation.

March 3.—On the motion of the Duke of Wellington, a Select Committee was appointed to consider the plans for the construction of new Houses of Parliament. His Grace stated that it was intended to lay the plans before both Houses for their approbation.—The Marquess of Westminster asked whether it was the intention of the Noble Duke to propose poor-laws for Ireland, and provision for the Catholic clergy.—His Grace said, that until the Poor-Law Commissioners had made their report, no measure would be introduced. There was no intention to propose a provision for the Catholic clergy.

March 4.—The Earl of Roden inquired whether it was the intention of the Government to propose any estimate during the present Session of Parliament, for the purpose of supporting the national schools in Ireland.—The Duke of Wellington said it was the intention of the Government to propose such an estimate in the other House, and it was intended that it should be greater this year than last, because of the necessity for new buildings.

March 10.—The Duke of Wellington, in answering some observations of Lord Brougham touching Malta, the Dardanelles, St. Petersburg, the death of the Emperor of Austria, &c., stated that the movement of the British fleet from Malta had not arisen from any discussions with the Russian Court, nor had he reason to believe any such discussions would arise; that his Majesty had appointed a Noble Lord as his representative at the Court of St. Petersburg, who will set out at the proper season; and that it could not be expected from him that the very day after the news of the decease of the Emperor of Austria had been received, he could be prepared to mention what were the subjects to be negotiated with the present possessor of the Austrian Throne.

March 13.—Lord Brougham moved the first reading of a Bill to Consolidate the Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction of England and Wales.—The Lord Chancellor suggested a postponement of the Bill, as a similar one was before the House of Commons, to which Lord Brougham assented. In reply to the Duke of Cumberland, Lord Brougham said that the difference between his Bill and that of the House of Commons was, that the latter contained nothing about church-rates and wills.

March 16.—The Marquess of Londonderry, after alluding to the debate in the House of Commons respecting the embassy to St. Petersburg, said that, without having had any communication, direct or indirect, with any one of the King's Ministers, he had come to the determination, upon hearing of that discussion, that no consideration should induce him to accept the appointment of Ambassador to the Russian Court.—The Duke of Wellington stated that he had recommended the Marquess of Londonderry for the office of Ambassador to Russia, solely on account of his fitness for the diplomatic employment, and that Sir R. Peel fully concurred in the recommendation, which also met the approbation of his Majesty.—After some observations from the Marquess of Lansdowne, who said that the ground of opposition to the appointment was not on account of the personal character of the Marquess, the conversation dropped.

March 17.—The Earl of Aberdeen, in reply to the Earl of Mulgrave, confirmed the statements with respect to the favourable working of the new system in Jamaica, and to the abundance of the new crops.

March 18.—The Earl of Mulgrave adverted to the disputes that had so long existed between this country and Canada, and to the promise that a Commissioner was to be sent to investigate the character and extent of the complaints; and asked whether any person had been determined upon to undertake that duty?—The Earl of Aberdeen replied that a decision had been come to on the subject, and that Viscount Canterbury had been appointed.

March 19.—The Lord Chancellor presented the first Report of the Commissioners of Church Inquiry (England), which was ordered to be printed.—Lord Brougham presented a petition from Canada, complaining of the Governor, which, after a long discussion, was ordered to be laid upon the table.

March 20.—The Duke of Wellington laid on the table of the House the Report of the Committee on Lay Patronage.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Feb. 24.—The Speaker, attired in his state robes, entered the House shortly after one o'clock, when there were present upwards of 100 Members. The proceeding of administering the oaths to Members who had not yet been sworn was resumed, and continued until the appearance of the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod at the door of the House. The Members having returned from the House of Lords, several notices of motions were given; after which the Address was moved by Lord Sandon, who stated that he was most anxious to support the appeal of the present Ministers for a fair trial, and he considered that the prerogative of the Crown itself was involved in the question before the House. The Noble Lord concluded by moving, "That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, thanking him for his most gracious Speech."—Mr. Brampton seconded the Address.—Lord Morpeth thought there was much in the Speech to give satisfaction to the country, but he expected some more direct allusion to the state of the Irish church, and to the condition of that country. His Lordship moved an amendment to the effect, that the progress of various forms has been interrupted and endangered by the dissolution of the late Parliament, which was most earnestly bent on measures towards which the wishes of the people were justly and anxiously directed.—Mr. Bannerman seconded the amendment.—A long discussion followed, in the course of which Sir R. Peel, in a most eloquent speech, justified the conduct of the present Government.—Lord J. Russell rose to reply to the Right Hon. Baronet, but an adjournment being loudly called for, the House adjourned.

Feb. 25.—The adjourned debate on the Address was resumed by Mr. Robinson, who declared that he would not join in the attempt to subvert the present Ministers, that he would give the Administration of Sir R. Peel a fair trial, and that he should therefore vote for the Address.—Lord Stanley declared that he should not give his assent to the amendment; and that he spoke not only his own sentiments, but the opinions, at the same time, of a large body of Gentlemen, who were neither insignificant in their standing as Members of the Legislature, nor unimportant in point of intelligence and weight in the country.—Colonel Chatterton said that he should vote for the Address, in order to preserve the consecrated institutions of the country.—Mr. H. Grattan made a violent attack upon the Orangemen of Ireland, which was answered with great spirit by Colonel Perceval.—Lord J. Russell addressed the House at great length in support of the amendment.—At a quarter to one, on the motion of Mr. Hume, the House adjourned.

Feb. 26.—Mr. Ewart brought forward his motion, that no new public



business should be transacted after eleven o'clock at night.—The motion was, after a few observations from several Members, postponed till the 10th of March.—The adjourned debate on the Address was opened by Mr. Mulhins, who spoke in favour of the Amendment.—Lord Waterpark said that, although he regretted so little notice was taken in the Address of the depressed state of agriculture, he concurred in every topic in it, and should vote for it, in order to defeat a factious opposition, formed for the purpose of promoting their own selfish interests.—Major C. Bruce declared his opinion that the intelligent portion of the people of Scotland relied on the integrity of the Ministry, and were prepared to give it a fair trial.—Mr. P. M. Stewart objected to the Amendment because it was vague, flimsy, and useless. He should support the Address, because he thought, in the words of Mr. Fox, "that if the present Government be displaced, another and a worse Government will be established."—Lord Howick was in favour of the Amendment, not for the purpose of ejecting the Ministry, but as a mere expression of distrust, and a disapprobation of the dissolution of the late Parliament.—Sir J. Graham said, that he considered it but fair to test the conduct of Ministers according to the promises made in the King's Speech, which he thought they would adhere to.—Mr. O'Connell justified his coalition with the Whigs, and declared his intention of voting for the Amendment.—The House afterwards divided, when the numbers were declared to be—for the Amendment 309, against it 302: majority against Ministers 7.

Feb. 27.—The Address, as amended, was agreed to without a division.

March 2.—The Speaker acquainted the House that the King returned to the Address presented to him on Saturday, the following most gracious answer:—"I thank you sincerely for the assurances which you have given me in this loyal and dutiful Address, of your disposition to co-operate with me in the improvement, with a view to the maintenance, of our institutions in Church and State. I learn with regret that you do not concur with me as to the policy of the appeal which I have recently made to the sense of my people. I never have exercised, and I never will exercise, any of the prerogatives which I hold, excepting for the single purpose of promoting the great end for which they are intrusted to me—the public good; and I confidently trust that no measure, conducive to the general interests, will be endangered or interrupted in its progress by the opportunity which I have afforded to my faithful and loyal subjects, of expressing their opinions through the choice of their Representatives in Parliament."—The usual vote of thanks to his Majesty was then agreed to.—Sir R. Peel, in reply to Lord J. Russell, said that he had not tendered his resignation. He was aware of the decision on the Address, but he did not consider it tantamount to a wish that he should resign.—Mr. Bernal was unanimously re-elected Chairman of Committees; and the House having gone into Committee of Supply, a resolution that a Supply be granted to his Majesty was agreed to without opposition, on the motion of Sir R. Peel.

March 3.—Mr. O'Dwyer moved for a copy of the order recently issued to officers commanding troops in Ireland, directing that the troops, when ordered to fire, should always fire with effect. A long discussion followed, in which several members took part; but the motion was ultimately withdrawn, upon an understanding that a general order should be issued, containing the substance of the one alluded to, as a caution to the people of Ireland.

March 4.—The House having gone into Committee of Supply, a sum of 28,384,700*l.* was voted to pay off Exchequer Bills, and another sum of 621,500*l.* for Public Works.

March 6.—Colonel Evans inquired of Sir R. Peel when it was his intention to bring forward his financial statement.—Sir Robert said he thought

that this would be a most inconvenient course, by introducing the financial statements of the country before the estimates were passed, and the amount of revenue, and the general demands for the public service, were satisfactorily ascertained. This was the ancient course, and he thought by far the most convenient.—Mr. Hume thought the House ought to be made acquainted with the state of the revenue, as they might then be able to pass a vote for the actual sum required.—Sir Robert Peel said that the Government did not intend to postpone their measures, but the course he had stated was the adopted as well as the most convenient custom.

March 9.—Mr. Roebuck presented a petition from the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly of Lower Canada, complaining of grievances.—Sir R. Peel stated that the present Government had appointed a gentleman to the Canadas to make inquiries into the several complaints of the Assemblies, and as to the means of remedying the same; and upon that report he hoped the Government would be enabled to bring forward measures that would give redress and conciliate the Canadas.—Mr. Bagshaw called the attention of the Government to a recent attack made by the Caffres on the settlers at the Cape of Good Hope.—Sir G. Clerke promised that any information possessed by Government on the subject should be communicated.—The House went into a Committee of Ways and Means, and several votes were agreed to.

March 10.—The Marquess of Chandos brought forward his motion for the repeal of the malt-tax, which led to a very extended discussion.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer resisted the motion, as closing him against the consideration of every other interest, and before the House could by possibility know the state of the finances. It would be his duty to make that statement as early as possible; he should do so, but he could not make it till after the close of the financial year. He contended that the estimates could not be reduced lower: that a property-tax was the only resource: and that, he thought, the country gentlemen would hesitate about sanctioning. If, however, the House should sanction the motion, he had no alternative but to leave with the House the consequences of the responsibility which it would then have assumed.—The House eventually divided, when there appeared for the motion 192, against it 350: majority in favour of Ministers 158.—Sir R. Peel, in reply to Mr. Hume, said that he could not make his financial statements until after the 5th of April.

March 11.—Mr. Ewart's motion that no new business should be commenced in the House after 11 o'clock, was lost by a majority of 65.

March 12.—Mr. Hume gave notice that his Amendment, limiting the grants on the Estimates to three months, would not now be made; but a motion would be brought forward on a future day, expressive of "decided no confidence" in his Majesty's Ministers.—Mr. Dobbin renewed his motion for a series of Papers regarding the Police and Magistracy of Ireland.—Sir H. Hardinge replied, that he could not grant the papers, because the transactions were so improper that the Government had directed prosecutions; the papers were now with the Crown Officers. Other papers would be granted. He and the Chancellor of the Exchequer both stated that directions had been given to prevent magistrates, who were clergymen, from interfering in the collection of tithes where measures of severity might be requisite, especially in cases where they were personally interested. The defence of the Government they would defer until the papers were before the House.

March 13.—Lord J. Russell said that it was well known to the House generally that he had given notice of a motion of very great importance for the 23rd. At the time he gave that notice, he was informed that the report of the Commissioners would be on the table of that House. He wished to know whether that report was likely to be on the table by that

time, for he had since been informed that such was not likely to be the fact. He did not doubt but that whenever such a report reached the Government, it would at once be laid on the table. He only wished to say, that on whatever day he should fix his motion, he proposed to move a call of the House for that day.—Sir H. Hardinge said that if the Noble Lord had intimated that he intended to put this question, he should be prepared to give him an answer as to the date at which he expected the report. He could now only trust to memory, and could state that sometime ago he made inquiries, and was informed that the report would be made at the end of March or the beginning of April. Government had not thrown any interruption or impediment in the way of the Commissioners; on the contrary, they had shown every readiness to afford all the facility in their power. When the report was received, the Noble Lord would be immediately informed of it.—Lord John Russell said if there was any delay, it was, he was sure, a delay of form, not of intention. Under the circumstances, however, he wished to know the sense of the House on the subject. At present it was his intention to wait till Monday. In the meantime he would know the precise day to bring forward the question, and then he would move a call of the House. If it should be brought forward on an order-day, he would move an amendment that the House should go into a Committee of the whole on the state of the Irish Church.

March 16.—Sir R. Peel, in answer to the Marquess of Chandos, as to the period when he intended to bring forward his plan of Parliamentary relief, said that he hoped to be able to do so soon after the close of the financial year, on the 1st of April.—Sir R. Peel announced the resignation of the Marquess of Londonderry as Ambassador to St. Petersburg.—(On the motion that the House should resolve itself into Committee on the Navy Estimates, Mr. Hume moved an amendment, that the Navy Estimates be referred to a Select Committee. After a debate, the original motion was carried by a majority of 146 against 66.

March 17.—Sir R. Peel, in an able and luminous speech, moved for leave to bring in a Bill to alter the law of Marriages, as regards Dissenters. He stated, that until the Marriage Act of 1754, marriage was, in fact, a civil contract; as far as the Dissenters are concerned, it was proposed in reality to restore that state of the law. The adding to, or withholding from such civil contract of marriage, any religious ceremony, is to be left to the parties. With respect to the members of the Church, the law would remain what it now is; Sir R. Peel contending, that if relief were afforded to the Dissenters, they would have no right to attempt to interfere with what the Church Establishment deemed best for its members.—The measure will enact, that in the case of parties being Dissenters, and objecting to be married according to the forms of the Church of England, it shall be competent for them to go before a magistrate of the hundred in which one of them has resided for more than seven days past, and declare their intention of entering into the married state. An oath, similar to that taken on applying for a marriage license now, will be required on the first visit to the magistrate. The oath will set forth the name and place of residence of the party—will declare that he is not a member of the Church of England, and that he objects to be married according to the rites of that Church—that he has dwelt in such and such a place for seven days past—that the parties are of age, or that they have the consent of their parents or guardians, &c., and that there is no lawful impediment to the marriage. Within any period after such application to the magistrate, not less than fourteen days, nor more than three months, the parties may again present themselves before the magistrate, and go through a simple form of civil contract, signing a declaration that they consider themselves to be man and wife. This will constitute a legal marriage under the measure of Sir R. Peel. It remains only to add to this summary of the Bill, that the magistrate before

whom the marriage takes place, will be required to transmit the declaration of marriage to the clergyman of the parish, who will be required to register it in the same manner as he registers marriages solemnized by himself. The fees in the whole will amount to 7s., of which 2s. are to be paid to the magistrate, and 5s. to the parochial officer for the clergyman.—Mr. Wilks, Lord John Russell, Dr. Lushington, Mr. P. Howard, Mr. Baines, Mr. C. Fergusson, Mr. P. Thomson, Mr. D. W. Harvey, Mr. S. Wortley, Mr. Lennard, Mr. Ewart, Lord Sandon, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Praed, Mr. Sheil, the Attorney-General, Mr. Estcourt, Sir J. Campbell, Mr. Warburton, Mr. M'Cance, and Mr. Kennedy, severally addressed the House in commendation of the principle of the Right Honourable Baronet's measure; and, indeed, the details of the Bill scarcely provoked any objection. Leave was given to bring in the Bill amidst almost universal demonstrations of satisfaction.

March 18.—Sir J. Campbell's bill for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, was read a second time.—Sir R. Peel announced that Viscount Canterbury was about to proceed to Canada, as Commissioner.—Sir J. Graham brought in his measures: 1st, For the encouragement of men voluntarily to enter the Navy; and 2nd, To consolidate and amend laws relating to merchant seamen. They were read a first time, and ordered to be printed.

March 19.—Mr. H. Grattan inquired whether the Lord Chancellor of Ireland (Sir E. Sugden) having retired, he would be allowed the retiring pension?—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that in the only communication he had received from Sir E. Sugden, it was stated that no claim for the retiring pension would be preferred.—Mr. Hume moved for a series of financial and other accounts illustrative of the receipts and expenditure of the public departments, revenue, &c., which were agreed to.

March 20.—Mr Poulter brought in his Bill for the better observance of the Sabbath, which was read a first time and ordered to be read a second time.

## THE COLONIES.

### VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

A bank, designated "The Bank of Australasia," with a capital of 200,000*l.*, has been formed in Hobart Town, for the purpose of establishing banks of issue and deposit in New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, and other settlements in Australasia. The charter (the terms of which have been fully agreed upon between his Majesty's Government and the Directors) constitutes the company a body corporate, and invests it with the powers and privileges usually granted to corporations, limits the responsibility of the shareholders to double the amount of their respective shares, and authorizes the Directors, with the sanction of the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury, to increase the capital, from time to time, by the creation of additional shares—such additional shares to be first offered to the shareholders in the company.

### CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The accounts received from the Cape to the commencement of January are not of a favourable character. They state that information had been received from Graham's Town, that great excitement prevailed there in consequence of the attack made by the Caffres. It appears that some of the patrols had gone into Caffreland in order to regain some horses that had either strayed or had been stolen, when the natives made some resistance, and speared one of the patrol. Col. Somerset and the frontier authorities then resolved to clear the neutral ground of the Caffres, and an attack had been made by the natives, in which it is stated some of the

English were killed. It was expected that the natives would make an attack upon Graham's Town, and preparations were going on to repel any offensive demonstrations. An order had been issued calling upon all persons in Graham's Town, capable of bearing arms, to be in readiness should their services be required. At the date of the last advices from Graham's Town much excitement prevailed, but not the least doubt was entertained that any attack of the Caffres would be repelled without difficulty. The natives had, however, swept off many head of cattle, and done injury to property. The new system of apprenticeship worked well in the colony.

#### WEST INDIES.

The accounts from Jamaica are of a satisfactory nature, the slaves continuing to work without disturbances. The Germans who were imported have not answered the expectations of the person who carried them out to Jamaica. They have been set against their employer, or tempted away by learning that the wages they received were not equal to what they might get by joining the police, and they seem to have preferred the latter. We extract the following from a recent paper:—"The tide of emigration towards Jamaica begins to strengthen. Vessels with whole families have recently arrived there from England. More were daily expected from Ireland and Germany; and even from the provinces of New Brunswick 200 are on their way to that island. The Bill which was before the Legislature, authorising the payment of fifteen pounds for every emigrant arriving there, either to the importer or to the emigrant himself, if not under engagement, has passed into a law. This, in addition to the many other advantages which we have before enumerated—advantages exceeding anything of the kind before, or that, in fact, can possibly be held out in any other part of the world—will no doubt have the desired effect of preserving that valuable island from destruction."

### BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

#### THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

THE Emperor of Austria was born on the 12th of February, 1768. On his last birth-day he was, therefore, sixty-seven years of age, and at that time of life attacks of pleurisy are always dangerous, if not fatal. For some time past also the Emperor suffered from a deranged state of liver and bowels, and had been very ill for the last two years. On the 1st of March, 1792, he was elected King of Hungary and Bohemia, and succeeded his father, Leopold II., on the 7th July of the same year. On the 11th of August, 1804, he took the title of Emperor of Austria alone. His life was extraordinary; his fortunes most various.

He married four times. His first wife was the daughter of Frederick, King of Wurtemberg. By her he had no children. She died on the 18th of February, 1790. His second wife, by whom alone he has left children, was Maria Theresa, daughter of Ferdinand IV., King of the Two Sicilies. She died on the 13th of April, 1807. His third was the Archduchess of Austria Maria Louisa, daughter of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, and uncle of the Emperor. She died on the 4th of April, 1816. In November of the same year, the Emperor married, for his fourth wife, Charlotte Augusta, daughter of the late King of Bavaria, who is now forty-three years of age.

The issue of the second marriage are five children, two Archdukes and three Archduchesses.

The heir to the throne or Imperial Prince (now Emperor) is Ferdinand

## • Earl Nelson—Lord Napier. •

Charles Leopold Joseph Francis Marcellin. He was born on the 19th of April, 1793, and will, therefore, next month be forty-two years of age. He was crowned King of Hungary on the 28th of September, 1831. In the month of February of the same year he was married to Maria Ann Caroline, the daughter of Victor Emmanuel, the late King of Sardinia.

The other children of the Emperor are, Maria-Louise (ex-Empress of Bonaparte), now forty-four years of age, Duchess of Parma; Maria Clementine Francis Joseph, Archduchess, and thirty-seven years of age, allied to the house of Naples by marriage; Archduke Francis Charles Joseph, thirty-three years of age; and Maria Anne Frances Theresa, Archduchess of Austria, and thirty-one years of age.

In addition to these children, the Emperor has left behind him—first, his brother, the Prince Charles Louis, who has five children; second, his brother, Prince Joseph, who has three children; third, the Archduke Antonine; fourth, the Archduke John; fifth, the Archduke Reiner Joseph; and, sixth, the Archduke Louis.

One of the last acts of the Emperor of Austria was to dissolve the Transylvanian Diet, as it had become late more liberal in its demands, and more decidedly reformist than was compatible with the general policy and views of the Emperor.

### EARL NELSON.

The Earl Nelson died in the 78th year of his age. He was twice married. By his first marriage, in 1786, with Sarah, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Yonge, who died in 1828, he had two children, Lady Charlotte Mary, born 1787, married, in 1810, Samuel Hood, Baron Bridport, by whom she has had nine children, six of whom are surviving, one son and five daughters. Horatio Viscount Trafalgar, born 1788, died in 1808: his early death was generally regretted. His Lordship married, secondly, in 1829, Hilarie, widow of George Ulric Barlow, Esq., eldest son of Sir G. Barlow, Bart., G.C.B., and third daughter of Admiral Sir Robert Barlow, K.C.B., and sister to the Dowager Viscountess Torrington. By his second Countess, who survives him, he has left no issue. By the particular request of the late Earl the funeral was as private as possible, attended only by his nearest relatives. The title of Earl Nelson, and the estate, &c. of Trafalgar, go to his nephew, Thomas Bolton, Esq., (son of Susannah Nelson, sister of the two first lords, and the late Thomas Bolton, Esq.) born 1786, married, in 1821, Frances Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of the late John Maurice Eyre, Esq., by whom he has several children.

### LORD NAPIER.

Captain the Right Hon. William John, Lord Napier, R.N., whose death has been announced in the recent dispatches from China, and apparently occasioned by chagrin, disappointment, and the untoward circumstances which have occurred during his mission to that empire, was a descendant of the celebrated "John Napier," the inventor of the logarithms, and author of a "Treatise on the Revelation of St. John." His only son was created a Scotch Peer in 1627.

The officer, to whom we are about to allude, was the eldest son of the seventh Lord Napier, and, having entered his Majesty's Navy early in life, was with Lord Cochrane in the Imperieuse, and commanded one of her boats at the attack of Arcason, in January, 1807. Lord Napier was made a Lieutenant in 1809, a Commander in 1812. He had the Goshawk of 16 guns, and was employed on the coast of Catalonia. On the evening of the 21st of September, 1813, while working in-shore about two miles to the eastward of the Molehead of Barcelona, to intercept a convoy of provisions, which was expected in light vessels for the supply of the French army, owing to the wind baffling and flying away, and a heavy swell, the Goshawk, while in the act of wearing, took the ground, and notwithstanding

ing the great exertions of the captain and officers, they were unable to get her off, but did not abandon her until it became requisite to do so to save the lives of the crew; for this, they were tried by a court-martial on board his Majesty's ship *Hibernia*, off the Rhone, in October, 1813; Admiral Sir Sidney Smith being President; and, after a full investigation, Capt. Napier and his officers were fully acquitted. In March, 1814, Capt. Napier had the *Erne* corvette of 20 guns, served in her during the American war, and, on the termination of hostilities, paid her off at Plymouth, and obtained his post-rank.

Lord Napier, in August, 1823, succeeded to the title and estate in Scotland, and shortly after obtained the command of his Majesty's ship *Diamond* of 46 guns. His Lordship was in her the usual period of three years on the South American station, and then paid her off at Portsmouth. Unfortunately, about three months afterwards, that noble ship was burnt to the water's edge, owing to the carpenter, as was reported at the time, repairing a boat belonging to his Lordship, and letting some chips ignite, and, before assistance could be obtained, the flames had got such an ascendancy, that the exertions of the dock-yard and ship's boats were directed more to the prevention of the fire spreading than any attempt to save the *Diamond*. For this business the Admiralty dis-rated all the warrant-officers of that ship, and sent them to sea as petty-officers, and dismissed the captain, commander, and all the lieutenants in ordinary from their employment.

Lord Napier was appointed his Majesty's Commissioner to China upon the opening of the trade, and sailed thither in his Majesty's ship *Andromache* last year. It appears that he thought it requisite to force a passage with that ship and the *Imogene* past the Bogue Forts, midway between Canton and Macao, and afterwards returned to the latter place, where he died in October last, no doubt from disappointment and vexation.

#### THE REV. DR. MORRISON.

The "Canton Register" of the 13th August contains the following account of the death, and sketch of the services, of this profound oriental scholar and excellent man:—

"Of the Rev. Robert Morrison, D.D., Chinese secretary and interpreter to H. M. superintendents, we have now to lament the death and record the merits.

"The Rev. Robert Morrison left England for China, by the way of America, on the 31st of January, 1807, and on the 4th of September he arrived, in an American vessel, at Macao.

"The first sixteen months of his residence, either at Canton or Macao, were extremely irksome, and attended by many privations and difficulties; but in the beginning of the year 1809 he married his first wife, Miss Morton, eldest daughter of John Morton, Esq.; and on the same day, the 20th of February, accepted an appointment in the Company's factory. From this time the life of Dr. Morrison may be called one of personal ease and comfort, devoted only to severe and unremitted literary labour. In conjunction with Dr. Milne, resident at Malacca, and second member of the China Mission, he translated and published in the Chinese the Old and New Testaments, the Book of Common Prayer, and many other religious works. The first great object of the mission was to form a Chinese dictionary, the next to translate the Scriptures. Both these great works have been accomplished by the two first men appointed to the mission, the late Dr. Morrison and Dr. Milne, the latter of whom departed this life some years ago. The translation of the Scriptures was a work common to both of these two eminent missionaries; the translation and compilation of the dictionary was Dr. Morrison's own, and is the monument of his fame.

"In 1816 Dr. Morrison accompanied Lord Amherst to Peking; and he drew up and published a memoir of that unsuccessful embassy.

"In 1818 Dr. Morrison founded the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca. He devoted the sum of 1000*l.* to the erection of the house, and 100*l.* a year for the first five years, commencing from the opening of the college, for the encouragement of the students and tutors. The foundation-stone of this useful institution was laid on the 11th of November, 1818, by Major Wm. Farquhar, the British resident at Malacca, before that settlement was restored to the Dutch.

"In 1823 Dr. Morrison returned to England, after he had more than completed his appointed task, and was received with that distinction by the Government and the Court of Directors which he had so well earned. He was presented to the King, and delivered a copy of the Chinese version of the Scriptures. In 1824 he married Miss Armstrong, at Liverpool, and returned to China, under the auspices of the Court of Directors, in 1826.

"In the frequent discussions which have occurred of late years with the local authorities, the services of Dr. Morrison can be best appreciated by those who profited most by them, the different select committees of the company's factory.

"His second family increased to five children, and his health appeared to be strong until the summer of last year, when it began to yield to the effects of the climate, and was not much benefited by the cold weather of the winter. On the arrival of Lord Napier, he accepted the office of Chinese secretary and interpreter to H.M. superintendents, and accompanied his Lordship on his journey from Macao to Canton, where he arrived very early on the morning of the 25th July. He had been much exposed to the weather, which was boisterous and rainy, during the passage, and his illness was increased in consequence, but we believe his friends were not alarmed for his life until a very short time before it became extinct. He expired at ten p.m. on the 1st August, at his residence, No. 6, in the Danish Hong.

"His remains were followed from his residence to the river side by Lord Napier, and all the Europeans, Americans, and Asiatic British subjects in Canton.

MR. J. S. JERDAN.

John Smart Jerdan, Esq., one of the stipendiary magistrates for Jamaica, and eldest son of William Jerdan, Esq., of Brompton, fell a sacrifice to the severe and fatiguing duties of his office in that fatal climate, after a short illness, on the 25th of December. Of his loss, in the district of Manchioneal, in the parish of St. Thomas in the East, the "Jamaica Dispatch" says:—"To an active and enterprising character he added a zeal in the execution of his arduous duties which rendered him respected and beloved both by master and servant; he tempered justice with mercy; and just as his labours were becoming almost a sinecure, from his judicious conduct, the Island was deprived of his services at the early age of twenty-six. His remains were consigned to the tomb with marked respect, and his death lamented by all who had the pleasure of knowing him." Previous to his departure for the West Indies, Mr. Jerdan, seconding the ardent wish of his father for its success, performed the functions of Secretary for the Abbotsford Subscription; and acquitted himself in so zealous and excellent a manner as to receive the grateful acknowledgments and warm approbation of the Committee. He was much attached to the study of natural history, and made some fine collections in entomology in England, the Netherlands, and Jamaica. His premature loss, at the moment when the sphere of his usefulness was so honourably filled, is a heavy affliction to his friends and family.



## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

*Married.*—At St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, James King Simpkinson, Esq., to Mary Cockrane, fourth daughter of the late K. F. Mackenzie, Esq., of Montague-street, Portman-square, and formerly his Majesty's Attorney-General at the Island of Grenada.

At Epsom, Henry William Richard Westgarth Halsey, Esq., of Henley Park, Surrey, to Caroline, second daughter of Edw. Whitmore, Esq., of Lombard-street.

Captain Arthur Lytton M'Leod, to Mary, third daughter of the late John Bradley, Esq., of Colborne-hill, in the county of Stafford.

At St. Peter's, Isle of Thanet, by the Rev. George Masters, D.D., after having been previously married according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, Michael Power, jun., Esq., of Gibraltar, to Emily Louisa, youngest daughter of Peter Power, Esq., of the former place.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, William Gilbertson, Esq., of Hobart-place, Eaton-square, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Francis Bramah, Esq., of Belgrave-house, Piccadilly.

*Died.*—At Teignmouth, Devonshire, aged 50, the Hon. Emma Mary, wife of Admiral Sir Lawrence William Halsted, K.C.B., and eldest daughter of the late Adm. Viscount Exmouth.

Suddenly, of apoplexy, at Florence, when dancing at a court ball of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Forbes, of the Coldstream Guards, son of General Lord Forbes.

In his 74th year, the Rev. J. B. Hawkins,

B.C.L., upwards of forty years Vicar of Lewknor, Oxon.

At Hinton Admiral, Hants, Sir George Ivison Tapps, Bart., in his 83d year.

Commander Sir Peter Parker, Bart., R.N. aged 55.

The Rev. T. R. Taylor, Classical Tutor of Airedale College.

At Bath, in his 88th year, General Sir Henry Johnson, Bart., G.C.B., Colonel of the 5th Foot, and Governor of Ross Castle.

In his 73d year, at Windmill-hill, Sussex, Edward Jeremiah Curteis, Esq., Magistrate, and Deputy Lieutenant for the counties of Sussex and Kent, and for many years M.P. for the former county.

In Lansdowne-crescent, Bath, Lieut.-General Sir William Cockburn, Bart., of Cockburn and Ryslaw, (N.B.) in his 67th year.

In Kemp Town, Brighton, William Tennant, Esq.

At Stonehouse, aged 90, Monsieur Royon, M.A., formerly Professor of Belles Lettres at Paris.

In Milton-street, Dorset-square, in his 60th year, Vincent D'Oliveira, Esq., of the Island of Madeira, and late of Lisbon.

At Halifax, Nova Scotia, Lady Ussher, wife of Captain Sir Thomas Ussher, R.N., K.C.B.

In Store-street, in his 73d year, Alexander Pope, Esq., late of the Theatres Royal, Covent Garden and Drury Lane.

On the 14th ult., in Wynnyatt-street, Clerkenwell, Mr. S. W. Sustenance, formerly of Piccadilly, bookseller, in the 34th year of his age.

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

## IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

*The Thames Tunnel.*—A meeting of the Directors and Proprietors of the Thames Tunnel Company has been held to receive the report of the Directors. The Chairman said that they met there under circumstances different from what they had done for the last seven years. The late Government had consented to provide them with a sum of money which had been considered necessary for the completion of the work, which would be done in the cheapest possible manner. The money had been advanced in the shape of Exchequer Bills, the interest upon which was available to the benefit of the Company. There was now no doubt of the final success of this great national undertaking, which had engaged attention in all parts of the world. —Mr. Burdett read the report of the Directors, which stated that for the last six years they had used their exertions

to fulfil the duty imposed on them, and they had, at length, succeeded under the sanction of the Lords of the Treasury, who, by Act of Parliament, were provided with money on account of the Improvement of Public Works, in obtaining a loan from the Commissioners for issuing Exchequer Bills, and which was considered sufficient to complete the magnificent work. In order to obtain the required assistance, Lord Morpeth and Sir Harry Inglis, with a deputation, waited on Lord Althorp, to whom a statement was given that 246,000*l.* would be as much as they should want, and which was readily acceded to. Under the advice of their solicitor, 30,000*l.* on the 5th December last, was placed in the Bank of England. At no distant period, therefore, the Tunnel would be finished. The Report concluded by stating that not only the late,

but the present Government, have afforded every facility for the promotion of the work, while the Duke of Wellington and Lord Morpeth have manifested the greatest interest throughout its progress.—The report of Mr. Brunell was next read, which expressed the fullest conviction of that gentleman as to the possibility of the Tunnel being perfected, for which purpose a house had been taken for him close by the Tunnel. A new shield will have to be made; but in the making of this there will be no impediment in the prosecution, as many preparatory steps must be taken, and which have been going on since the beginning of November last. Mr. Brunell will not commence the Tunnel from the north side, but continue the line on the south side, beginning where they left off. The accounts were then read by Mr. Burkitt, beginning from January 1, 1834, to December, 1834. On the credit side there was an account of admission-money to view the Tunnel, 1,119/ 18s.; while on the debit side, on account of advertising the exhibition of the Tunnel, 300/.

*St. James's Park.*—A new and handsome entrance has recently been made into this park at the end of Duke street, close by the New State Paper-office, and about mid-way between Storey's-gate and the Horse-Guards. It consists of a broad double flight of granite steps, eight steps to each flight, with a spacious landing between. On either side is a lofty granite wall with square pillars at each end, and capped with a handsome coping. There are two neat double iron gates, one at the top and the other at the bottom of the steps. The new entrance cuts off a very considerable angle in going from the Westminster Guild-hall to Charing-cross.

The licensing magistrates of Marylebone have suspended the licenses of all houses which have been opened merely as gin-palaces, and where tap-rooms for the accommodation of the labouring man had been abolished.

#### HAMPSHIRE.

*Savings' Banks.*—In the county of Hants, containing a population of about 314,313 souls, Savings' Banks are established at Alton, Andover, Basingstoke, Emscham, Gosport, Havant, Lymington, Newport (I. W.), Portsmouth, Portsea, Southampton, and Winchester. According to the last official returns, the number of accounts kept at these banks amounted to 6773, while the average

amount of each deposit was 35/. In the Wiltshire banks of a similar description, the number of accounts opened is 7089. The average amount of each is 37/. Population, 239,181.

#### HERTFORDSHIRE.

As some men were employed in digging at Pilton, near Hitchin, they discovered a skeleton and some fragments of coarse pottery about 18 inches from the surface. Upon further digging, on that and the following days, they found 30 skeletons and urns containing burnt bones. The bodies appeared to have been placed regularly at the distance of a yard asunder, with the head turned to the east. The urns were scattered amongst them without regularity. The bones, with the exception of the teeth, which are remarkably sound and white, are so decayed that they fall to pieces when touched. Some of the skeletons are above the common height, but others are small enough to have belonged to children. The field is called Dane-field, and may have been a burying-place of some of the early inhabitants of Britain. It is within sight of, and not more than a mile distant from, a very curious and extensive encampment, called Ravensborough, which, probably at first constructed by the Romans, was afterwards occupied by the Danes, and named from their standard, bearing the figure of a raven.

#### KENT.

*Antiquarian Discovery.*—In the Dissenters' burial-ground, near Dover-road, there were recently found a sepulchral urn, fractured pieces of a metallic mirror of elegant workmanship, the fragments of a glass urn, and some glass lachrymatories in the shape of a tear. A great number of similar urns had been previously found in digging graves there. These relics were discovered in the old Roman Watling-street. It was the custom both with the Britons and Gauls to deposit with the remains of the dead the ornaments and weapons which they most esteemed in life, and to fracture them at the time of being interred with the body or deposited in the funeral urn.

#### SOMERSETSHIRE.

A Company is forming at Bristol with a capital of half a million, divided into shares of 100/ each, for the purpose of opening a direct trade with China.

*Suspension Bridges.*—At a meeting of the Clifton Suspension Bridge Company Mr. West's report on the principle of

wire suspension-bridge was read and approved. This gentleman has recently been examining the suspension-bridges of France and Switzerland, most of which are of wire. He stated that previously to the opening of the Fribourg bridge, in October last, proof was made of its capability of sustaining great weight, by placing 26 horses, 14 pieces of artillery, and 300 people upon it at one time, which did not cause the slightest derangement in the structure. Upon the occasion of opening the bridge, a grand procession of the clergy and municipal authorities took place, when no less than 4800 persons, estimated at 90 tons, were at once on the bridge. The two largest bridges over the Saone, at Lyons, are of wire, and are crossed by the heavy diligences, weighing 5000lbs. each, and allowed by law to carry 6000lbs. more.

## WALES.

*Linsey-Woolsey.*—A patriotic lady, in Anglesea, has lately introduced some improvements in the mode of manufacturing the native staple of linsey-woolsey, which has procured for it great admiration from several persons of distinction; and some of the aristocracy of England are now to be seen in cloaks and waistcoats of Anglesea manufacture. The beauty of the country are also to be seen vying with each other in the selection of the most tasteful and becoming patterns. An eminent house in London has sent down demands for "any quantity that can be manufactured."—*Welshman*.

## WARWICKSHIRE.

The Birmingham and Liverpool Junction Canal has at length been completed, and opened for the transit of goods.

## SCOTLAND.

The sea has been observed to run higher on the Bell Rock during the late gales than it has hitherto been known to do. The monthly returns from the lighthouse for January bears that on the 17th the springs rose 116 feet, and drifted over the building; and on the 18th and 19th they rose 110 feet. It is worthy of remark that the groundswell or heaviest sea preceded the highest wind by two days. Several large masses of rock, called "travellers" by the light-keepers, have been thrown from the deep upon the rock; one of which measures 8ft. 6in. in length, 2ft.

6in. in breadth, and 4ft. in thickness, or about 5½ tons. The visitation of these travellers is a source of great interest to the light-keepers, who proceed to break them up with large hammers, when at all manageable, to prevent their drifting upon the east-iron railways or landing-wharfs.—*Edinburgh Evening Courant*.

*Greenock Waterworks.*—The extensive waterworks formed at Greenock in 1829, not only abundantly supply that town with good water for the consumption of its inhabitants, but also give the company who constructed them the command of a water-power equal at least to 1666 horses, which may be used for the turning of mills and other purposes requiring power. These works were projected and executed by Mr. Robert Thorne, engineer, of Rothsay. The stream called Shaw's water was taken and brought by a watercourse six and a half miles in length to Greenock; the fall is 512 feet, every inch of which has been made available; and the water is collected in reservoirs, so that none of it is wasted. There is now, therefore, a vast amount of water-power at the disposal of this company, in the immediate neighbourhood of Greenock, and this power is now offered to be disposed of at a low rate for manufacturing purposes.

*Composition for Taxes.*—We think it right to inform our readers, that by the Act of 4th and 5th William IV. c. 54, all persons who are desirous of renewing their former compositions, and all persons who have not already compounded, and who wish to avail themselves of the present Act to enter into composition, should give notice to the Clerks to Commissioners, or the Surveyor of the District in which they reside, of such their intention, on or before the 5th day of April next, after which day no notices can be received, and they will be precluded from compounding. We understand that notices may be had on application to the Collectors of Parishes, or the Surveyors.

*Temperance Society.*—Meetings for discussing the evils of intemperance continue to be held, and excite much attention. There are more than 700 members enrolled in Nottingham, and 300 or upwards in the villages around, while the number of members in Great Britain and Ireland is about 200,000.

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END OF THE FIRST PART OF 1835.







